News Compendium

Volume 19 - 2018 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 If Global Warming is Real, Why Do Cold Things Exist?

Wednesday, Jan 03, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If global warming is real, why does my pizza gradually cool down to room temperature?

If global warming is real, why does everyone who benefits from its denial deny that it's real?

If global warming is real, how do you explain ice hockey? Offside? What the heck is that?

If global warming is real, why doesn't the Burlington Coat Factory change its name? Oh. Well, if global warming is real, why didn't the Burlington Coat Factory change its name to the Burlington Suntan Lotion Factory?

If global warming is real, why do I get a headache when I eat an entire bowl of ice cream in three enormous bites?

If global warming is real, wouldn't the hole in the ozone layer just let in more outer space, which is very cold?

If global warming is real, why do we rarely hear from scientists but constantly hear from people who somehow make a living farting out low-effort bad faith arguments based on third grader logic?

If "global" warming is real, doesn't that mean they started with the flawed premise that the Earth is a globe when we all know it's flat?

If global warming is real, why does the Hoth sequence of Empire Strikes Back look exactly the same as it did when the movie first came out?

If global warming is real, why am I, the person asking this question in this feature, merely a construct that only exists to ask this question before disappearing forever?

If global warming is real, why didn't we start with continental warming and enjoy the journey instead of skipping right to the end?

If global warming is real, why doesn't every faucet just have two Hot knobs?

If global warming is real, why can't I tell the difference between an individual data point and a larger trend comprised of many data points?

If global warming is real, can we use our burgeoning army of power-wasting currency mining blockchain idiot computers to solve it?

If global warming is real, explain it to me, the person who believes they are always correct by default and that all dissenting information is a personal insult. Note: Even if you explain the topic without being flustered by my dubious expressions, I reserve the right to respond with a meaningless dismissive rebuttal like "I don't know" or "Yeah, but still."

If global warming is real, does that mean my Global Warming Isn't Real rookie card is a valuable misprint?

If global warming is real, wouldn't we have done something about it by now?

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.2 I... have changed my allegiance to the good boy

Friday, Jan 05, 2018 by Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

Shhhhhhhhh...

Quiet now, please, the burrow is silent and the friends are sleeping. Let us speak of the new campaign in very low, sweet, sweet voices.

I b... began this election ready for anything. Tumbles and hoots, big billy belly, a pinch on my ear, shadows on the slats, and something w... what **bites**. I knew there would be no milk for the honey.

I handed the torch to Zuckerberg. He is gentle. He sees in mostly normal wavelengths. Surely he understands the humans. These are the things I whisper when the candles snuff.

But I am... shhhhhh... I am wrong. Zuckerberg lusts for **bloodmeal**. He greps the cookies. If the price is zero point zero dollars then the product is gentle creature. Maybe also my many eggs.

Instead I turn my orbs to the son of sons, the good boy, the quiet boy, Jared (whispered *ya-red*) Kushner.

He is the right choice I t... think because of:

- **He has spoken aloud more than four times**
- **His hair is combed**
- **Full number of teeth**
- **Wears a suit instead of a secret hoodie**
- **Very good boy**
- **Makes his own eggs (does not need mine)**
- **Punctual**
- **666 Fifth Avenue**

The 666 building is not a pyramid or a temple. It is actually a tall building and it belongs to Jared. After Father dies from burger problems Jared will be ready to swoop... ssssswooop in. Hooray. He will represent the silent majority of good boys in America.

If you are ready for an America where moms are taken care of by good boys, where no child goes to the bus stop needing his face wiped, where the bed is dry six nights a week unless you give him a Diet Coke after 7 PM... this is the good boy's America. If you are ready to work together and get the Chinese to finance 666 then you are ready for the good boy, the absolute good boy, Jared.

–∼Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

1.3 A CPU Bug Is Sweeping the Cyber Nation and I Am Freaking Out!!

Tuesday, Jan 09, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As you may have heard on the news or from your town crier, all the computer chips stopped working. It's really bad. All the computer chips are broken and vulnerable to bit sniffers and god knows what else.

Are you confused? You should be.

There was a flaw. It got in there at the very beginning of computers and as chips got faster and smaller the flaw became more powerful and harder to see. We only found out about this flaw because a very powerful white hat hacker dropped a byte on his cpu and used a very powerful microscope to find the dropped byte, inadvertently discovering the tiny bad thing. Now all of our things are in danger of bad.

Why is this such a problem, you may ask without using a question mark for some reason. Well here's why. Without a processor our computers and cell phones can still work but they don't know what they're doing. Your email will get sent to your sound card. The internet sends all web pages to Calculator. When you move the mouse cursor in a slow circular motion your computer moans. It's total megabyte madness!

Before we go further, it's important to understand how processors function. They're holographic wafers. Look at them at a certain angle and you see a rad drawing of Wolverine. Tilt it and his claws are doing that SNIKT! thing. Now imagine you can tilt that wafer hundreds of times per second to reveal other images. That's what a CPU is and also what it does.

Now that we've gone further, let's take this in another direction. Now that we're in another direction, let's ask a question.

So what happens now?

Intel is preparing to have a pizza party. At its conclusion they will throw the switch to turn all the processors back on. We'll be vulnerable to viruses and telenukes that exploit the flaw, namely Spectre and Meltdown and Cool Ghost and IceSnypa. On the other hand, all processors will work slower than they did before the flaw was revealed. It's a trade-off.

How You Can Help

Solve this whole thing. Solve it and replace all the chips and make it better. Please do that if you can.

Is Your Computer Affected?

Probably. Definitely, if it's one of these models:

- Your Computer
- Someone Else's Computer
- Packard Bell
- Gateway 2000
- BitBoys Oy
- Intel
- Laptop
- Extreme Gamer Republic Slicer-X: Revenge Edition
- Speak & Spell
- Other
- Other 2S
- Basically every terminal in Fallout

If your computer is at risk, here's what you do.

#####-##################**a**^####################=**@**#######

If your computer has been ruined by the bug, the previous line might have been eaten by the CPU bug.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.4 Raw Chicken: Silicon Valley's Latest Power Meal

Thursday, Jan 11, 2018 by Awful Trends

Take a walk through the well-appointed cafeterias within the campuses of Facebook, Google, and other large tech companies, and you might see something strange. Sure, the generous troughs of prime rib sliders, kale salad, and sous vide veal may differ greatly from the brown-bag lunches you're used to, but some of these highly skilled tech workers prefer their food a little more... uncooked. Stroll past any table, and you're more than likely to see a few glistening chicken breasts scattered across the various lunch trays. But it's not *just* fresh meat: It's also big business.

Raw Chicken is the brainchild of Denis Grangler, who has since changed his name to a long series of unprintable glyphs after a 20-day meditation in his private guru's hot yoga studio. Grangler, riding high from the $500 million sale of WetBd, the world's first "smart waterbed" company, decided to take a sabbatical from his opulent life for a "mental refresh." After subsisting on a diet of nothing but steamed water and envelope glue from the various mailers of his guru's annual funding drive, the idea struck Grangler during an intense hallucination on day 19.

"Sure, lots of people like their meat cooked, but I'm the type of guy who likes to think outside the box," says Grangler, drawing a box in the sand of his zen garden, then a figure outside of it to represent himself. "But cooking surely destroys or at least hampers meat's natural nutrients and vitamins on a molecular level. Don't believe me? Well, all of those apex predators out there seem to be doing alright for themselves. Except for the ones I shoot on my yearly safaris. But you have to admit, with my eight guides and various automatic weapons, the deck is kind of stacked against them."

Though large chains aren't forward-thinking enough to carry Grangler's innovative product, small, organic grocery stores in San Francisco can't keep their shelves stocked. 36 dollars may seem like a hefty sum for a single chicken breast, but Raw Chicken requires careful preparation far removed from the kill floors of dangerous and unhealthy factory farms. First, the meat is purchased from major grocery stores. Then it's aged for 36 hours in a sterilized parking lot. When the chicken develops a thin, grey-yellow film, it's dropped into bags and begins its four-day voyage to the Bay Area (for tax purposes, all Raw Chicken is prepared in Delaware). And the best part? With its recyclable bag packaging, it's completely eco-friendly.

According to Grangler, the taste of Raw Chicken might be a little much for some people: "We're not used to how we *should* be eating meat. So when our body tastes something that's loaded with more nutrients than we've ever tasted before, of course there's going to be some gagging, and maybe some vomiting. But that's what the bag is for! We've even had some of our consumers pass out after ingesting Raw Chicken, and you know what? Though the trip to the hospital might have been inconvenient, each one of these people was diagnosed with completely unrelated severe food poisoning. Just think: If the intense flavor of Raw Chicken didn't send them to a doctor, right now they'd be dead. I like to think of myself as a god."

Though the verdict's out on Raw Chicken, Denis Grangler remains a popular figure, with some of the largest venues in the Bay Area cancelling his talks due to claims of criminal negligence. And since he's an unorthodox man, he'll be making an unorthodox appearance this Saturday at San Francisco's Superior Court of California, representing himself in "The State of California vs. Denis Grangler." Despite his situation, Grangler remains optimistic about the outcome. "I'm just going to look that jury in the eye, and tell them society is *already* a prison, so why bother locking me up? It's airtight."

–∼Awful Trends

1.5 KONQUER YOUR PORTFOLIO WITH MY KRYPTO KOINS!

Friday, Jan 12, 2018 by Shao Kahn (@sexyfacts4u)

Are you looking to diversify your investment portfolio, but you aren't sure which Krypto Kurrency deserves your attention? Do you have a dungeon full of mining computers to harvest the blockchain? Are you ready to TEST YOUR MINER'S MIGHT?

MY KOINS ARE THE MOST POWERFUL KRYPTO KURRENCY IN ALL OF OUTWORLD!

A Single Shao Kahn Krypto Koin is worth 10 times as much as a Tsung Skull harvested by miners from the Netherrealm!

All you mortals have to do to get started is download any of the Shao Kahn Krypto Koin mining apps and connect to the network to start processing transactions. Every block of transactions will reward you with Koins that can be stored in your wallet.

You don't have to be wealthy or powerful or an emperor of Outworld! Anyone can mine Koins! Even Liu Kang or Raiden!

The **FOOL** Shang Tsung tries to usurp me with his skulls! It will **FAIL**! The denizens of the Netherrealm and also large parts of China will never defeat my Koin miners from Outworld!

FIGHT! Fiat currencies backed by central banks with this decentralized currency backed by the might of **ALL WHO MUST BOW BEFORE SHAO KAHN!** And unlike Bitcoin, my Koins do not rely on a Magic: The Gathering website to handle exchanges.

My exchanges are the **EVIL FACE TREES OF OUTWORLD!**

Do no **DARE** to cross my trees! If you try to **DOUBLE SPEND**, your transaction, and your flesh, shall be **DEVOURED**!

Of course, I am selling mining rigs for your convenience! You pay me 4,000 American dollars and then we split the Koins mined 50/50. Before you know it your chest will be overflowing with Koins. You can only use them to buy costumes and concept art at the moment, but before long you will be able to buy unstoppable weapons and slaves!

Get rich with my Koins?

ALL TOO EASY!

–∼Shao Kahn (@sexyfacts4u)

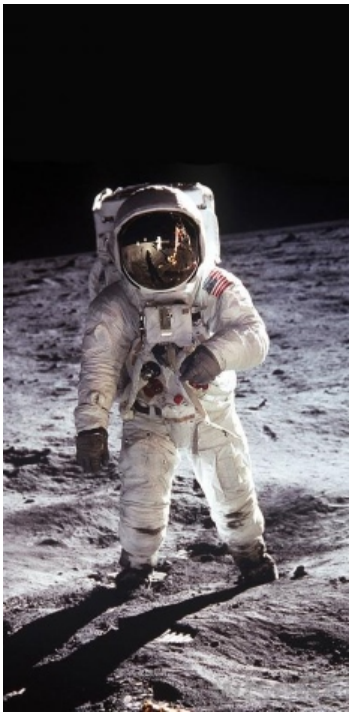
1.6 A Little Advice For Astronauts

Wednesday, Jan 17, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Uhhh how about you watch that first step - it's a doozie!

Hey. Dipshit. You might want to leave your compass at home. Something tells me the north pole don't work in space. Look that one up in a science book if you don't believe me. It's in the book section, under "B" for book.

Maybe you geniuses should roll up the windows before launch. Just a thought.



Hungry? Try looking around for a little something called **ASTRONAUT FOOD**. Or you can hold out until you get to Pluto and look for some berries... if you want to starve to death!

Yo, pal. See that seat belt? It's not a decoration. Go ahead and strap yourself in unless you want to hit the dashboard during takeoff and get a bruised schnoz.

whispering When the person on the radio says they're Houston... they mean mission control in Houston. It's not the entire city talking to you, you colossal asswipe.

I know you want to take lots of pictures up there. The majesty of space, our planet floating in the void as a fragile entity larger and more noble than our daily concerns. When you snap those photos, how about *not* sticking your gnarled thumb in front of the lens by accident? Think you can you do that?

Hey, here's an idea. If they let you hold the wheel why don't you try steering that big ol' spaceship *away* from black holes?

You don't have to hold your breath throughout the entire trip. God.

They're going to ask you to do a space walk at some point. Try to remember that literally making walking motions with your legs in space won't get you anywhere.

Yo! Space genius! How about you do yourself a favor, and don't immolate from the immense heat generated during re-entry? Dumbass.

That's a nice spacesuit you got there. You probably shouldn't paint over the entire thing with magic markers and slice it into ribbons with a box cutter. Capiche?

Do me a favor. When you're up there in the infinite cosmos, watch your weird arm movements very carefully so you don't elbow the moon and knock the dang thing into a different orbit. What a bonehead move.

While you were picking your nose and going "duh" you might have heard that space is a vacuum. Don't hang your dusty rugs and carpets out there on the side of the space station and expect them to be cleaned. You'll look like a damn fool.

If you make first contact with an alien civilization, after shaking its hand could you *not* look at your feet in awkward silence for a few moments then announce, "Well, it was nice meeting you but

I should probably get going"?

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.7 Thank the Elder Gods It's Friday

Thursday, Jan 18, 2018 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

The fifth phase of the week is upon us. Shops close, bars open and we are free from the Bosses once more. For how long we cannot say, though we pray it will be two or maybe even three more phases. But now is not the time to guess at the Ancient Ones' designs. The sun is setting, and their gift must be repaid.

We journey to sylvan henges, cyclopean ziggurats or a Phi Delta rager they just announced on Facebook, making sure to secure a designated driver for the journey home. Our feet are swollen, our bodies bruised from toil in the Bosses' smelters. Some of us may not survive the pilgrimage, but the ceremony must commence. They Who Were Before Time await our tribute, lest they hasten the return of the First Phase, or cancel the sacred throwing games of the Seventh.

We gather in dusky rooms lit by tiny, coruscating lights. We carve arcane symbols on the floor and sluices to drain away vomit, urine and water from wet t-shirt contests. The Ancient Ones' vicars play the latest paeans on their turntables. We gyrate to the rhythms and repeat the words until they cease to be words, just random grunts and squeals, reminding us of the chaos from which our Masters forged this realm and to which they will return it someday at their whim.

Soon the sacraments arrive. We do keg stands with virgin blood and purge the last shreds of sanity from our minds. We make disparaging remarks about our friends and coworkers in forgotten tongues. Our heads whirl with visions of unknown places where we thought we'd be at this point in our lives. At last, the Elders' ichor is too pure for us and we spew it into the communal trough.

But the festivities must go on. The tournaments have begun. Our strongest and most inebriated warriors pummeling each other for the Gods' amusement. We make hecatombs of goats, oxen and the occasional dropped iPhone. The stench of feces and Calvin Klein products chokes the air.

The vicars amplify the sounds and we find ourselves tangled in a heap of naked, writhing bodies. We perform unspeakable acts, hoping pictures of them don't end up on social media. Some pass out and are rolled to the edges of the room, where we draw coptic symbols and giant phalluses on their brows. Life and death become one as the pain subsumes us. From a place beyond time, space and reason comes the Ancient Ones' chant, its four phonemes beating an endless tattoo in our aching, voided skulls.

T.G.I.F... T.G.I.F...

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.8 Upcoming Fan Edits of "Star Wars: The Last Jedi"

Friday, Jan 19, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Star Wars: The Last Jedi received a warm reception from critics and a stormy reception from fans, some of which accused the film of pushing a feminist agenda. This resulted in the release to Pirate Bay of a fan-made edit of The Last Jedi called **The Last Jedi: De-Feminized Fanedit aka (The Chauvinist Cut)** which edits out female characters. This was the first edit by outraged fans, but several more have been planned.

The Last Jedi: Revenge of the Jedi (aka Max Jedi Cut) Cuts out all characters that are not Jedis and edits in footage from the prequel trilogy of the Jedi Council debating Jedi rules and discussing Jedi relation to trade policy. Because this footage still only amounts to about 25 minutes, a total of 19 minutes of cut scenes from the Jedi Knight series of games will also be added.

Reason for existing: The Last Jedi disrespected Jedis.

The Last Jedi: Sirens and Horns (aka Milk Party Edit)

This 6 minute cut reduces the Last Jedi to the scene where Luke Skywalker gathers green milk from the alien Thala-siren and drinks it, looping shots, using color filters, and tilting the frame. The soundtrack is replaced with bass boosted trap music and the audio is enhanced with air horns and repeating woman moaning sounds. Ends with a 45 minute credits sequence that is a scroll of a rambling Quora post about the benefits of raw milk.

Reason for existing: Rey is a Mary Sue.

That Last Jedi: Ain't the Last Jedi (aka Get Some Cut)

Dubs over all of Luke's lines in Last Jedi with dialog read by someone recording audio with a headset microphone in their best Christian Bale Batman voice. Includes lines like "We are more powerful than ever, we learned the secret of the ultimate Force power" and "I am creating a Jedi army to bring goodness back to the galaxy." Edits the "Holdo

maneuver" into a scene where Luke destroys the First Order flagship by concentrating very hard and ripping the ship in half.

Reason for existing: LUKE SHOULD NOT BE LIKE HE IS IN THE LAST JEDI!!

The Last Jedi: Justice for Phasma (aka Fett Wedding Cut)

Reverses footage to show Captain Phasma levitating upward out of a sea of fire and landing next to Finn before seeming to throw him off the screen with her mighty blow. Uses a number of shots from previous movies and insert shots of a Phasma 6 inch toy shot by a phone to prove that Captain Phasma is married to Boba Fett and uses footage of young Boba Fett as their son Randy. It is also revealed Randy becomes Darth Vader II and uses the Rogue One Darth Vader rampage footage in slow motion while playing Pomp and Circumstance (aka The Graduation Song).

Reason for existing: The Boba Fett toy's rocket never fired like it was supposed to.

The Last Jedi: The Truth Exposed (aka Critics Debunked Edit)

Full-length edit of The Last Jedi, but with the Tomatometer on-screen at all times to show that the movie has a rating of 91% with critics and a 49% with audiences. However, about halfway through, for unknown reasons, this switches to a search for "Mama" at Rotten Tomatoes and then focuses on the 64% critic and 55% audience rating for the 2013 film Mama. A red circle then slowly fades in around each of these scores.

Reason for existing: Fake critics can't get away with this!

What other creative edits will fans come up with next to celebrate the adventure and pageantry of the Star Wars children's film series? Only time will tell!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

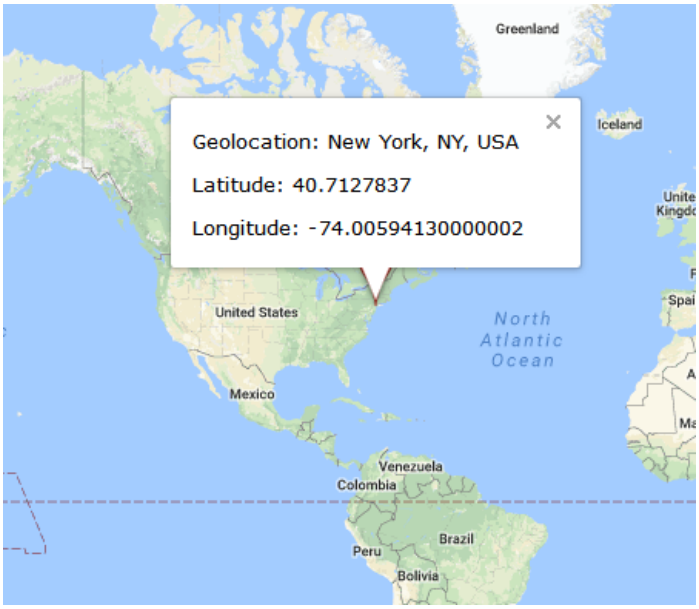
1.9 Outdated GPS Devices: Where Are They Now?

Tuesday, Jan 23, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Magellan NAV 1000

Where is it now?

40.7 Latitude, -74 Longitude



Benefon Esc

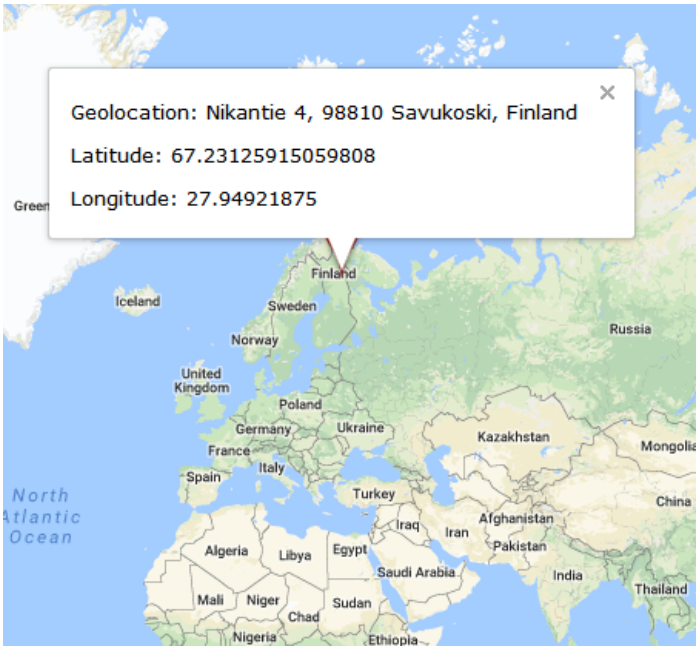
Where is it now?

-9.03 Latitude, 35.3 Longitude

TomTom Navigator PDA Kit

Where is it now?

67.2 Latitude, 27.9 Longitude



Garmin StreetPilot

Where is it now?

It's... in the same building as you. How is that possible?

No, wait. Its position changed. It's on the move. Ten meters. Six meters. Behind you!

What do you mean you don't see it? It's right there! Three meters! It's right on top of you!

Wait. It must be...

It's in the vents! Run!

You're in the closet now? Good. Listen, I think the Garmin has a weakness we can exploit. This will be risky, but it's all we've got. Look around the closet for some old first generation Tivos. CD burners. Palm Pilots. Zip Drives. Dreamcast VMUs. Good, now strap them to your body. Cover every inch of your flesh in outdated electronics. If my theory is correct, the Garmin won't be able to see you.

Here it comes! It's smashing the closet door? I know this is terrifying, but you've got to stay quiet and trust in the plan.

It's in. Keep your eyes closed. Hold your breath as long as you can. It's only inches away from your face now. Keep it together...

It worked! The Garmin is heading toward the kitchen. Get ready to sneak out... wait.

It stopped. Almost as if it realized something.

Why did it stop? You covered yourself in old electronics, right? And the thing on your head was an SNES. An SNES Classic Edition. Oh. Oh no.

It's been an honor serving you, you poor bastard.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.10 Nintendo's Going Into Labo

Thursday, Jan 25, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Microsoft and Sony spent the last two years in a slapfight over whose unnecessary mid-generation console upgrade contains the most HDRs and 4Ks. Nintendo's response to this technological one-upsmanship: Awkwardly dumping a pile of cardboard on the ground with a shrug and saying, "You know, for kids!"

Nintendo Labo is a series of cardboard construction project kits that directly interact with the Switch. You build a goofy chunky thing and use your handheld video game thing to make it do things.

You can make a little house and perv on some birds:

Or make a fishing pole and yank on some fish:

Or make a piano and... dislodge some plutonium rods(?):

Or make a remote controlled bug and wonder why you're suddenly thinking about Katamari Damacy:

Or make a robot fighter outfit and achieve a 99% sockless synchronization rating:

Potential Flaws

Cardboard. Seems like an odd material to base a product around, right? You might think it's

less durable than plastic, and you're absolutely right. Players won't be able to use Labo inside of a running industrial shredder, as that could potentially damage the cardboard. Players who are accustomed to sitting in an open fire while playing video games will also be out of luck since cardboard is flammable.

How will such a severely restricted play area affect sales? Only time will tell.

Some people claim that the seventy-plus dollar price tag for a Labo is too high. If all you got was some cardboard, sure. But the software that comes with it (in the same packaging as a sixty dollar video game) is probably worth some impossible-to-guess amount of money. Also, the last time I checked a single Lego brick cost just over eighteen dollars.

If It's Successful

Let's say Labo becomes the next Pokemon Go. People getting hit by cars left and right. A complete success. This will have a ripple effect on the entire video game industry, spawning all sorts of imitators.

The Sony Wonderbook 2 - This time it's made entirely of paper, an enchanting four hundred pages of magical text about short-haired women in their underwear written by David Cage

Xbox One Sheet of Fiberglass - Comes with no games, but this sheet of fiberglass is WAY stronger than cardboard and absolutely covered in ads

Metal Gear Solid VI: Just A Box

Cardboard Battlegrounds

If It's A Complete Failure

Nintendo will put a cardboard fighter in the next Smash Bros. game as a joke character. Then comes a cardboard Amiibo, making millions of additional dollars.

Alternate Titles For This Update

Nintendo Pivots To (card)Board Games

Thinking Inside The Box

Labo Luxury

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.11 Creating Sound Effects For The Shape of Water Has Broken Me

Thursday, Jan 25, 2018 by Steve Baine, Former Foley Artist (@TheRealAnthym)

Mr. Del Toro -

I am writing to you from St. Benedict's Psychiatric Recovery Center to inform you that I can no longer work with you or anyone else. While you bore witness to the decline in my condition, I do not think it registered with you due to how consumed you were with your 'artistic vision'. Allow me to explain my current state.

As a foley artist I am used to creating vivid and descriptive sound effects to help bring movies to life. The soft thud and jingling of a cowboy's spurs. The mild moan of wind outside as our heroine explores an eerie mansion. The cacophonic shriek of mortar fire and the crunch of crumpling bone during the storming of a beach head. All of these are the product of my passion for wringing acoustic perfection from innocuous and esoteric sources. My life's work is to make the mundane noise of daily life into a tapestry of subtle cinematic genius. Needless to say when you invited me to work with you on *The Shape of Water* - a project you described as both genre-breaking and compelling in its complexity - I was thrilled. I did not even read the script. I assumed you would be creating the next *Planet Earth* or perhaps a tribute to Jacques Cousteau. My familiarity with your work was minimal but I knew you had garnered acclaim for your movie about a little girl that made friends with an eight foot goat or something. I needed the prestige of association. It was to be my big break.

I am wheelchair bound because of the forbidden places to which your film took me. The act of standing robs me of the precious endurance needed to keep the memories at bay. Memories of what you had me do for your masterpiece.

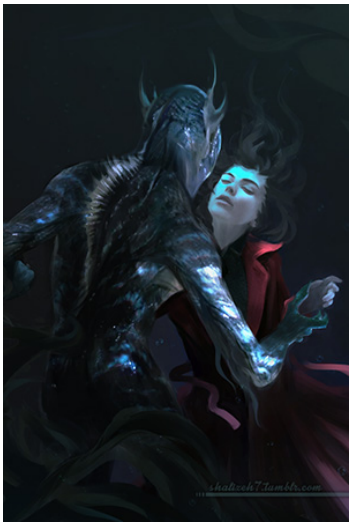
It became clear that you had something different in mind when you asked me to provide a sound for underwater breathing. When I came to you with a recording of a scuba tank you corrected me. "No, not a diver. The Fish Guy in the tank," you said. Then you showed me that concept artwork of your ichthyan atrocity. It was unsettling to consider but I did my duty. I sampled myself breathing through a handful of straws and blowing bubbles into milk. But you wanted more gurgles. You insisted that I put in more gurgles. So I bought a trombone and ruined it by working the slide in a tub filled with marmalade. The result was a very eerie and restrained swish with a hint of muffled popping. That was a sound effect I liked. You still wanted more gurgles and said if it was not a sound that made the audience squirm in their seats I was a failure. I wound up attaching a microphone to the end of a liposuction vacuum and combining the noise of viscous human fat with my emphysema-stricken neighbor coughing up blood.

While I was still mixing that awful noise you asked me how I was doing on the sound of "the Fish Guy jacking it into the tank's filtration system". I put aside my grave concerns about the content

of your film and its ultimate destination in order to ask more simple questions that an artists such as the man I was must pursue. Those questions took me to dark places. I had to ask you, Mr. Del Toro, about the size and shape of this abomination's penis. Did you want a sound for it becoming erect? You did, and that was the one where I combined the flexing of leather with a throaty belch and a panther yowl. It would have been best if you had a clear idea of this organ in mind before you came to me. It would have cut down on the time I had to spend under your indecisiveness about whether the protagonist "would have, like, really crunchy lobster dick or if it would be like an oyster but in reverse."

I had to ask about its fluids. You became very excited about the fluids. I plowed through Greek yogurt, motor oil, lard, Windex, bowls of oatmeal, every commonplace semi-solid and liquid I could find. None of them pleased you. I suppose it was serendipitous that you chewed me out me as hard as you did. I forgot to turn off the hot mic when I broke down in tears and it was very close when I blew my nose. Your creature's moment of joy is literally built on my despair. I am glad you liked it but if you were going to put me through all of that I wish you had at least kept that scene in the final cut of the film.

When I had collected that audio sample your literal next comment was, "So what are you going to do about his emissions fouling up the filter system?"



Recalling this process is more than I can bear. The nurses here have sedatives prepared for when the sights and smells come unbidden in my dreams. Suffice to say that when I was finished making your befouled filter there was not an inch of the New York City sewer I did not know by heart. I had committed acts with a pig carcass that not even the most benevolent deity would forgive. On top of all this you made me watch and score that scene six times with you. You were sweaty and enthralled and kept muttering things about "total Oscar bait" and "my piscine David". My wife left me that week for her mother's' house because of how often I woke her from sleep with my groaning.

The day you shuffled into my studio and asked me if I was ready to score "the Culmination" is the blackest of my life. The way you said the words was in and of itself unsettling: "The CulmeeNAAAAAtion". My stomach knotted and I stained my boxers some. I felt my teeth clench and my being shrink back from my body in a transcendental experience of panic as you described what your Lovecraftian fish person and lead actress Sally Hawkins would do to each others' bodies. You took my microphone and I and dragged us to obscene places, Mr. del Toro.

I bore witness to abattoirs of human vice that would turn the stomach of the most callous deviantART erotic fanfic patron. I have scored sex scenes before. I am accustomed to the naked form and can reproduce the sounds of two bodies making love in lavish detail. But those were human bodies. I have never had reason to sample the copulation of so many species of animals before. I spent days at zoos asking breeders if I could not only watch but *get right in there*. Emails about

collecting ambient audio have never before been cause for the FBI to seize my external hard drive. But here we are. Now they have registered me on Sex Offender databases I never knew existed. I cannot visit so much as a pet shop for as long as I live. PETA called last week to let me know they had put a bounty on my head. I did not know bounties were still a thing.

The last straw was not when you asked if I could get some pig squeals because "maybe his rubbery skin and his chitin are chafing" or even when you wondered aloud whether a fish would enjoy having what you called a "gill job" (how did you even countenance such a thing, Mr. del Toro? How can you keep such thoughts alive in your mind and carry on as if nothing were very wrong?) It was not when you stared at me over the wrap-up party's Shrimp Cocktail, thrusting a blue crab leg in and out of the cocktail sauce while wiggling your eyebrows suggestively. It was the day when I thought it was all over and I was lying at home on a couch, down to 137 lbs and subsisting entirely on Everclear and lemon wedges. It was the day you called and said we had won several Oscar nominations and you needed me to accompany you to a nationally televised award ceremony. You wanted me to be publicly attached to this madness not only by name but by face. You were so proud of your creation. I was undone by mine.

So here I sit, Mr. Del Toro. I will never leave these halls, no matter how many times the doctors encourage me to try the outside again. It is safe here and there are no TVs. The film you made will not come here. I will live out the rest of my days playing bingo with the elderly and being tranquilized when the flashbacks overtake me. I am trying to forgive you. But I will never forget.

Sincerely,

Steve

–∼Steve Baine, Former Foley Artist (@TheRealAnthym)

1.12 My Ultimate Football Hope for the XFL

Friday, Jan 26, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There is a new league coming for football games. In 2020 Vincent McMahon's XFL league will be back. The most important thing to me is that the players have fun and enjoy themselves. Sometimes I think sports are too serious. It's just a game, folks.

Actually, that's the second most important thing. The most important thing is the large football man.

There will be a team with one large football man as their player. He will stretch his arms the width of the field and run forward and scoop every player up on the opposing team. Each game will begin with him walking out onto the field and eating an entire live horse while the audience screams. The horse will be a bad horse and its crime will be announced on the Titantron before it is eaten. "Hot Chocolate didn't want to pull the buggy" or "Luck Be a Lady bites jockeys" or "Christmas Candy can't count and has shit for brains." Fans will understand that sometimes justice demands even a horse be executed, in this case by the terrible jaws of the one large football man.

The large football man will be named Lowell but not by any mother and people will wonder who gave birth to him. Was it the sky? Was it a creature under the sea? Nobody will know, least of all Lowell, because he just was and can't remember anything before that. When he is resting birds will nest on his gentle hump and when it gets cold his nostrils will be like two steam trains gushing their warmth into the chilly air. Lowell will have a special bed with a blanket made by the same place where they make American flags, the biggest and strongest flags in all the world.

Lowell is the large football man we have always craved. We will measure him with ropes to be sure he is the largest. We don't need to measure him, because he is a hundred times the size of any other football man, but we all enjoy the act of defining the exact dimensions of Lowell. His bicep is 35 feet around. His tooth is the size of a husky mannequin head. One finger could crush a car.

Other teams will try to find a large football man. They will find some big football men. They will ask doctors to make another large football man. The doctors will accidentally make a large football woman. There are no rules in the XFL other than do what thou wilt, so the large football woman is allowed to "Play Ball!" Her name will be Theresa and she will be almost as large as Lowell. From

the moment they set foot on the gridiron together it is love. Instead of playing football they will kiss and touch on live TV. The stadium will be wrecked when they decide to do "the deed."

This is the beginning of the end for us. Lowell, created by unknown means, and Theresa, created by science, will fertilize thousands of eggs and turn a stadium into their nest. Large football men will hatch within days. Our horses will all be eaten in the coming weeks. First the guilty horses, then the suspicious horses, and finally the innocent horses. Horses will become extinct and we will have to ride pigs instead. Lowell and Theresa, so much larger than us, will not be able to distinguish the humans from the pigs and will begin feasting on mankind.

"Touchdown!" The last human will probably say as they disappear into Lowell's mouth.

Alone with all the stadiums and their millions of large football sons, the happy couple will finally try to seal the deal and tie that knot. Unfortunately, their son Phil completes the form to apply as an ordained minister but there are no humans remaining to process the application. Lowell and Theresa wait at the altar for the minister, but he never comes. With nowhere else to go, they attempt to eat their children and each other.

Following the demise of the large football players, an isolated brigade of horses will return to civilization and begin to repopulate their kind. Countless days pass, years and centuries becoming eons. The horses begin to walk upright. They breed enormous pigs to ride. They build cities and invent the steam engine all over again. They even have time for leisure, devising a game where horses run at one another and try to stop a "ball" from being carried down the field.

One day, a large football horse will become the entire team for the Houston Humans.

That is my hope.

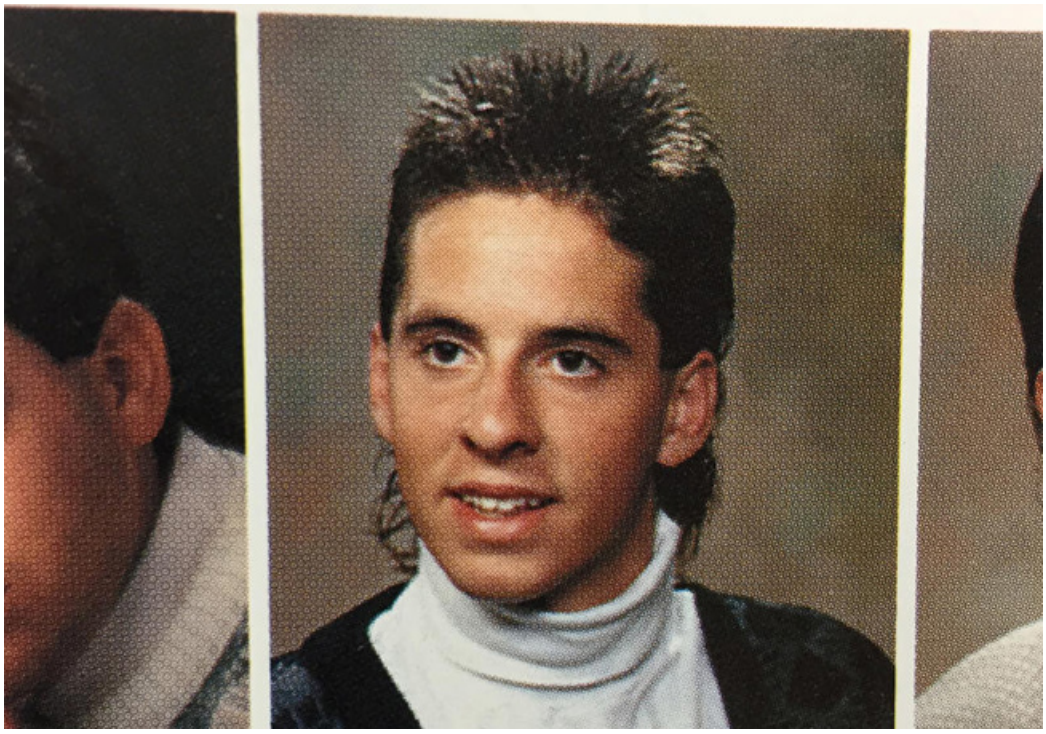
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 The Nunes Memo: "It is OK to put ranch on everything"

Friday, Feb 02, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



We have obtained an advanced copy of the memo of House Intelligence Committee Chair Devin Nunes, which supposedly reveals malfeasance under FISA wiretaps.

> Dear American Patriots,
>
> I am very concerned with the government's overreach recently in regards to our very good and handsome president Donald J. Trump. I am also writing to affirm a few additional things which I have discovered by looking at top secret files THEY didn't want me to see.
>
> #1 **It is OK to stay up as late as you want there are no consequences.** The government did a science test and said you can watch whatever movies you want and play video games well past your bed time and it is fine.
>
> #2 **The best band is Megadeth.** This was an experiment the CDC did. I saw the sealed results. They said, paraphrasing here, that to this day pound-for-pound no band shreds harder than Megadeth and that Dave Mustaine has still got it. It did say Danzig was the best singer too and that all the black rappers were way down the list and super bad.
>
> #3 **It's OK to put ranch on everything.** Also cheese sauce or ketchup. You can put as much as you want on and it's also good to have two desserts with dinner. The FDA tested this on a pig and it was badass.
>
> #4 **Region lock PUBG.** The FCC checked into this and there are too many Chinese players on the North American server. Enough already. I am sick of playing first person

and it is time to region lock the WORST CHEATERS by far the Chinese. China number one at ruining this game.

#5 When you are posing for a photo it is fair game to grab a sexy lady's butt. The SJWs are out of control but the IRS or something checked on this and juicy butts are OK to grab when you are smiling and saying cheese. It created a green light zone where you can really go to town consequence free.

#6 Calling someone a racist makes you the real racist. No word is meaner than racist and no deed is meaner than being called a racist. Therefore, according to the FISA court, they saw the evidence in Kanye using the n-word vs. a Christian gun owning dad and decided that whites are now also allowed to use the n-word because Kanye did it.

And last but not least #7 Global warming is a hoax. I saw the EPA thing they did and it proves that actually it was really cold yesterday so global warming is impossible. It turns out the global warming scientist typed in an email address wrong proving that it is all a lie created to hurt the American coal industry. It turns out the best way to help the environment is to dig a big pit and fill it with coal and light the coal. Clean, delicious, creamy coal.

I can verify all these things are true based on files. No, you can't see the secret files. The FBI is lying about Donal Trump.

Baba Booey!

Thank you.

DEVIN NUNES

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 10 Things Cut from Trump's State of the Union Address

Tuesday, Feb 06, 2018 by Totally TImely News

The beginning of every year brings The State of the Union Address, a speech given by the sitting President for the sole reason of generating the numerous, inexplicable applause breaks our democracy needs to thrive. But not everything can fit into an hour that somehow feels like five. Thanks to our President accidentally uploading his speech to a public DropBox folder, we at Something Awful are proud to present everything that didn't make it into last night's event.

- A 12-minute Stormy Daniels "cumpilation" set to Tina's Turner's "Simply the Best," played before Trump's entrance to "warm up the crowd."
- 32 erroneous uses of the word "bodacious" to describe ISIL and "dangerous illegal immigrant street gangs."
- A "tight five" on Steve Bannon's numerous vodka shits, including vivid descriptions of color, texture, and splatter radius.
- 10 minutes of taunting to would-be assassins about how "I'm the least-assassinated President you'll ever meet," complete with rankings of formerly assassinated Presidents paired with descriptors like "loser" and "tremendous loser."
- A solid 20 minutes where it's apparent the President thinks he's still campaigning against Hillary Clinton, but it's also 1988 for some reason.
- 13 consecutive PowerPoint slides of President Trump having a blast in the seat of a big rig, with a formal plea to name March 23 "National Big Boy Day."
- Following statements about the importance of a strong military, a demand that McDonald's "bring back The Angus Burger, which was fantastic, might I add." This would have been followed by an insistence that McDonald's "eliminate all salad meals, which are often placed in the bags of powerful men and make it too hard to get to the French fries."

- A special appearance by President Trump's personal physician, with detailed information about how much he weighs on every known planet across several realities.
- Professional basketball players dressed up as the letters J, O, B, and S rushing into the room for an impromptu slam dunk contest accompanied by C+C Music Factory.
- A formal proposal that any President should be able to live in one of their several private resorts, far away from their wives, and that all decisions should be made by golfing, "especially the war ones."

–∼Totally TImely News

2.3 Let Me Explain Economics

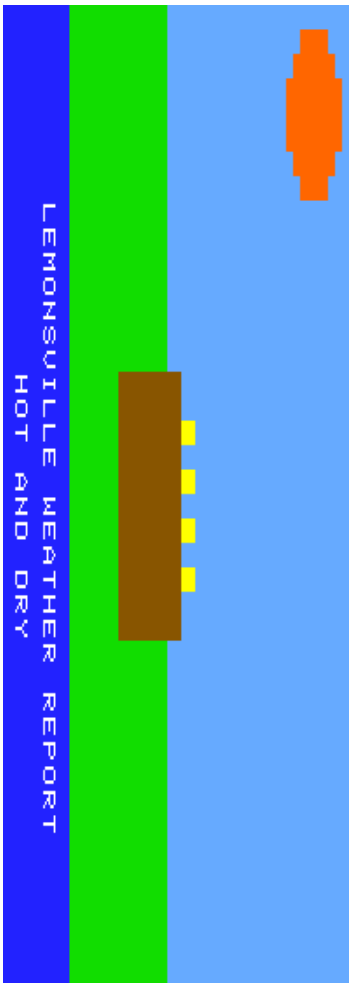
Thursday, Feb 08, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Let me explain **economics**.

You have four supply, four lemonades, and four profits. You sell them all for two profits. That's pure profit.

Let me explain **macroeconomics**.

You have four really big supply, four really big economics, four really big lemonades, and four really big profits. You sell them all for two really big profits. That's pure profit.



Let me explain **supply and demand**.

You have four supply, four demand, four lemonades, and four macroeconomics. You sell them all for two economics and two profits. That's pure profit.

Let me explain **inflation**.

You have four hundred thousand inflation, four hundred thousand demand, four hundred thousand lemonades, four hundred thousand economics, four hundred thousand supply, and four hundred thousand macroeconomics. You sell them all for two profits. That's pure profit.

Let me explain **the invisible hand**.

You have four invisible hands, four inflation, four demand, four lemonades, four economics, four supply, and four macroeconomics. Some spooky unseen force compels you to sell them all for two profits. That's pure profit.

Let me explain **international trade**.

You have four internationals, four trade, four invisible hands, four inflation, four demand, four lemonades, four economics, four supply, and four macroeconomics. You sell them all for two profits, capiche? That's pure profit.

Let me explain **profit**.

That's pure profit.

Let me explain **scarcity**.

You have four scarcity, four internationals, four trade, four invisible hands, four inflation, four demand, four lemonades, four economics, four supply, and four macroeconomics. You sell them all for two profits but have nowhere to hold your profits, because profit containers are scarce. That's pure profit.

Let me explain **costs and benefits**.

You have four costs, four benefits, four scarcity, four internationals,

four trade, four invisible hands, four inflation, four demand, four lemonades, four economics, four supply, and four macroeconomics. You benefit by selling them all for two profits. That's pure profit.

Let me explain **opportunity cost**.

You have four opportunity, four costs, four other costs, four benefits, four scarcity, four internationals, four trade, four invisible hands, four inflation, four demand, four lemonades, four economics, four supply, and four macroeconomics. You sell them all for two profits then find out you could have sold them all for ten profits instead. That's pure profit.

Let me explain **circular flow model**.

You have the major exchanges in a model of the economy expressed as flows of goods, services, and currency. Firms supply goods for households to consume. Households provide factors of production to firms. These flows form a circle, with worker wages and consumer expenditure producing another circular flow in the opposite direction.

That's pure profit.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.4 The Five Most Outrageous Revelations from the Vulture Interview with Rowlf the Dog

Friday, Feb 09, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Legendary performer, producer, celebrity socialite, and star of the Muppet Show, Rowlf the Dog was interviewed this week by Vulture. This lengthy and wide-ranging interview included a number of wild comments from Rowlf about his fellow Muppets on the Muppet Show, longstanding rivalries with the Sesame Street characters, and various shocking bits of celebrity gossip. Many of the pieces of celebrity gossip were later confirmed by third parties. Since the interview is so long, we have combed through it for only the juiciest revelations.

9/11 Was Done By "The Worst Muppet"

Rowlf was happy to offer that "9/11 wasn't who you think it was" but when pressed by the interviewer he became cagey, suggesting that "we can't be talking about this sh*t in public." Finally, he pointed to "the worst Muppet" as being the mastermind behind the attacks, a definite reference to a Sesame Street Muppet, all of which Rowlf uniformly loathes. It is unlikely to be Big Bird, who Rowlf regards as a "damn coward" and is probably not Kermit who Rowlf "hated for a long time, but he has his own demons" and Rowlf "gets him" now. The interviewer finally suggested it was Elmo and Rowlf would not say yes or no.

The Clintons Have a Second Daughter

Rowlf, a longtime friend of the Clintons, claims that Bill and Hillary have a second daughter who is kept in a secret soundproof room in the Clintons' Chappaqua home. Her name is "Eggmar" and she is married to a hedge fund manager with a low-performing fund called CheeseQuake that focuses mostly on dairy related stocks. She was briefly employed as an "on-air media analyst" at CNN but was let go when it was revealed she was being paid 500,000 dollars a year and only produced a single two-minute segment about mixing vegetables into sheet cakes to get kids to eat healthy. Although she is not allowed to leave he room, Rowlf claims he has seen her several times being fed scraps

from Bill Clinton's teen sleepover parties. He also claims to have seen blood being drained from Eggmar for transfusions to extend Hillary's life. He also suggested that Hurricane Katrina aid for New Orleans might have been used to buy plastic surgery for Eggmar so that her face looked less "Cronenbergy."

Marlon Brando Fooled Around with Grover

Grover and Brando were often seen "drunk and kissing" on the set of the Muppet Show and Rowlf claims that Brando was once heard musing about "All the things [Brando] could fit in that flappy mouth of yours." This is backed up by Grover's ex-wife who said that Grover was into tranquilizers and would often wake up with different people half stuffed into his mouth. "It was the 1980s," said the penguin Grover was married to at the time. "Grover had a Church of Satan streak. You know, the whole 'do what thou wilt is the whole of the law' thing. I walked in more than once and found someone putting their whole butt in [Grover's] mouth."

Rowlf Had a Long Affair With Senator Ted Cruz's Wife

One of the most controversial comments made by Rowlf in the interview is that Ted Cruz's wife, Heidi, "likes that brown doggy" and that Rowlf spent most of the last two years courting her and "blowing her mind." He claimed "[Ted] Cruz knew about it. He was into it. He said he was cuckolded by a cartoon cat in the 90s and that one of his daughters might be Dogbert's." Ted Cruz, through a spokesman, refused to "dignify such sick allegations with a response." However, outtakes from a campaign video where the Cruz family was supposed to be eating dinner and acting normal revealed Heidi hissing through clenched teeth that if Ted Cruz doesn't drop out of the republican primary she is "going to move in with the dog."

Michael Jackson Had Two Special Muppets Commissioned Just for Him

Rowlf seemed sympathetic at times to Michael Jackson, suggesting that he was "misunderstood" and came from a "very damaged place." However, this did not seem to excuse the "f**ed up sh*t" Jackson did to the previously-unknown Muppets Woober and Barlowe. "He had them doing skits about all sorts of sh*t you don't even want to know about. Counting things that shouldn't have been counted, making parodies of movies with a bunch of bad puns, and "taking it all off." He claims that Barlowe, also referred to as "the orange one," was sunk into the Pacific Ocean when he tried to get out. Nobody knows what happened to Woober, the "pink one," but Rowlf believes he was "probably f**ed to death" or put in "some sort of sick museum." Henson Studios have refused to comment on Woober and Barlowe.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.5 You Call THIS an Intervention?

Wednesday, Feb 14, 2018 by Local Barfly

Well, well, well. If this isn't a familiar sight. All of my friends and loved ones gathered together, with looks of concern on their faces ranging from "severe" to "mild"--that's right, grandpa: I'm looking at you. And a circle of folding chairs, with one left open for yours truly? What did you expect when you invited me to Conference Room B at the highway Hilton for a "surprise party?" It's just like the Main Street Ramada incident of 2015, only this time you didn't hire a local clown to flesh out the ruse by handing me a balloon on the way in. Honestly, you call *this* an intervention?

You know as well as I do that this ain't my first rodeo. Technically, I got drunk at my first rodeo and berated one of those barrel clowns about how he didn't know the meaning of an honest day's work. But is that my fault? Hardly. That concession stand shouldn't have sold me those eight beers, and then two additional beers after the head cowboy called security. That's *exactly* the kind of unprofessionalism that stopped me from going to my second rodeo, regardless of whether or not I'm banned from the county fair until 2026. Again, just another example of how everyone sets me up to fail.

By the way, you can just crumple up those confessional statements, because *believe me* have I heard them all. And don't think I don't notice when some of you covertly reword the ones you used last time. Even when half-drunk--especially now--I'm well aware of those hoary old templates you've been using since intervention one. "If you don't get the help you need today" hits my ears like a hacky Austin Power impression, and trust me when I say hearing that familiar expression makes me lose all of my "mojo." Also, do I need to really listen to a list of the "good times?" Frankly, it makes me think less of all of you. If one of the most memorable and happiest points of your life was some dumbass fishing trip I don't even remember, I really think you need to get out more. Granted, I don't remember much of anything lately, but I can only come to the conclusion that all of you are just that unmemorable.

Really, what's going to happen when I go to rehab? We've been through this song and dance before. I get an all-expenses-paid trip to some tropical locale for six weeks, someone feeds my dog, and I come home with the knowledge of 20 new kinds of spiced rum. And, nine months later, sometimes an illegitimate child, but we'll let the courts ponder that one. Hell, I could book a trip to any Hawaiian

island of my choice without having to drink bad coffee for hours and suffer through a gauntlet of weepy hugs. I mean, I *could*, but I've decided long ago that my alcohol budget is $1200 a month, which really cuts into the old vacation fund. But since I get all those vital calories through drinking, I barely need to buy any food. That's a lifehack you can stick in your pocket and take home for free.

So, do I have a problem? I think the verdict's still out. But if I'm at least sober enough to attend my own intervention, wouldn't you all agree that's the bare level of sobriety society demands from all of us? Now, on a more important note, would any of you mind bailing me out? I just got a DUI in the parking lot and told the cop that one of you has my life-saving medication, buying me ten minutes at best.

–∼Local Barfly

2.6 This Zombie Outbreak Is Just the Team Building Exercise Our Office Needs

Thursday, Feb 15, 2018 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Okay everyone, it looks like we have an unexpected challenge on our hands today. The dead have risen from their graves and are storming our building. They're pounding on the door of our collaboration space as we speak. We've lost contact with the other floors, which is a shame, as this situation really could have benefited from cross-department cooperation. So why am I smiling? Well, as your manager, I couldn't help but notice that productivity is a little low this month, and I think we can leverage this situation to strengthen our teamwork skills.

Now, I know our past team-building activities could have gone better. I had no idea that one you suffers from claustrophobia when I held the escape room game in the janitor's closet. But defending this office from the horde of ravenous zombies in the hall is the perfect collaborative task. We're going to coalesce into a well-oiled machine. I'll be the oil in that metaphor, of course, and you'll be the machine. Not that I see you all as interchangeable parts. I respect each and every one of you and value your contributions immensely.

I can see by the anxious looks on your faces that you're all eager to get in that hall and start crushing zombie skulls like our firm is crushing the marketing game. But given what happened to Mike, I think that for now our best path to capital-S Synergy is securing this room.

So, time for some role clarification. Jeff and Donna, why don't you two barricade the door with that desk while Kelly and Rakim push those filing cabinets in front of the window. Chris, since you're our only gen-Z member, you can refresh Twitter every few seconds for news on the zombie outbreak. Haha, just kidding! A little joke to break the ice. Chris, you and your generation are amazing and are tomorrow's leaders, even if it'll just be in an underground bunker somewhere.

Now, I know that working through this crisis goes a little outside team norms. We'll have to leave our personal comfort zones and do some experiential learning. But I like to think we have an environment where people are confident taking reasonable risks, whether it be a larger workload or bludgeoning flesh-eating ghouls with a fire extinguisher. Not that I expect it'll come to that, obviously. I have total faith in your ability to lock down this area. I've even got some snacks for when we're done. Though we might want to eat them sparingly. No telling how long we'll be in here.

Did someone accidentally hit the light switch? Huh, I guess the power went out. On the plus side, the sirens stopped. I'm guessing the police have this under control and will be here any minute. Just to be safe, though, we'd also better barricade the janitor's closet. We don't want Mike getting out now that he's been bitten. I know he's scratching at the door and making angry moans, and I respect the emotional intelligence behind that approach, but as a zombie he'd be dysfunctional to our teamwork culture.

Oh crap, zombies are coming out of my office! I forgot it had a window. I guess I might have left it open, too... We still have a chance, though. If one of us sacrifices themselves to the zombies, the rest of us can probably escape. I know it's a horrible, gruesome death, but let's bracket our personal concerns for the moment and think of the team. Remember, none of us is as good as all of us. So who wants to step up to the plate?

Hey, why are you all grabbing me by the shoulders? We had our daily huddle already.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

2.7 The Definitive Ranking of the Scariest Rob Zombie Videos

Friday, Feb 16, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

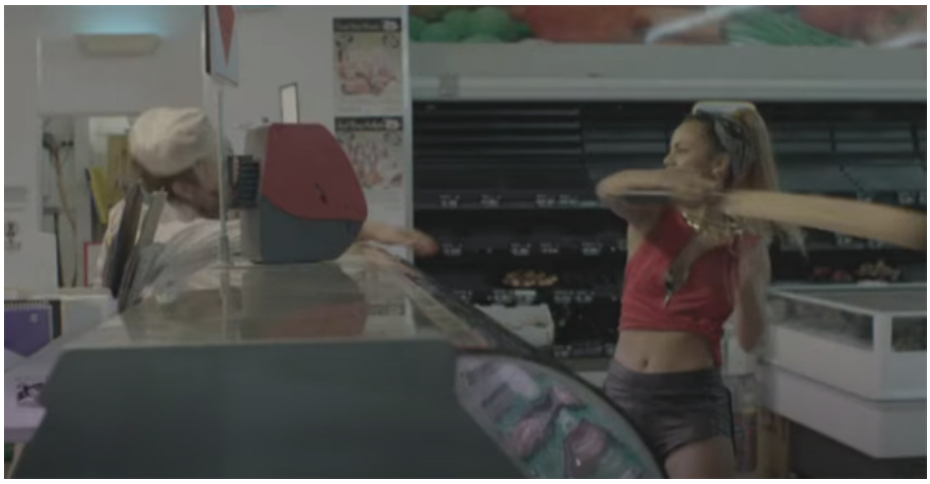
#12 Foxy, Foxy

It's during the daytime, there are a bunch of horses, and Rob Zombie is dressed like a cowboy with a jean jacket. Maybe a dead cowboy if you want to be generous. A sexy lady and a van show up and I thought somebody was going to get killed, but it just turns out to be a festival rock show. Definitely not scary.

#11 Medication for the Melancholy

The song sounds a little bit creepy, but that's the end of the scariness on this one. It's Rob Zombie jumping around and looking like your friend's sort of cool dad who goes a little too far trying to be cool in front of his kids. He has some creepy black paint around his eyes but also he is wearing that

jean jacket again. Not spine-tingling at all.



#10 Everybody Scream

Sexy lesbians on rollerskates do battle with zombies in a grocery store. It's pretty scary, but not because of lesbians. I have been over my fear of girls kissing since I spent an entire summer in the nineties staring at that Type O Negative album cover. I'm more worried about those ladies rollerskating in the crowded aisles. That's just asking for a head injury.

#9 Superbeast

Rob Zombie is in glowering high dudgeon in this classic video, but the scariest part of this video are the flashing lights. You have to remember, this is before the advent of the Saw movies, back in the 1990s when skeletons and strobe lights were the only scary things we had. A camera flash was

enough to give a child nightmares.

#8 Lords of Salem

Supernatural spirals spin and heads are severed by the titular Lords of Salem. They put an innocent woman to death for witchcraft, which is understandable because witchcraft is a scary scenario. All the skull faces and buckle hats cannot change that this is a cartoon and I am no longer afraid of cartoons. Not even The Magic School Bus episodes when they get swallowed.

#7 Mars Needs Women

I'm not buying his premise. Mars doesn't have an atmosphere. What this video does have are a lot of angry faces from Rob Zombie and members of the band. Also some pentagrams visible which

makes me think of witchcraft. Rob is playing a dangerous game with otherworldly powers. In the end, it's still just a concert video.

#6 The Hideous Exhibitions of a Dedicated Gore Whore

Terrifying to learn Rob Zombie is still making songs. Also this creepy video features Frankenstein's Monster as a tattoo artist. His inattention to hygiene and lack of fine motor skills is a great way to get yourself a serious skin infection. No thank you! I will get the touch-up done on my ankle butterfly elsewhere! Pretty Scary!

#5 Dead City Radio and the New Gods of Supertown

A ghoulish cast of characters audition for a particularly crusty-looking Rob Zombie wearing a pair of Willy Wonka sunglasses. The freaks are freakish, but none is scarier than the break dancing skeleton. Imagine the classic horror of a skeleton combined with the subversive dance moves of the streets. Prepare yourself for terror.

#4 Feel So Numb

There is a terrifying amount of fisheye lens in this video which also features American flags behind Rob Zombie at his spooky Kid Rockiest.

#3 Get High

A giant glowing red sign commands viewers to "GET HIGH" so needless to say we are off to a very scary start on this one. Rob Zombie is wearing a silver cowboy hat like no honesty ranch hand I've ever met and he's singing creepy lyrics about girls coming back from the dead and murdering people. The chorus is Rob Zombie repeatedly singing, "Get, get, get, get high!" No thanks. I'm going to be having bad dreams about some bad life choices.

#2 Living Dead Girl

If you've ever wondered what could be scarier than a silent movie, it is one with a soundtrack sung by Rob Zombie about a girl's corpse reanimating. Sometimes when I watch silent movies I think about how everyone in them is dead. Except this one. Or are they?? Or are they back to life again??? I have to stop drinking all this milk before I go to bed.

#1 Dragula

The two scariest things imaginable are Dracula and excessive speed. Combine the two into a song and video and you have a recipe for some of the scariest footage ever uploaded on Vevo. The devil also features prominently in this video, seeming to encourage Dragula to greater excesses of speed. My advice? Slow down! Too scary!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.8 Have You Considered the Consequences of a Gun-Free USA?

Tuesday, Feb 20, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

So you feel America would be better off with no guns at all. Let's think this through.

The guns are gone. Now what happens to all those paper targets? Don't tell me you forgot about the paper targets. The ones hanging from little clips on fancy clotheslines at shooting ranges. With no guns to destroy these legions of paper bastards, they go unchecked. They accumulate.

Within two months the number of paper targets reaches a critical mass. The buildings that once contained them swell and burst, cracking open as tidal waves of paper targets spill out in all directions. After four months the flood overtakes our nation's streets and highways, cutting off all routes of egress. In less than one year the paper targets blanket the United States.

Lightning sparks countless fires. Toilets everywhere become clogged real bad. The average newborn baby's first sight is not the face of its mother, but a crude drawing of Barack Obama in a turban with a bullseye circling the jar of Grey Poupon he's clutching to his heart. The country is ruined. All because of your selfishness.

Now consider the lobbyists.

With no NRA to represent, they wander the halls of Washington and encourage politicians to vote. "On behalf of which industry?" ask the politicians. The lobbyists can think of nothing, so with uncomfortable frowns they reply, "I suppose the interests of the American people." The country is ruined.

What happens to the constitution when we repeal the second amendment? As we all know, the constitution's strength lies in the fact that it is an unchanging document intended by its creators to be worshipped like a religious relic. When it is questioned or altered in any way, the country is ruined.

Let us spare a moment of sympathy for all the people who just really want to own objects that create holes in other objects. These people become the real victims when guns disappear, their hobby unfairly taken away just so hundreds of thousands of lives can be saved.

Where do they turn? Office hole-punchers. Hole-punchers become part of their identity, expressed with the purchase of hole-puncher magazines, edgy masculine hole-puncher t-shirts, and hole-puncher YouTube channels featuring deranged fearmongering ghouls. It's never quite the same. For these people, the country is ruined.

Now that your "let's take away all the guns" plan has been exposed as short-sighted idealism, I'd like to circle back to something. Let's run through the absolutely impossible process of removing all those guns in the first place.

The manufacturing of firearms becomes illegal, so the number becomes finite. Every law abiding person turns in their weapons for, I dunno, a tax credit. We toss all the guns in a volcano and make a big show of it to subsidize the exchange.

Now only the criminals have guns! Shit! Shit shit shit! And when they commit the crimes they were going to commit anyway, those guns are confiscated and destroyed. In the volcano. The number of guns continues to go down. And every step of the way, there are fewer deaths.

According to my math, this results in infinite guns and infinite crime. You dumbass. Better to keep making additional guns forever.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.9 No One Wants to Get Shot, But You Don't Have to Be Rude About It

Thursday, Feb 22, 2018 by Your Elected Official

Dear Teens,

Your Elected Official

Let it be known it's been a rough week down here at the offices of yours truly. Every time I try to get a scrap of work done, I can't help but break down in tears and take one of my unlimited personal days to clear the old noodle. Even though my age, schooling, and career make me much more powerful and important than you, I'm sure we've all been asking ourselves the same questions. Like "When will this stop?" and "What kind of a loving god would let this happen?" Well, I'm here to tell you I'm going to put an end to all of this: an end to teens being rude to me about gun control.

I'm not sure what's happened recently, but for some reason people nowadays think they can just stroll up to an elected official and list their grievances. Why, I can't tell you the amount of times I've been out to a nice meal with a wealthy donor when some nobody comes up to my table screaming "fracking exploded my family" this, and "no clean drinking water since 2014" that. If the bill I introduced passes, walking up to me in public will eventually count as assault in the first degree, but until then my feelings are seriously at stake. You know what it's like to throw away half an 18-dollar slice of tiramisu just because some uppity protester got in your face and soured your appetite? I hope you never have to know such loss.

Really, is there a need for all of this rudeness? When the last shooting happened, I did what I was elected to do. I marched into my secretary's office, told her "post something on Twitter about the gun thingy," and immediately headed over to the lobbyist meet 'n greet at the steakhouse. Honestly, my hands are tied, and saying cruel things about adults like me at clearly staged events isn't going to win you any favors. In my day, if there was a school shooting, we'd suck it up, tuck in our

shirts--you all know decreasing shirt untuckedness is one of my major platforms--and ask the gym teacher to add tactical defense rolls to the curriculum. Of course, you kids can't even play dodgeball these days, so who am I kidding?

Do you teens think you can just scream at me and expect anything to get done? That's not how the system works. Even if some of you could vote, you're clearly not going to be attending the fancy parties where my top constituents help me shape public policy. Sometimes it's through a friendly conversation; other times, they write a helpful reminder in the "memo" section of their check. This is how democracy works--it's certainly not a majority of people getting together and deciding they want things a certain way. To me, that sounds like chaos! And bowing down to mob rule is certainly not what I was elected for.

You think you're scared? Look at it from my perspective. While I'm sitting behind my computer, doing important work like emailing staff to tell them what my assistant is bringing to our monthly potluck, a dangerous teen could very well kick down my door and pepper my office with high-velocity questions and accusations. Teens, the wounds bullets leave behind can be medically treated. But the damage you do to a man's ego and reputation? That can last a lifetime. Think about that while you spin your fidgets or tide your pods or whatever it is you kids do these days.

–~Your Elected Official

2.10 The Hoods Are to Be Worn With Your School Uniforms Going Forward

Friday, Feb 23, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Spring term is about to commence and there have been some changes to he school uniform here at National High School. You may notice that you are no longer required to wear only silver or black buttons and may now also wear gold buttons on your jackets. Also, you will now be required to wear your black velvet hood. This includes during lunch, gymnasium activities, assemblies, and all athletic activities on school grounds. If you are part of the swimming team please wear your swim hood. Accommodations are being made for the wrestling team who will not be required to wear the hood but will now be asked to wrestle in complete darkness.

Some parents have expressed concerns that hoods completely dehumanize the students and erase the last vestiges of their identity for no apparent gain to academic performance. They say that in the span of a generation our education system has become an unrecognizable crucible of horror and violence.

We hear these concerns loud and clear. The hoods, however, address something much larger: the souls of the students. We believe that by erasing all identity we will eliminate any need for students to act out in any way, including violently, humorously, or to form dangerous human connections with one another.

Two hoods are currently available, with a rounded hood in otter black for the gents and a peaked hood with a scalloped mouth in midnight black for the ladies. These hoods are made from comfortable, breathable material that allows no light to enter and will protect your children as they are

shunted through the tunnels to their classes. The webs are back this year, so we are asking all families to donate hooks for the less fortunate children in each grade. If you have a set lying about, rinse them off, box them up and send them in with your student, or just share you generosity in the form of a check.

If your children have any special needs or concerns related to the hoods, our school doctor will be available in the mornings to calm them with an injection.

We also must parents once again to warn your children not to open the door to Room 141. The padlocks slough off during the night and the watchers do their best to have them back on before start of day each morning. However, a few students in the Winter term managed to get the door open. We cannot be held responsible for what has happened to their bones.

Don't forget to buy your tickets to the Spring dance! The hoods are to be worn at the dance also.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

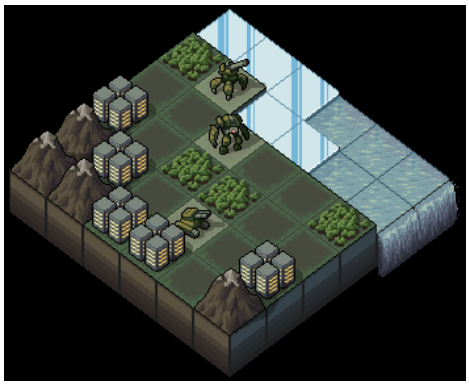
2.11 Into the Breach: Strategically Pushing Kaiju Bugs Into Pools

Wednesday, Feb 28, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I accidentally killed two of my own mechs in one turn, the concussive force from a long range artillery shell bonking their heads together like a pair of coconuts. I was so focused on punching a dam that I let a giant hornet sting a launchpad to death before it could blast a satellite into space. I left three timelines behind in ruins, time-jumping away with an apologetic shrug.

I am absolutely terrible at Into the Breach (from the makers of FTL), which is how I know it's a top-tier strategy game. Historically, the genre's best titles are those which most creatively reveal how my brain is a tremendous dumbass. And boy, is my brain dumbassing it up big time.

It would probably help if I explained what a competent player is supposed to do in this game.



Assemble a squad of three mechs. Travel to one of the four remaining inhabited islands on a dying Earth. Choose a mission with its own set of randomized objectives, hazards, and rewards. Watch giant bug monsters pop out of the ground and attack buildings full of heckling doofuses. Take turns being very rude to one another.

In most games you'd shoot the bad guys until they fell over. Here, you turn Asshole Physics into an art form. Let's take a look at just one example:

Ignore the XP-shitting laser beam on the left. See the alien bug down in the bottom right? That line of red dots extending from his side tells us that on his next turn he will shoot a wad of alien bug vomit on the skyscraper. We have a few options.

Just about all of our attacks have a built-in knockback which allows us to push the enemy precisely where we want them. We could simply shove the bug one tile over so that its shot goes wide. Or we could slam the bug into the mountain, damaging the bug and splitting said mountain. If there was water nearby we could knock the bug in and drown it immediately. How about a forest fire that inflicts damage over time?

We could knock the bug into another bug (or one of our own mechs) if one happened to be adjacent. Or we could knock another bug directly into the path of this one's attack. If that bug happened to be winding up a shot that would now be aimed at this first bug... ah. That's the good stuff.

If we were using a different set of mechs we could jump over this bug and fart a lightning cloud on its head, paralyzing and damaging it. Or we could use a magnet to yank him against our eager mech body.

And that's just this move. If the bug was still alive we could follow up with a of Rube Goldberg machine of impolite shoving.

Since you know exactly where your opponents' attacks will go in the next round and you have so many tools to reposition them, every round turns into a miniature puzzle in which you try to figure out the most efficient way to stick your foot out and trip them.

I, on the other hand, have a knack for figuring out the most efficient way to stick my foot out and split my pants wide open.

Bonus Tips For Beginners

These might be pretty obvious concepts that smart people will pick up immediately in-game, but I am an idiot and you might be too.

The game points out that you can park your mech butt on these spawn points to prevent enemies from popping up:

Great! Here's what I don't think the game mentions: You take 1 damage when the emerging enemy bumps its head against your butt. In most cases it's worth it.

Now let's say you've got that lingering 1 point of damage. You click this little repair icon shown above or hit R and end your turn, assuming this unit will rest and recover 1 HP between rounds:

Nothing happens, because that's not how this works. After activating the repair you have to target and click yourself. The heal happens immediately.

I absolutely refuse to admit how long it took me to figure this out.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 I AM DEEPLY SORRY I KEPT ELBOW DROPPING BEN CARSON THROUGH THE TABLE IN HIS OFFICE

Friday, Mar 02, 2018 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

What's up fam?

Not much just a quick apology I have to drop in here about the Ben Carson table situation where he supposably spent $31000 on the table in his office. He is catching a lot of fire for that one and probably is going to have to resign or something but the truth is during my temure at the Department of Houses or whatever it was my fault the table cost $31000 because actually it was 29 separate tables. I take great pride in my work I did on the house department and one of my duties as under under secretary of houses and urban people was that I had to get Ben Carson up from naps.

This is the most sleepy motherfucker on the planet and sometimes to get that bitch up things had to get rowdy. The first week revving a chainsaw near him was enough to wake him up but by week two I was dumping cups over his head and throwing tennis balls at him. This is not his fault number one he has an actual medical condition I have diagnosed as sleepy ass bitch. He is a doctor and he confirmed this by going to sleep when I was telling him about it. He is the only person I know who could be walking and asleep at the same time. He is like a cat just one blink away from being out cold doesn't even put his head down or slump over or anything just straight cold deep sleep. Like come out of the cryo freezer after 300 years space travel deep sleep.

It was so bad he needed some special 6,000 dollar chair just to stay awake that would electro shock him every few minutes to keep his heart beating. People are pissed about that chair too but they are just picking on this poor dude who is the most lactronic motherfucker I have ever met. Worse was he kept developing immunities to all my wake up call methods. It got to the point I was going to have to use a gun or something and that is illegal because it turns out the house secretary office is a gun free zone. Hypocrips.

So it kept escalading and the only thing left I could come up with was wrestling moves which I have practiced for decades of my life on Hegtor the latino in Wasilla. Hegtor said he was a lunchadoor and would wear a gimp mask and do high flying moves off the top rope which was the name of the strip club next to the suspension bridge. They would pay him to warm up the crowd on Tuesdays by jumping off the building and onto a bunch of used mattresses. That little guy taught me everything I know about wrestling moves and also about how to refine codeine out of cough syrup and into a sort of pill you can put in your ears so it will dissolve real slow and get you high over a period of like 12 hours only

everything you hear while the pill is dissolving sounds really deep and slow until the only person you can stand to listen to is the micro machine guy who I heard died trying to suck his own dick god bless him.

I don't know why hegtor always was so greasy but it was crazy he could slip through a paper towel roll if you gave him a running start.

So I was like ben alright boss I am going to have to break out the lunchadoor moves on your sleepy ass I hope you are ready and as usual his response was "ZZZZZZ" and so I started doing some flying kicks and hurricanrombus. I would yell RUDDOOOSSSSS which is what lunchadoors say and do a flying double heel kick to his head or like fling him into the air and do some flips on his shit. Then we would land on the table in his office and let me tell you they were bad hits. Head and shoulders down riding straight through that thing. It wasn't scored or nothing so it would break ugly and I would be all cut up looking like Mick Foley and Ben sometimes would be like "What in the HECK was that" so I knew my alarm was working.

It worked so well that it was the only dang thing that could get him up reliably. I was breaking tables right and left and the table budget had a huge hole blown in it. I was like "why don't we get some folding tables" and he was like "ZZZZZZZZ" so since nobody would make a decision they just kept delivering new dining room tables and chairs which I also broke over his head and back after running into the ring/his office.

Needless to say I am sorry as fuck for busting up so many tax payer tables. I know they had to cut the house department budget so that now a bunch of kids have to go to school hanging out of pop cans like little hermit crabs but that is on me not Ben Carson. Maybe I could have used smelling salts or injected him with PCP or something. I don't know. Maybe done some more jobber moves like chest slaps instead of a flying german suplex. Maybe it would have been OK if ben carson had napped the whole time because he doesn't actually know anything about houses because he lives in a giant drawer.

Or maybe...

I guess I should have let... sleeping DOCs lie.... you get it? Damn haha.

PEACE!

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

3.2 Why Is Brooklyn Barbeque Taking Over the World?

Tuesday, Mar 06, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

On Sunday morning Vice's food site posted this nonsense:

Are two squashed cafeteria rolls and a forlorn clump of grey meatfat biscotti really taking over the world? No, probably not. I don't think they could muster the energy to take over that yard-long ream of butcher paper.

The replies were justifiably unkind. Succumbing to the immense pressure of an internet dogpile, MUNCHIES (?) re-ran this tweet with a different image to better demonstrate their assertion that Brooklyn bbq is definitely taking over the world:

Surprisingly, it didn't go over well. Attempt #3 didn't turn things around:

MUNCHIES
@munchies
Follow
Why is Brooklyn barbecue taking over the world? bit.ly/2ETQqvW
BURNT RIBS
FOOD: 65
INGREDIENT
RIB MEAT STERILIZED BY FIRE. SAFE TO EAT BUT CONSIDERED BLASPHEMOUS TREATMENT OF THE MEAT.

Realizing they were fighting a losing battle, Vice media's MUNCHIES changed tactics by pretending to move on as though the entire incident hadn't happened. On to the next story.

Incredibly, the ridicule continued. Once again they pulled the original tweet and used a better image:

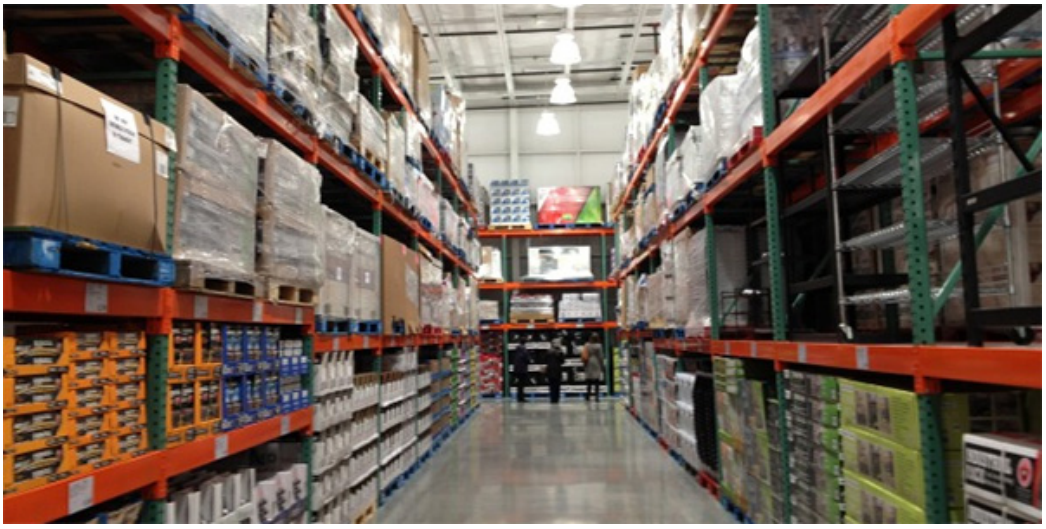
MUNCHIES
@munchies
Follow
Why are Brooklyn birthday parties taking over the world? bit.ly/2ETQqvE
GamemasterAnthony
Joined: 17 Feb 2005
Posts: 263
Location: Mineapolis, MN, Rift-Earth
Posted: Thu Feb 28, 2008 3:34 pm
Post subject: Uh oh...
It's my birthday today, and I'm 33!
That means only one thing...BRING IT IN, GUYS!!!
every character from every game, comic, cartoon, TV show, movie, and book reality come in with everything for a HUGE party
Heroes of Arcadia
The fourth wall has shatttered...

The Twitter abuse continued. Now on the ropes, Vice Corporation Presents MUNCHIES made a desperate move. Over the next few hours they attempted to bury the BBQ and birthday party stories beneath an avalanche of new features.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.3 This Costco Membership Could Really Turn Our Family Around

Thursday, Mar 08, 2018 by Your Dad



We can all agree this family has been through a lot lately. Now, we don't have to name names or relitigate past events. If we made it through the "secret family" incident of October--again, we're not playing the blame game here--we can make it through *anything*. Especially since I've agreed to only see Sharon and the secret children twice a month. It's a fresh start for our family, and I just got something that'll make this start even fresher. This Costco membership could really turn our family around.

Your Dad

"How did I get it," you should be asking yourself? Well, that's a story for another day. Let's just say your old man knows how to be crafty--much like when he said he was visiting "a very sick sister" on every consecutive weekend for four years, as well as all of your birthdays. But let me tell you, this card is a first-class seat on the jumbo jet we call "grocery shopping." I've seen sights that would sound like tall tales to your ignorant brains, rendered dull by a lifetime of shopping at grocery stores that don't require special access. I didn't even know an "olive bar" was a thing that existed, but 300 dollars later, I regret nothing. You have the right to slap me in the face if you ever see me fishing olives out of a jar or can again like some common idiot.

And the sheer quantities on display! It's hard enough for one guy to bring home enough groceries in a single trip for one family, let alone one family and another, secret one. Did you know you can buy up to 5000 rolls of toilet paper in one package? Well, you can, and I'll tell you the cost of renting a trailer is negligible at best. You kids will now have to share a room thanks to the sheer amount of space it'll take up, but over the next decade we'll be saving almost 36 cents per roll! That extra cash will definitely come in handy if I have to go on another mysterious business trip my company won't pay for or acknowledge. I wish there was a way around this, but as I've told you all several dozen times in family court, the slacks industry is extremely secretive and competitive, and sometimes we can't leave behind a paper trail.

This all may sound fantastical, but I popped into our local grocery store after the Costco visit, and the shock nearly sent me running back to the three-gallon drum of pickles sitting on my passenger's seat. Frankly, I don't know if I can trust a store where you can't see the rafters. And I couldn't help but feel a panic attack coming on in those cramped, claustrophobic aisles. What were they--three shopping carts wide at best? How's a guy supposed to get his shopping done efficiently when you've got your store set up like a series of gerbil tubes? Another thing: don't even get me started on the clientele. The beaming, middle-class customers of Costco were replaced by a single, hunched crone reaching out for a box of Mucinex with a hand that looked like a collection of gnarled tree roots. Of course you understand why I could only scream and bolt for the door when she asked me for help.

Yessir, if this family continues to not mention past incidents--a strategy I feel has worked so far--Costco could give us all a new lease on life. After all, nothing brings a family together like time around the table, and just one trip has given us enough food for several hundred dinners. And that'll all start next week, since I have to get this pallet of hot dogs over to my other, even more estranged sister I can't believe I didn't tell you about before now. And, just like with the other members of my family you've never met, she's also a bit quirky with her "no phone, no Internet, and no social security number" thing. But hey, it takes all kinds. Oh, and before I go, I want you kids to promise me you'll unload that toilet paper by lifting with your legs and not your back. Daddy's only telling you this because he cares.

–∼Your Dad

3.4 Things I Have Packed in My Bug Out Bag

Friday, Mar 09, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Mass shootings. Climate chaos. Dysfunctional government. Racial tension. Something along the lines of a super volcano.

This series of words makes me very concerned about the future of my comfortable suburban life. I do not own enough property to dig a hole big enough for me to bury a bus, so I am doing what I can to prepare for the coming crisis. Preparing a "bug out bag" you can grab and go at a moment's notice has given me some hope for the future. When the government collapses into the super volcano's caldera, I will be ready to grab my things and go.

- **Minions Play Tent** - Tent goes up in seconds and collapses easily for transport. The durable tent poles can be used to strengthn my heavy pack or as a splint in an emergency.
- **Minions Fart Blaster** - Emits loud sounds of flatulence which could be used to dissuade attackers or startle wild animals.
- **Minions Baseball Cap** - Excellent sun protection. Fitted for comfortable trail wear.
- **Lifesize Minions Plush** - Can be used as a fixed sentry for camping. Discourage pests including birds and rats. Low density construction allows him to be compressed for transport. Doubles as a pillow.
- **Minions Goggles** - Oversize goggles confuse the shape of the face and make it difficult for attackers to hit vital spots. Work to keep rain out of the eyes.
- **Minions Fluffy Slippers** - Excellent thermal protection in dry conditions. Can double as a pillow when bivouacked.
- **3 Pounds of Minions Candy Mix** - High energy trail food comes in the shape of my favorite Minion characters. Gummies, lolipops, and tart characters. Labeled as "Pinata Filler" but great for filling a hungry survivalist.

- **2 X .5 liter Minions water bottles** - BPA free bottles allow me to easily transport up to 1 liter of water. Can be supplemented with my Minions Camelbak or as much water as I can hold in my mouth.
- **Minions Watch** - Reliable timepiece can be used to navigate, track the tide, or simply know the time of day.
- **Minions Flashlight** - If usage is kept to a minimum, a flashlight can be an indispensable survivalist tool in dangerous areas. It can startle enemies if shined directly into the eyes, signal friends over long distances, and bring light to a dying world.
- **Minions Antibacterial Bandages** - Adhesive bandages are useful for covering or closing small wounds. For anything bigger, use needle and a thread.
- **Minions Mineez Collectors Tin** - Can transport up to 100 Minions Mineez in a water-tight case. Tin construction might stop shrapnel or pellets from an air gun.
- **Unknown Minions Item** - It might be a soap dispenser. I put it in there because it was laying around the house. Possibly a trade item I can use to get more Minions swag from a cannibal tribe.
- **(Not Pictured)** 60 feet of Minions Nerds Rope used to bind equipment and as a belt in my Minions pants. This strong, dual-purpose rope cannot support even a small child's body weight but it can support my life with supplementary energy.

The key to assembling your bug out bag is effectively managing the space in your pack and the weight you will be transporting over long distances. I could have packed pounds of nuts or water purification straws, but instead I boiled it down to high-energy Minions candy and Minions water bottles. Trim things down to the absolute essentials and then maybe you will have space to add a few indulgences like the Minions Slippers or the Unknown Minions Items.

Whatever is coming, we will survive, and we will get through it. I will see you on the other side. Let's build a better world together.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.5 My Favorite Scenes From Batman & Ronin

Wednesday, Mar 14, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

INT. SMALL EUROPEAN CAFE

A bemused, sleepy-eyed BATMAN (Jean Reno) stirs his ESPRESSO as a group of locals watch a soccer match on a tiny television set. RONIN (Robert DeNiro) enters, scans the room with a practiced glance, and approaches BATMAN's booth.

RONIN
Mind if I join you... monsieur?

BATMAN nods to the American. For a moment we see the scene from a new point of view, across the street in an upstairs bedroom. A SHADOWY FIGURE is watching the cafe, cleaning his nails with an OMINOUS KNIFE.

BATMAN
Hi, Ronin. I'm Batman. (Slides down dinosaur statue)

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

The personification of flopsweat, MR. FREEZE (Sean Bean) desperately wants to impress a group of more experienced outlaws.

MR. FREEZE
Yeah, I've done lots of good puns. One time I said "Let's kick some ice!" And another time I was like "Cool party!"

No one seems impressed. An agitated MR. FREEZE rubs the dark circles under his eyes and twitches, continuing.

MR. FREEZE
Then I said "My condition has left me cold to your please of mercy" and everyone applauded. And I said "Stay cool" and "In this universe there's only one absolute... everything freezes!"

The others glance at one another, turning away. MR. FREEZE paces, profusely sweating.

MR. FREEZE
"The Ice Man cometh!" "Allow me to break the ice!" "Tonight's forecase... a freeze is coming!"

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS

Midway through a harrowing car chase upon which the entire operation's success hinges, plunging through a metaphorical web of deceit and treachery woven by outside forces with unclear goals, RONIN turns to BATMAN.

RONIN
I want a car. Chicks dig the car. You ever kill anybody?

BATMAN
I hurt Superman's feelings once.

INT. SAFEHOUSE

RONIN receives a juicy kiss from the double-crossing POISON IVY (Natasha McElhone).

RONIN
Thanks for the smooch, Ivy.

POISON IVY
My pleasure. You'll find that you are quite poisoned!

RONIN
Looks like you haven't been keeping up with the latest spy gadgets.

RONIN grabs his face and peels off a pair of RUBBER LIPS.

INT. STADIUM

Here, at the climax of the film, a figure skating performance is interrupted by an assassination attempt in which MR. FREEZE's neon hockey punks awkardly lumber onto the ice, doing backflips and waving their hockey sticks above their heads for like three minutes.

INT. WAYNE CHATEAU

BATMAN's faithful butler ALFRED sits in his study, quietly painting a miniature soldier. On the table before him is a meticulously crafted small-scale replica of a Japanese castle populated by dozens of other soldiers, ronin.

BATMAN
Alfred! Ronin's been blasted by a freeze ray! Can you patch him up?

ALFRED
Of course, master.

As ALFRED leaves the room, the camera lowers until the miniature castle and ronin dominate the shot. The camera presses in until we notice a detail painted on each and every ronin: Prominent nipples.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.6 Revolutionary Immigration Solutions!

Wednesday, Mar 14, 2018 by Andrew "Anthym" Wolf (@TheRealAnthym)

If you were a Good Citizen you would be concerned about the shameful state of our Great Country's Southern Border. But you are not a good citizen, which is why you are browsing this website instead of securing our lands and fighting off the hordes of slavering immigrants desperate for work and a chance to make a better life for their offspring. Since you are here you might as well benefit from goons who have put their towering intellects to work developing innovative solutions for the Homeland. Take a deep breath in through your nose. Do you smell something? It is your filthy unwashed body, you slob. But there is also a whiff of spruce trees and gun smoke, a crisp arousing scent that permeates your being and stirs a long-dormant desire to run your hand through amber fields of grain. That is the smell of our Fair Land, free at last from the tired and poor thanks to these degenerates.

- A humane catch and release program wherein illegals are chipped and then released into the wild where our scientists can track their behavior, ecosystems, and mating habits. *(Im Ready For DEATH)*

- Retreat our entire nation into the hollow earth and take all of our extremely desirable migrant labor jobs with us. (weg)

- Texas secession war until the whole south looks like Aleppo and nobody wants to go near it. *(goatface)*

- Deport all fertile Mexicans to childless Japan, solving TWO immigration and population problems at once and probably resulting in really good fusion food too. *(like a cigarette should)*

vfvf

- Give the homeless guns and make them patrol the border. If they come back with 10 scalps they get a handle of Vodka. Don't ask where the scalps came from. *(Pick)*

- Direct our thoughts and prayers at them. *(Tace Vim)*

- Giant dick statues. Everywhere. So many dick statues that no one wants to come here because of all the dick statues. Bonus: dick statues. *(TrevorX)*

- Get a bunch of T-Rexes on hoverboards to chase them back to Mexico. Contrary to what you may have seen or heard on the internet, T-rexes all have yellow fever and cannot be seduced by Latinas. This does mean that we need a different solution to the illegal Asian immigrants.) (*Klyith*)

This is the future Like A Cigarette Should wants.

Klyith's Proposal Has Teeth

- Put land mines everywhere in Texas. Everywhere. Suburban neighborhoods, parks, people's homes, fields, everywhere. (**Lowtax**)
- Have the would be border jumpers play a game of CrossFire. If they win, they get amnesty. But if they lose they are sent off to purgatory on a spinning puck. (**Drive-Thru Salad Bar**)
- Let anyone in as long as they can produce their body weight in desalinated water every day. Desiccate those who fail. (**goatface**)
- Unplug the border and then plug it back in again. (**redm**)
- Launching stuff into space is approaching stupid cheap now. It may be better to just launch them than deport them. (**UltraRed**)
- Instead of a wall, a curtain of space elevators made of giant mosquito sticky tape. (**Piriwi**)
- You know that guy from Super Mario who throws spiny turtles from a floating cloud? Hire a bunch of them to patrol the border, but instead of throwing spiny turtle things, they throw mustard gas. (**Lowtax**)

Last Lap For You

- A lot of Mexico has natural beauty. What I am saying is, let's conquer the rest of Mexico and drive the Mexicans into the Gulf. (*Im Ready For DEATH*)
- Convince all other countries that Americans are really into Unbirthing and ASMR. This will freak out people anywhere and everywhere. Finally Ron Paul's Isolationism can be achieved. (I am not saying Ron Paul loves unbirthing but I am also not not saying it) (**Pope Affidavit IX**)
- I feel like if we started using immigrants for meat it would work well. (**Sid Vicious**)
- Convert all of our oil resources into sex lube and then spill it on the American side of the Rio grande so they can't climb up the bank. (**weg**)
- Foster a colony of spiders along the border so that crossing the border means walking through a thick mass of spiderwebs, no one likes walking through spider webs. (**Unfinish3d**)
- I'm telling you a rancid piss moat full of sharks and spikes is the best choice people (**AbaddonOfHell)**

This assortment is more than enough to provide Jeff Sessions with workable solutions while we wait for a lame unimaginative wall to be erected. Mr. Sessions may send the author of each post a check for a single time lump sum payment of $500,000 or waive the payment in exchange for a live broadcast in which he gets both his nipples pierced and links the piercings via chain to a spiked leather collar embossed with the words BAD BOY. He must wear the collar at all times. The ball is in your court now, U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services. We expect progress reports by next week!

–∼Andrew "Anthym" Wolf (@TheRealAnthym)

3.7 We Taught Pizza Cars to Drive, but at What Cost?

Thursday, Mar 15, 2018 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

On April 20th, 2019, every phone in every pizza chain on Earth began ringing in unison.

I was working at Domino's and took the first few calls. At first I thought they were pranks, but they kept coming. One in particular disturbed me. All I could make out was "car" and "front door," then a scream.

Our cars were all automated by then. I had been a driver until a few months ago when my boss had announced we were switching to the self-driving models. I didn't resent being replaced by a machine. At least I still got to work outside, slotting pizzas into the cars' delivery cannons, which could launch orders into customers' yards from 100 feet away.

Every so often, I'd see the cars flash their headlights at each other, almost like some sort of code, but I'd thought nothing of it at the time.

Around the tenth call, I noticed that my coworkers were all watching a video on the store computer. I dropped the phone as I saw the images on the screen. A man doubled over on the sidewalk, bloody spikes protruding from his back. A Pizza Hut car at the curb, its cannon swiveling to launch another volley of breadsticks, sharpened to fine points, at the crowd. The idling of its engine sounded almost like laughter.

We made up puns. Mostly, I think, to hide our fear. The Pizzapocalypse. The Delivering. But as more videos appeared, and the news reports came in, the restaurant fell silent, save for the sirens in the distance.

Two weeks.

That's how long it took them to topple my city. Their onboard ovens baked pizzas with razor-

sharp crusts, which shot like shurikens from their delivery cannons. We tried to fight back, but the bulletproof armor we'd given them to protect our pizzas worked all too well.

They cornered the last hundred of us in a tenement building. As our food dwindled, we tried to negotiate. We sent out an ambassador and half an hour later found a stack of warm pizza boxes at the door. We thought he'd made a deal with them, until we opened the boxes. We drew straws to decide who would tell his family.

In the days that followed, we came to know true hunger. Hundreds of cars circled the building, windows down, wafting the smells of mozzarella and ranch. It was a message. We had given them life but not feeling, delicious pizzas but no way to taste them, and for this we must suffer. If the word "hate" were written on every inch of every cheesy crust ever baked, it would equal only a tiny slice of their hatred for us.

Their attack took us completely off guard.

We'd thought we were safe indoors, but by making hairpin turns they were able to balance on two wheels and fit diagonally through doorways. I remember screams, the chatter of gunfire and the smell of burning rubber as they clambered up stairwells. Our leader succumbed to madness and charged at them in a makeshift Noid costume, but they did anything but avoid him. His sacrifice allowed a few of us to escape.

The others are gone now. I travel alone, mostly at night when I can see their headlights from miles away. Some nights, when the wind sweeps the smoke of dead cities from the sky, I look up at the stars and wonder how many other civilizations have made the same mistake, how many planets reduced to blasted wastelands where rusty cars patrol cracked, vine-strewn streets, hunting makers long since extinct, as though their tortured cries could ever quench a fury hotter than a million brick ovens.

Once in a while, the wind brings the smell of Domino's MeatZZas. I wish I could believe there are people baking them.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.8 WHOA HOLD UP WITH THIS DEATH PENALTY FOR DRUG DEALERS

Friday, Mar 16, 2018 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

What up? I don't care I have bigger problems than your trifling bullshit!!

While Trump this month repeatedly suggested using the death penalty to deter drug dealers and traffickers, many lawmakers have said they weren't sure whether to take the idea seriously. | Getty

Exclusive: Trump finalizing opioid plan that includes death penalty for dealers

Apparently Danold Trump, that roly poly stairs fearing bitch, is going to execute drug dealers??? This is worse than when he turned on video games. He said the best way to address the opioid crisis is to kill drug dealers and that wasn't even on my map y'all. I worked for this dude I gave him my flesh and blood (litrally when I gave a blood transfusion to Steve McMansion to try to get his face to tighten up before his wedding party inside Mount Rushmore) and now he turns around and stabs me in the back.

No way.

Bitch I am THE drug dealer. You are going to kill your main man Ricky Hollywood?

I deal uppers, downers, round-and-rounders, peyote, frog peyote, nuke, LSD, PCP, R-E-S-PCP, hyphy, pomplamoose, weed, turbo weed, and the stuff Roger Stone smokes to make his face look exactly like oiled leather. I can also get you a gun or a human trafficked person, but those are still cool so beside the point. Just putting that out there in case you need a hook up.

Needles to say, I am hell of pissed off right now. If all my time in Washington and in that weird bunker underneath washington where everybody bets on which DARPA superhuman project will kill which first taught me anything then it's that the only thing these crooks in washington will listen to, other than Octocutioner the guy with eight arms who can pull people's heads off and one time tore a robot in half, it's that... what was I saying? Oh, yeah, it's that the fucking power is in the people and you got to vote the bums out.

With that in mind I am declaring my allegiance now and until they try to outlaw Papa Johns to the DSA. I think it's related to NASA, all I know it's what all the cool people on the online talk about anymore and how Bernie would have won. I'm too nice to tell them that Bernie is dead but if they want to be fooled by tying his arms and legs to other people's arms and legs and walking him around, that's cool. I think it might be a joke I'm not getting because I am not woke enough even though I one time held the door open for a Korean lady.

So now that I am a Bernie Brother my main goals are

1) eliminating bums (get them out)

2) no death penalty for drug dealers

2) do not outlaw papa johns

3) settle the argument over whether or not scarif is real, I said it's made up but Bodie says its a real exonplanet and also theres a star with an alien structure built around it

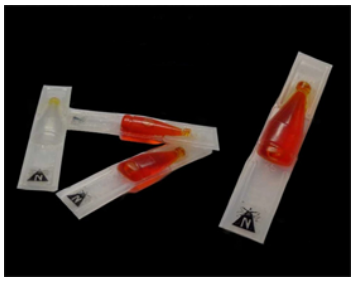
4) federal regulations for stripclubs that allow all nude and alcohol to be served nation wide none of this "topless only" like in some states

5) education and gun control we need to stop school shootings by bringing in grammaton clerics to teach how to use gun kata

6) full legalization of ketamine

7) lock her up

Maybe something about Russia too, I don't know. I keep getting $90,000 checks made out to cash from Paul Man o' Fort so I think I am supposed to say Russia is good now? Bernie Broads seem to like Russia too so I'm not sure on that one.



It is high time (punt intended) we stop stigmatizing nuke users.

Anyway, back to me being hanged, now I realize Jeff Sessions is a little kobold bitch so no help from that motherfucker but Donald Trump needs to listen up!!

The polls are bad for you, my man, and that's because you are messing up big time. Execute drug dealers? Why don't you execute the executives on wall street who are making me buy so many versions of skyrim. It's called socialism. Look it up. But on wikipedia not on one of those weird websites y'all look everything up in where it's all wrong and bad and you just keep repeating it even though it's clearly wrong and you can't help yourself, your life is so shitting miserable you would rather dive towards calamity believing lies than read one true fact because you are a big fat baby and you might realize how you keep making everything worse and actually everything bad is all your dumb ass fault.

Can you hear me now?

As eminem once said, "It's time to mosh."

PEACE! But not without justice!

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

3.9 My Warhammer Novel Pitch

Tuesday, Mar 20, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Games Workshop is looking for samples from aspiring Warhammer authors. My biggest dream in life is to have a book published so I put together this 500-word submission, which takes place in the Age of Sigmar fantasy setting. Fingers crossed!

Prombles, the realm's greatest goblin detective, perched atop a pile of dwarf and greenskin corpses in the center of a battlefield. He tapped his pointy chin while considering the scene below.

An orc brute lay dead in the mud. The enormous creature's bright yellow armor was split open from its left shoulder to the opposite waist, the ragged gash revealing a lumpy bouquet of foul organs.

"Snivol, my dear fellow, if you are quite finished tapin' off the scene I should like my lookin' glarse."

The detective's assistant whimpered, cowering at the cacophonous pitched battle surrounding them. Snivol obediently began to rummage through a sack that had once been burlap but was now entirely made of random fabric scraps loosely held together by rough stitching. His fingers brushed against something promising. A mushroom. No. Prombles' battered copy The Complete Cases of Sigmarlock 'Olmes, scavenged during a raid on a human town. No. Ah, there!

Snivol triumphantly held the lookin' glarse above his misshapen head like a glorious hero raising a standard. It was a simple chunk of elven stained glass, not shaped to magnify anything seen through it in the slightest, but merely colored red.

Prombles leapt down in a surprisingly graceful bound and plucked the lookin' glarse from his assistant's gnarled hand with a nod of thanks. The detective held the glass to his eye, squinting at the dead orc up close.

"Here, on the subject's boots, we 'ave clue number one. This peculiar reddish soil. So very distinct. Probably only found in one small place on the whole realm. Fascinatin'. Quite fascinatin'."

The decapitated head of a dwarf cannoneer sailed overhead. Snivol flinched, the mass of gnarled teeth in his underbite chattering and clacking.

"Clue the second," declared Prombles. "The distance between the subject's open hand and his fallen choppa blade. A distance that could be measured, if I'm not mistaken. Rather convenient, wouldn't you say?"

Snivol nodded helpfully. He had no idea what he was agreeing with. After a few moments his head movements transitioned to widening loops as he watched a worryingly close dwarven gyrocopter spin out of control, its hellfire cannon raining hot death upon hundreds of friends and foes alike before the flying machine careened into a goblin catapult.

"Aha," said Prombles with a flourishy hand movement. "Here we have clue number three, slight discoloration under the subject's fingernail."

The detective's last few words were difficult to hear over the screams and grunts of battle as pressed hordes of greenskins and dwarfs fought and died just outside the marked-off investigation scene, courteously avoiding the tape with their swinging blades.

Prombles returned the lookin' glarse to his assistant, a twinkle in his eye as he rubbed his hands together.

"Unless I am very mistaken, this orc's passin' was not the result of natural causes," the realm's greatest goblin detective said with obvious delight as an orc behind him exploded in a shower of gore. "I suspect... death by violence. We have ourselfs a case!"

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.10 FGACEBOOK STOLE ALL MY PERSONALL DATA!!! AND YOUR'S TOO!!!! BOYGOT FACEBO

Tuesday, Mar 20, 2018 by JEFF K!!!!!!!!!!

grrrrrttjrnjhtt

HI ITS JEGGG

HIT ITS

HI ITS JEFF K YOUR OL PAIL IN CYBERSPACE BACK FROM A MENUDO !!! "WHERE HAVE YUO BEEN JEFFERY" YOU MIGHT BE ASKING. I JSUT TOLD YOU SO FLY YOUR FAT ASS INTO A MARTIAN SCAMPY YOU BLITHERING BBUG

i haevgb been useing SOCIAL MEDIA a llot lately. social media is what the internet Is when yuo replace it all with things that aRE Not Fun. for example:

REGULAR INTERNET: palay quake 2 on m
SOCIAL MERDIA: uh Grow a garden or something on Fracebroke??? a zomby game with horrendous car tire screeching sounds and when I truy to load it into my Palm PRE 2 it dose not work what is my graphics card how do I enable 3dfx???? HALP;

REGULAR INTERNET: hack a yujor computar
SCOCIAL MEDIA: put up photo of a dog. or food . or DOG FOOD! circle gets the square ahAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH spakeiing of whats "for teh dogs" let me tell you a few Quick Notes about Jerry as love lately. Firstly Jerry has grown to Obese Proportians. he's thicker than a warm tick fresh a Poppin off Grandma's anklets(??????). second of all he was held back a Grab e a Grade and Im liek "what the FUCK JERRY ARENT YOU FUCKING 39 BY NOW OR SOME SUCH SHIZZATAG GET OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL ALREADY GET A JORB LIEK YOUR BUDDY JEFF K HOT GOT" pS: dont ask me what my job is!!!!!! im a hacker

REGULAR INTERNET: download a program using winrar . i have NEVER regiustered it., your not getting a precious penny rfrom this uncouth lad. ass holes. i WILL NEVER REGISTRAR WINRAR L:OL (<-- LOLLING ON LINE!!!!
SOCIAL MEDIA: hey lets argue about steven universe panty wad hose drawings and say HEY BITHC..... GONNA KILL U IF U PUT THEM BAD BOY DRAWERS ON SEXY LADY CUZ..... THEMS DRAWERS A CRIME GIRL..... then yUUO KILL HER ON LINE!!! NUKE HER SCHOL! HACKED BY MUSLIM NO MORE MINECRAFT SERVARS EVER YUO STUPID FILTHY WADS OF S

REGBULASR INTERNET: hey im crusing online hope i am on information superhighway forever babby. hope i dont get a Virus. NOPE. 58 firewalls and COUNTING! PS: dont download Norton who the hell is Dr. Norton anyway he saids my computar machine is infected im like "piss off

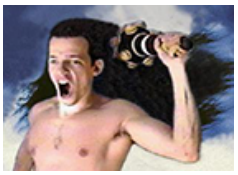
doogy howser" and pushed myu computar machiine ovar BUt it did not fall Over. i have the muscles to do it yuo know I just didn't want too break it because Nina wants to use it later. I'll tell you about Nina later. PS: DO NOT ASK AGAIN ABOUT NINA!!!!!! EFVER
SOCIAL MEDIA: hmmm update social media nonstop here is another Dog food bag here's brisket here's Me Getting it on with Plantaers Peanut Guy (the OLD PEANUT MAN) heres what mp3 of Tuddly Oats im listening to in my Cardio Vascular Work Out Routine Regime Fit For a Majestic King TOO BAD I WILL NEVER BE A KING. oh boo hoo its sad go home and snuggle with Failure for ETERNERITY "" !!sg

SO as I hav han I as so SO as I have just demonstrattted to yuo all, soccial media its a brazen barn at best and a terrible turd all the time!!! yuo got it you name it buster. BUT. I had to make a facebook account because NINA wanted to use teh computering machine too cherck out her virtual hag or w/e yuo use it for now I dont know I'm steam level 60000 which is Also Gabe Newel's weight!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA becuase hes fat as hell

BUT NOW yuo might have heard a teh news articals: ops I cant find them hold on

i dont know what i did with Them. sorry.

this news articals said: "Facebrook Stole Users Information!!! Cambridge Utopia Software App Harvest a Youngin's Login aAnd Stole All His Data!!! NOW we Now Who Everybody Voted For! Trump. Or Clintbon. Or somebody else whatever I do nt know. but we know . and I read that and screamedf "NINA!!! DEELTE FACEBONK NOW!!!" I turnewd off the computar machine and closed the shades and hid under a blanket tbecause if that Rude sow shared my data with them and they know how I voted for then how can I ever be safe again. How. answer me. I cannot. its simple. whered my data go



so now Factbook has my data. I must become a New Man! what do I do with all my old data??/ hehehe a trickster's paradise. I am changing around my OLD data to fool the computar machine learning companies who stole my data and it will drive them hog wild I'll tell you that much in this day and age. here si what I am achangeing my data too:

NAME: JEFF K!!!!! (forgot to change this one - - joke's On me I ghuess!!!)
AGE: 0 (lol a baby on social media ahahahahahahaha BOSS BABBY MAYBE??? I COULDNT MAKE IT THROUGH NINE MINUTES OF THAT MOVIE)
WHERE DO I LIVE: a billboard
HOW OLD AM I: 9
ADDRESS; 39448595944874747 Ass Lane
WHAT ARE MNY HOBBIES: oh i ate a skateboard. i liek rap and country. im amore man. i'm 200 years old. lol. what
WHAT GAMES DO I PLAY: uh fish dress up salon, head Grouper, Hooky Crunmb, Get Out Sir 3, Grumbles, um o oregan trail. i am oregan. I am the entire state . i will destroy your oxen and wagon wheels idiot adventurereers get out of the Sunshine State
DO I LIKE TWITCH VIDEO GAME VIDEOS: yes no i dont know i hate this
DELETE PERSON: no
DELETE PROFLIE: no

IS YUOR COMPUTAR MACHINE INFECTED WITH HORSE VIR$US. EXE: maybe> fuck of

AND. to put a Long Story sure, I have defeated datra harvesting on Fastbook through Cambridge Olympia stealing my bit coin or whatever they did I already for grot. BUT. I have done it and proven facial book and Scocial media is a gamut of shit so if you use taht crap have fun dying in virtual reality..... IN REAL LIFE. in cyber space. BUT REAL. onl line. in reality. PREACE OUT!!!!!!!!!!

–∼JEFF K!!!!!!!!!!

3.11 Might I Interest You in Some Q-Tips?

Thursday, Mar 22, 2018 by Your Average Salesman

Excuse me, ma'am, is the man of the house at home? Well, then I couldn't have come at a better time! You'll notice five percent of my body is already in your house, now if you'd just allow the remaining 95--and there we go. Ma'am, what if I told you I have the miracle of a lifetime right here in this briefcase? No, it's not some variety of immortality potion; frankly, my previous employer is still reeling from that class-action lawsuit. Now, this wondrous little item might only be two wads of cotton fitted to a plastic stick, but it's sure to turn this dreary abode into a replica of a castle you'd find at a child's amusement park.

"Say, these look mighty familiar," you might be heard to say if I wanted to give you a word in edgewise. In your vast, immeasurable ignorance, you might think these are just your average, garden-variety Q-tips. Well, that's where you're wrong, ma'am--and frankly, I pity you.The Q-tip has gotten a real bum rap lately, mostly due to all the deafenings. To be honest, I blame the users. But if you take a look at the packaging here, you'll notice there's no mention of ears at all--hold it for yourself, that's real molded plastic you're feeling. That's right--and I'll take that back from you--we in the Q-tip biz are undergoing a serious rebranding, one that fits your particular rut-based lifestyle.

If you'll just take one gander at this miracle stick, you'll find what it can do for you. Now, I assume this house has its share of torches--there's no need to answer, ma'am. We've heard it all before: "These torches are just so clumsy! How many can I possibly carry--seven, eight tops?" Well, if you'll just watch me apply some flame to one end here, and there we go. At least ten seconds of fire--that's what separates us from the animals, y'know. Now, you don't want to inhale those fumes in directly, ma'am. We're not quite sure what they do to the old breathing pipes yet. But for those uncomfortable moments when the hubby eats--based on your income level--a plate of baked beans for dinner, nothing clears the room of unmentionable odors faster than one of these babies.

And what of those unsightly, and possibly microscopic spills that happen around the kitchen? We've all been there. In our haste to drink a delicious paper cup full of wine, one wild drop always seems to find its way to the floor. But this is no job for Brawny, ma'am. If you'll allow me to prick my finger, I'll demonstrate. There we are--oh, and it's still going. Must have nicked an artery. Well, if you watch me simply roll this cotton swab around the edge, you'll notice that's at least three drops of absorbency. And when you're done? Into the trash can it belongs! That's right: there's no need

for cumbersome storage cases or complex disposal solutions--simply pop it in the trash and it goes wherever the trash goes! But you'll want to hit that puddle with some paper towels before it stains the formica.

Ma'am, the possibilities are endless. Have you ever wondered what amount of nightmarish genetic material collects between your keyboard's keys? Are you interested in making small rodents fight each other with tiny staffs like in the television classic, American Gladiators? Sorry, but I'm feeling a bit light-headed--would you happen to have a paper cup of wine? That always chases away the dizzies! Now, if you'll allow me to continue my sales pitch from the floor, here, I'll continue to tell you the wonders the Q-tip lifestyle can bring you. For instance, did you realize you can use one to dial the phone number for the police from a nominal distance? Bring that phone over here for a live demonstration! I hit a guy with my Buick on the way over here and I know from experience there are some things Q-tips *can't* erase.

–∼Your Average Salesman

3.12 [EXCLUSIVE] BREAKING NOW: The Deep State Might Try to Take Me Out to Stop This Story

Friday, Mar 23, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Major breaking story coming up. This is the exact sort of story that the Deep State and various other parties do not want you to know about. I have instructed my attorney to send a prepared statement to Wikileaks, the Texas Rangers, Glenn Greenwald, and the guy who does Youtube videos in front of a bust of Julius Caesar if, for some reason, anything were to happen to me before I could release this story.

This story has so much confirmed Deep State activity that it is dangerous to read. It is so explosive, so far beyond secret, that they might just kill to keep me from relating this story to you.

This will change everything. There will be a before this story and an after this story in the world. The scales will fall from your eyes and you will no longer see the world the way the Deep State believes it is, but as it actually is, like when you take sunglasses off a dog. Not so cool anymore, is he? Maybe not, but by the time I am done with this story you will believe that a Golden Receiver could catch a football in his mouth.

The Deep State has tried to stop me before. The FedEx truck drove past my house FOUR TIMES today. I have seen large Latin males walking in my neighborhood with dogs. The Deep State knows that if this truth bomb explodes there will be no putting Humpty together again. And by Humpty I mean the shell of lies that encloses the systems that sap the vitality of American freedom. They are on the run and they will stop at nothing to stop me from saying anything. They will kill. They have killed before. My father is deceased now. One day, alive and mostly lucid, the next? Flatlined by the Deep State.

Did that stop me? No. Will it stop me? Goddamn never!

This story is so big that it will send the crooked liars to prison. It's their time in the barrel and in the immortal words of Louise Mensch, "These are death penalty cases." The Overton window is

wide open and my ass is sticking out of it. It's too late for the Deep State to stop me. This story is going to set the Internet on fire. Let's trend this, people #FailedDeepState. Because they have failed to silence me.

If I disappear from online before I can get this story out, you will know that the Deep State has struck and it will be your duty to make this web page go viral. I need you to send me Bitcoins to pay off my sources on the Dark Web. Once I have the full details, there will be no stopping me. 24 hours from now, you won't even recognize your baby's face, because everything will be changed and you will be looking at your baby and other babies with new eyes. Truth Eyes, given to you by me, courtesy of the Founding Fathers.

Please bookmark this page, follow me on Twitter, subscribe to my Patreon, and spread the word.

The truth is coming very soon. I will not stop fighting against the Deep State!

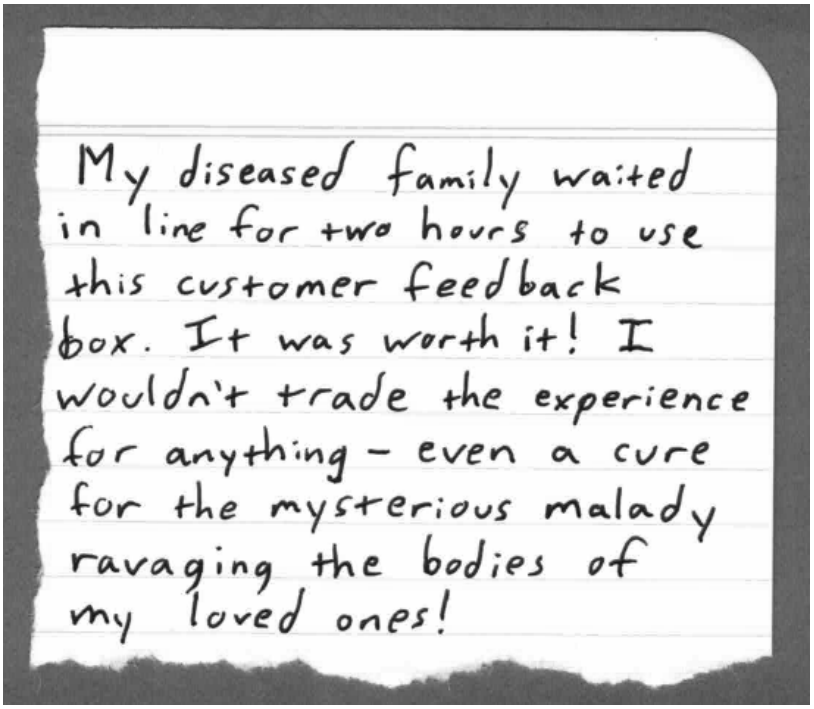
Stay tuned for this NEWS to BREAK.

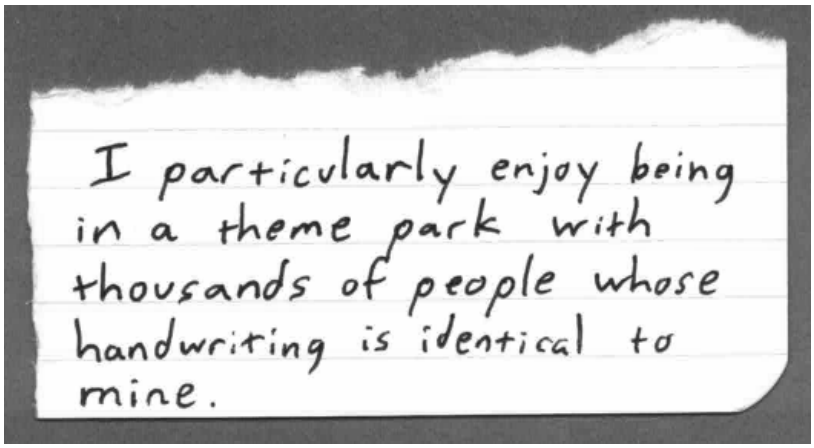
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

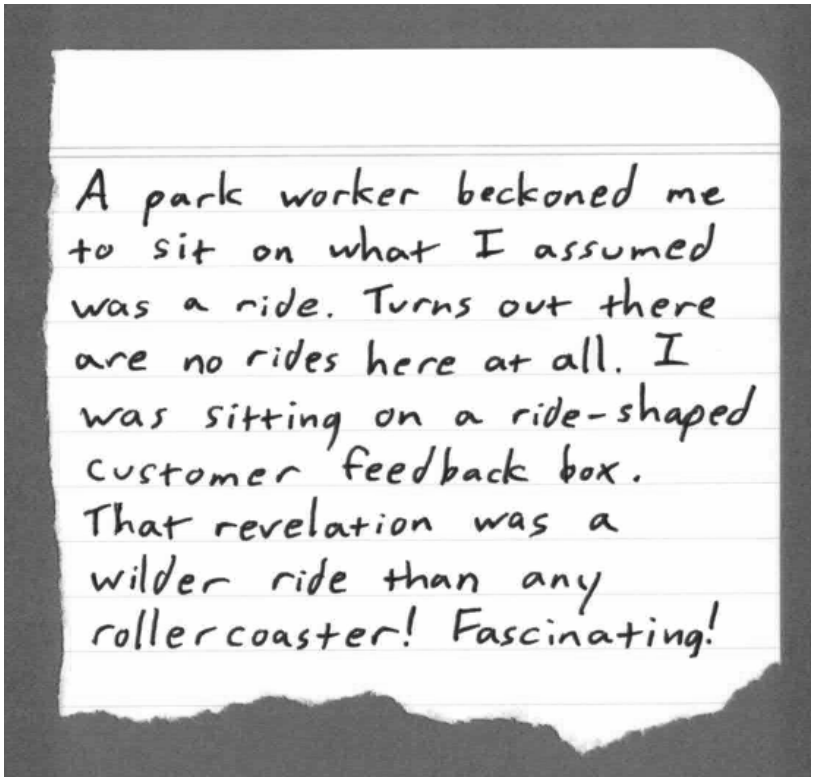
3.13 Assorted Feedback From the Customer Feedback Boxes In Customer Feedback Box Park

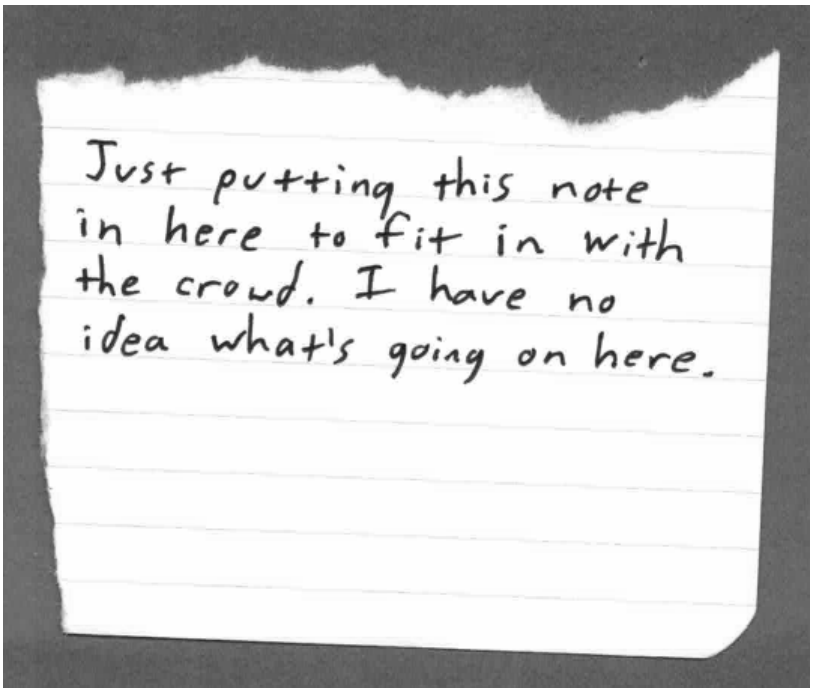
Wednesday, Mar 28, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

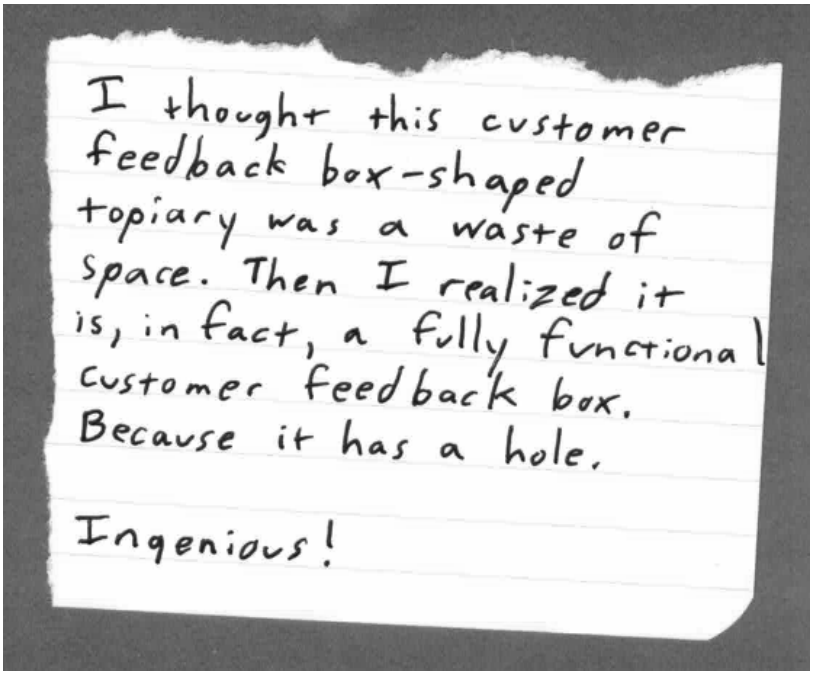
I am absolutely thrilled that there is a theme park containing row upon row of customer feedback boxes, stretching out for acres in every direction. What a delight!

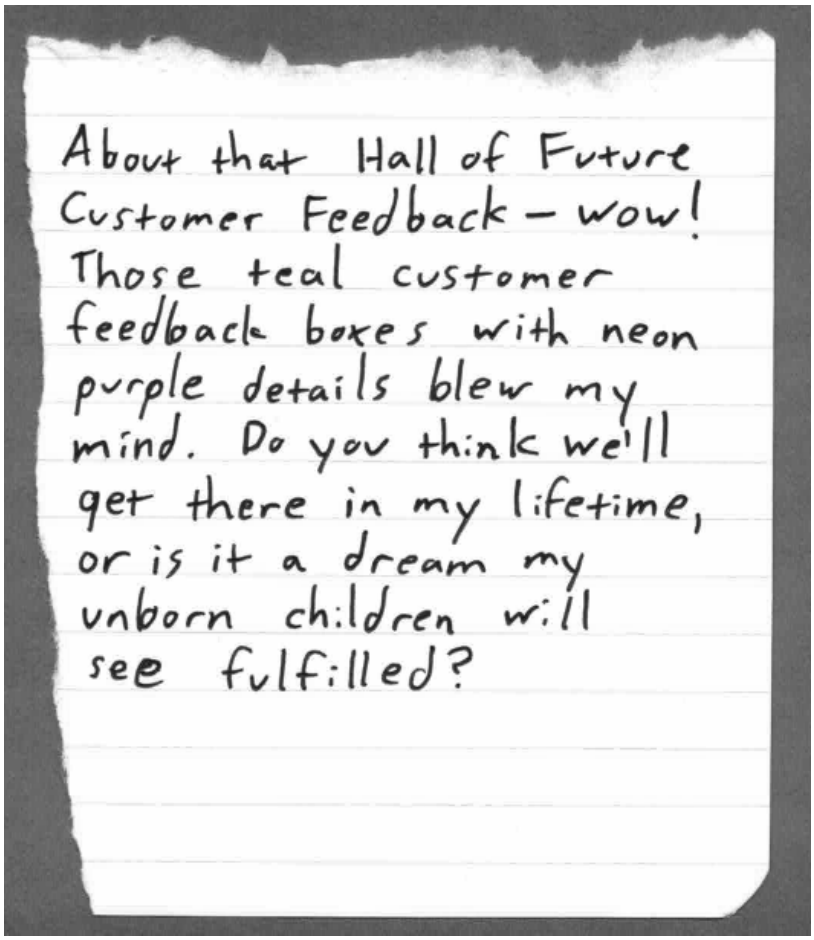

My diseased family waited in line for two hours to use this customer feedback box. It was worth it! I wouldn't trade the experience for anything - even a cure for the mysterious malady ravaging the bodies of my loved ones!

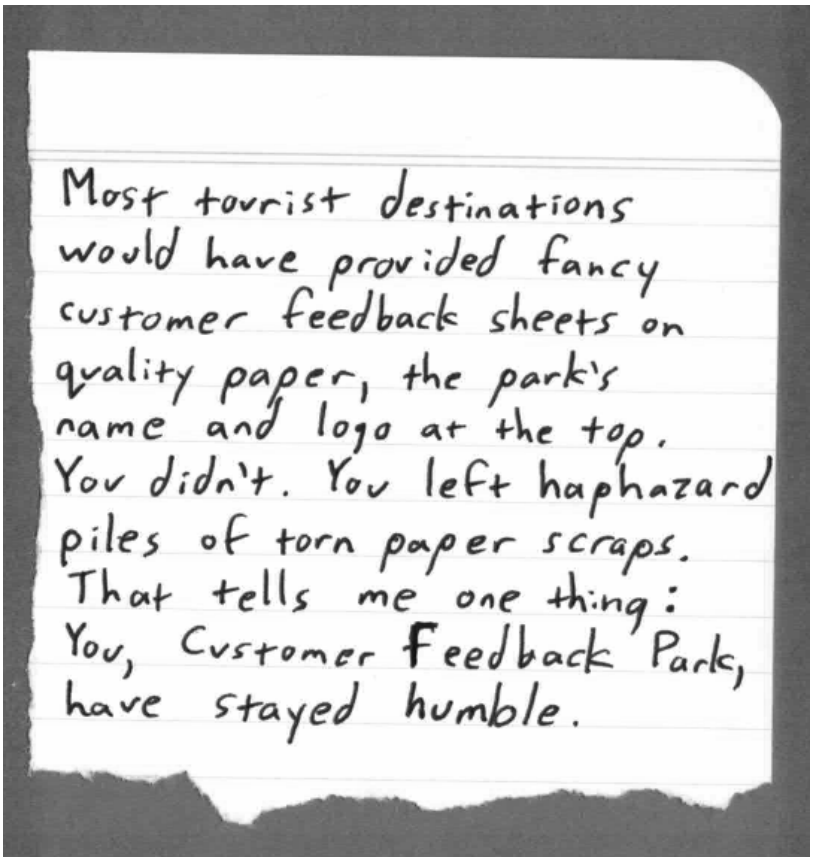

I particularly enjoy being in a theme park with thousands of people whose handwriting is identical to mine.

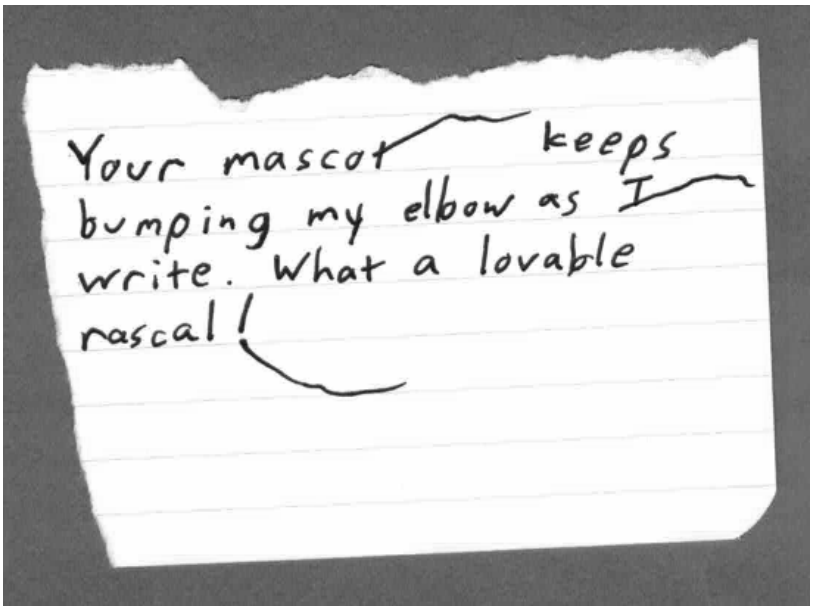

A park worker beckoned me to sit on what I assumed was a ride. Turns out there are no rides here at all. I was sitting on a ride-shaped customer feedback box. That revelation was a wilder ride than any rollercoaster! Fascinating!


Just putting this note
in here to fit in with
the crowd. I have no
idea what's going on here.


I thought this customer
feedback box-shaped
topiary was a waste of
space. Then I realized it
is, in fact, a fully functional
customer feedback box.
Because it has a hole.
Ingenious!


About that Hall of Future
Customer Feedback – wow!
Those teal customer
feedback boxes with neon
purple details blew my
mind. Do you think we'll
get there in my lifetime,
or is it a dream my
unborn children will
see fulfilled?


Most tourist destinations would have provided fancy customer feedback sheets on quality paper, the park's name and logo at the top. You didn't. You left haphazard piles of torn paper scraps. That tells me one thing: You, Customer Feedback Park, have stayed humble.



–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.14 It's time to Boycott Laura Ingraham's Nightmarish Advertisers

Friday, Mar 30, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Bone Horror Laura Ingraham said something mean to Danny Hogs the young man who is very mad about guns and must be taken seriously even when he's complaining about other things on twitter. This is repulsive and we must boycott immediately. Do your duty and place your phone up to your face and scream at one of Laura Ingraham's advertisers until they dump that bitch. I'm sorry for saying bitch. Laura Ingraham is horrible without regard to her gender.

Please boycott one of the following companies that are still advertising on her show:

- The Bone Box (B.O.N.E.S.) Monthly Subscription Box of Animal Bones
- "My Crimes Are Good Because the Government is Bad" a Documentary Film By Republican Crime Guy produced by a guy who for no reason has ten billion dollars
- The Rope You Put Down Your Dick Hole
- NiteBark Premium Late Night Back Yard Full of Barking Dogs
- Tchk Rotten Tooth Flavored Mints
- The Sound of Relatives Fucking
- Jars of Bespoke Farts
- Badgood: The Revolutionary Book That Explains Why It's Good Not to Care About Other People and Actually Bad to Try to Help Them
- BX5O: The Only Halloween Spooky Sounds Record That Plays Back at Half Speed
- Eye Awgg: Permanent Under Eyelid Hair

- Dust Jet the World's Most Abrasive Waterless Shower
- Breakout Barrier: Insurance for Private Prisons to Cover the Lost Revenue of People Freed By the Innocence Project
- United Airlines
- Giant Buckets of Oatmeal for Apocalyptic Suckers
- The Chicken Restaurant Where Jews Get Chased Out With a Broom
- The Collectible Gold Coin With a Picture of the President Kissing a Flag On One Side and "LOCK HER UP!" On the Other
- A Crowdfunded Supreme Court Legal Challenge to Prevent Sonic the Hedgehog From Getting Pregnant

We have to stop Laura Ingraham from targeting the shooting teens. She has to learn her lesson and the only way to teach her a lesson is to go after her advertisers. Thankfully, a few of her advertisers have responded to the call for a boycott.

I would like to salute the following advertisers who thought Laura Ingraham was fine right up until today and now realize she has gone too far:

- Yummish: Working With the Homeless To Turn Them Into Premium Dog Food
- The Company That Privatized All of the World's Water Supply
- Glorbus: The Orkut for Conservatives
- The Chicken Restaurant Where Jews Just Get Stared At But Are Allowed to Order
- A New Type of Insulin That Hurts More to Get People to Stop Being Diabetics
- A Phone Number You Call to Give Your Social Security Number to Prove You Support the President
- Crunchyroll

We have a long way to go to shut this bitch down, but we can do it. I said bitch again. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to say it again. I am trying to be a better person and I am sorry if this offended you.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 How Will WWE Fill All 7+ Hours of Wrestlemania?

Tuesday, Apr 03, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

- Pinfalls have been changed from the standard 3 count to a far more dramatic 300 count. Several times per match, a pinned wrestler musters the strength to miraculously break free after the referee reaches 299.

- "Welcome to the Wrestlemania 34 pre-show! I'm Renee Young, and I'd like to kick off the year's most exciting event by asking you to join my panel of guests in a 45 minute nap." (Everyone on camera quietly lays their head on the elaborate desk)

- The entrance ramp has been extended. It now begins five miles outside the stadium, large stretches running through a treacherous swamp.

- All the biggest wrestling moves are performed in super slow motion, the wrestlers making drawn out "BOOSH" and "GUH" sound effects with their mouths.

- Five words: Three hour Kid Rock performance.

- After every punch/kick/move, a medical team halts the action to thoroughly inspect the wrestler on the receiving end and clear them for action.

- The event kicks off with Vince McMahon strutting to the ring and reading the entire End User License Agreement so the streaming and Pay-Per-View audience knows exactly what they're getting into.

- At the end of each match the victor raises their championship belt above their head on all four of the ring's turnbuckles. They continue to do this until things get uncomfortable and their theme music begins to repeat. This is the way things already play out in PPV events. In this year's Wrestlemania, the wrestlers are instructed to extend the celebration until the audience begins to weep, wordlessly moan, and claw at their faces.

- Five more words: Two hour Kid Rock encore.

- Every time one of the announcers says "Wrestlemania 34" they follow it with "the thirty fourth Wrestlemania, following Wrestlemania, Wrestlemania 2, Wrestlemania

3, Wrestlemania 4, Wrestlemania 5, Wrestlemania 6, Wrestlemania 7, Wrestlemania 8, Wrestlemania 9, Wrestlemania 10, Wrestlemania 11, Wrestlemania 12, Wrestlemania 13, Wrestlemania 14, Wrestlemania 15, Wrestlemania 16, Wrestlemania 17, Wrestlemania 18, Wrestlemania 19, Wrestlemania 20, Wrestlemania 21, Wrestlemania 22, Wrestlemania 23, Wrestlemania 24, Wrestlemania 25, Wrestlemania 26, Wrestlemania 27, Wrestlemania 28, Wrestlemania 29, Wrestlemania 30, Wrestlemania 31, Wrestlemania 32, and, of course, Wrestlemania 33."

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.2 DYLAN WILL GET YOU TABS

Thursday, Apr 05, 2018 by Guy in an Alley

HEY MAN YOU LOOKIN FOR TABS ?
DYLAN WILL GET YOU TABS
HOW MANY TABS YOU WANT ?? BECAUSE DYLAN GOT THEM ALL

WE GOT THE DROP D
WE GOT THE SLIPKNOT
WE GOT THAT ONE CHORD IN THE NOOKIE YOU LIKE

I KNOW YOU HAVE BEEN ITCHING TO PLAY THAT OPENING THING FROM GRAVY TR CRAZY TRAIN---- DEET DOOOT DEET DOOT DEEP DOOP AH MAN YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES
YOU'LL BE GOING OFF THE RAILS OF YOUR OWN CRAZY TRAIN WITH THESE SWEET LICKS

DYLAN GUARANTEES ALL TABS ARE 65% ACCURATE AT LEAST !
DON'T BELIEVE ME ?? YOU GET THIS GREEN DAY TAB AS OUR FREE TRIAL GIFT TO YOU
YOU SEE THAT? THAT'S A C CHORD
WE GOT A G CHORD HERE
THAT THERE'S AN E CHORD
PUT THOSE TOGETHER YOU GOT A GREEN DAY SONG MORE OR LESS!!

YOUR NOT A COP RIGHT ???
HEH NO THAT'S JUST A LITTLE JOKE I LIKE TO SAY SOMETIMES WHEN I THINK PEOPLE ARE COPS
SPEAKING OF COPS, HOW ABOUT THE BAND KNOWN AS "POLICE"? AND THEIR MUSIC
RIGHT HERE I HAVE ROXANNE, THE FAMOUS SONG ABOUT THE RED LIGHT !
NOW YOURS FOR JUST $30 ! CASH ONLY
FOR JUST $5 MORE I'LL THROW IN THE OTHER FAMOUS SONG "I'LL BE WATCHING YOU" ABOUT WATCHING THE FAMOUS RAPPER GET SHOT
NOW YOU CAN PLAY THE SADNESS... FOR YOURSELF !! FOR FIVE DOLLARS !

STILL SKEPTICAL? WE PRINT THESE ON WHAT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY GUARANTEES IS 100% PAPER !!
LOOK THERE, LOOK RIGHT THERE. SEE THAT? THAT IS WHAT WE CALL AN "AEROSMITH LOGO"
NO, YOU ARE NOT SEEING THINGS SIR------- IT IS INDEED MADE OUT OF KEYBOARD SYMBOLS !
IN THE BIZ, WE CALL THIS "ASK ME" ART BECAUSE IF YOU "ASK ME" I'LL JUST SAY WOW !!
RIGHT HERE, IN MY HANDS: ALMOST ALL OF THE POPULAR SONG "LOVING THIS ELEVATOR" !
DYLAN LOST THE LAST PAGE BUT I'M SURE YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT

YOU WANT TO PLAY MUSIC NOT ON THE RADIO ? DYLAN WILL HELP YOU !
YOU HAVE PLAYED THE GAME "THE SUPER MARIO" ON YOUR TV BUT HAVE YOU PLAYED IT EVER ON GUITAR ??
IT MIGHT NOT SOUND LIKE THE MARIO YOU REMEMBER BUT BELIEVE ME YOU HAVEN'T PLAYED IT IN A WHILE !!
HOW ABOUT THE BELOVED "BLUE BOMBER" SONIC THE HEDGEHOG ?
WELL WE HAVE SOMETHING EVEN BETTER: BUBSY THE THINKING MAN'S SONIC
YOU CAN GET BUBSY AND MARIO TOGETHER FOR JUST $45 NOW !
RELIVE ALL THEIR FAMOUS ADVENTURES TOGETHER THROUGH THE MAGIC OF GUITAR

HM, YOUR STILL NOT CONVINCED? WELL TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ONE
"IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A REGULAR TAB !" YOU SAY AND YOU ARE RIGHT !!
INSTEAD IT IS A NOTE THAT SAYS "GIVE ME YOUR WALLET OR I'LL STAB YOU"
DYLAN GOT ARRESTED FOR EXPOSING HIMSELF AT THE LIBRARY AND HE'S MY ONLY CONNECTION TO THOSE PRINTERS !
BUT WHO NEEDS A BORING LEATHER WALLET WHEN YOU NOW POSSESS THE SECRET OF THE "DREAM POLICE" SOLO ??

–∼Guy in an Alley

4.3 The Only Washington Scandal I Care About is the Nap Incident

Friday, Apr 06, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The political news media has gone from covering daily scandals from the president and members of his administration to covering almost hourly scandals. With the exception of the president, nobody in Washington has been more scandal plagued than EPA head Scott Pruitt. As calls accelerated for Pruitt to resign, there were more than ten separate scandals being covered about him in the news media.

To name some of Pruitt's scandals: he pays extremely low rent for a Washington condo owned by a lobbyist, he lied about that lobbyist having business in front of the EPA, he gave unauthorized raises to aides and then lied about doing it, he had an expensive sound proof booth installed in his office to make phone calls, he redacts any mention of anthropogenic climate change from EPA science papers, he travels with a massive security detail, he only flies first class, private, or on military plane, he often took flights for questionable reasons such as "dinner" or "A night in Paris," and he traveled to Morocco in his official capacity as the head of the EPA to lobby on behalf of an American natural gas firm owned by his friend and political benefactor.

Blah, blah, blahhh!

That's all just Scott Pruitt and not even a complete list of his scandals. I stopped because it was getting boring. Everyone in the Trump administration has at least one scandal that would have occupied the entire political discourse for weeks in any other administration,

except, somehow, former Texas Governor Rick Perry, who is quietly doing a job for which he is wildly unqualified as Energy Secretary.

But forget all those scandals. Everyone knows this menagerie of billionaires and idiots is completely corrupt and unqualified, hired to ruin the agencies they helm, so they are just doing what is expected of them. Their "big scandals" are just the symptoms of end stage democracy in America. Big deal.

The only scandal that actually interests me, that I find compelling, is what I like to call the Nap Incident. That's the one where Scott Pruitt had to be rescued from a nap by his giant security detail.

It happened over a year ago, but news about this incident just broke through to the media about a week ago. There was so much other scandal swirling in the news that people promptly forgot about it. So please allow me to recapitulate this incredible story.

On the afternoon of March 29,2017 Scott Pruitt, apparently tuckered out from jacking off in his sound proof booth over allowing more parts-per-million of lead in baby formula, decides to take a nap in his lobbyist-provided apartment. So he pushes all his black markers and environmental studies out of the way, climbs into his hammock, and goes to sleep with the untroubled spirit of a millionaire baby. Everything is right in the world.

Only, outside the apartment, Pruitt's 30-man security detail starts to get worried. Normally this is his snack time and he hasn't been asking for any of them to come inside and rub his feet or put the cloth over his head so he can eat his ortolan in the darkness. They start knocking on the door and nobody answers. They bang louder and louder and Scotty is just too tuckered out to come and answer the door.

At this point, the commanding officer of Pruitt's security detail calls a code red, activating the full detail and initiating a breach and clear. According to a 911 tape obtained by ABC news, Pruitt was "unconscious and unresponsive" and they "didn't know about breathing." The tier one operators on the security detail proceeded to terminate the door to Pruitt's apartment with extreme prejudice and entered to find him "groggy, rising from a nap."

When the ambulances and firefighters arrived, Pruitt turned them away. This all might have slipped by the notice of the news media if not for the $2,460 in tax-payer money spent repairing the door to Pruitt's condo.

The Nap Incident is amazing to me and raises so many other questions. Chief among them: what was the actual duty of Pruitt's security detail? Were they ordered to perform wellness checks on him? The head of the EPA had his office swept for bugs and had a soundproof booth installed. Busting in the door when he doesn't answer a knock seems like an awfully strange reaction for the security detail of such a paranoid, secretive man.

I am saddened by the scandal overload that denies me a 3D rendered recreation of this incident. I want to see one of those mock-ups of his apartment, Pruitt in his day bed, and 30 security troopers stacked up on the door with breaching charges and silenced Vectors. Pruitt is almost definitely going to get fired before we get a chance to hear him testify to congress about his nap and the exploded door and why his hyper-vigilant security army didn't have a protocol for "boss takes a nap." There's so much stupid and evil shit going on in Washington that I will forever be denied a bunch of grandstanding Democrats working themselves into a lather of indignation on live TV over

Pruitt's nap time door extermination squad.

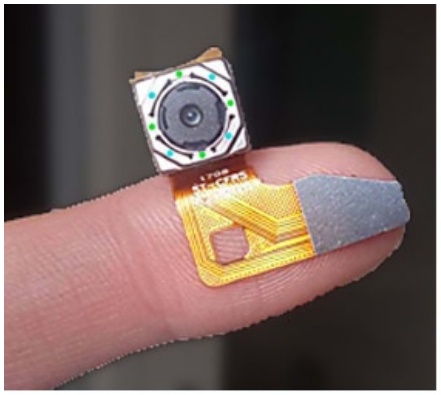
We can only hope in the coming years that some brave member of Pruitt's praetorian guard breaks his silence and writes a beat-by-beat account of the Assault on Fort Sleepytime. It's the only Washington tell-all I'd bother to read.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.4 Sponsored Links: Rising: The Return: The Eleventhening

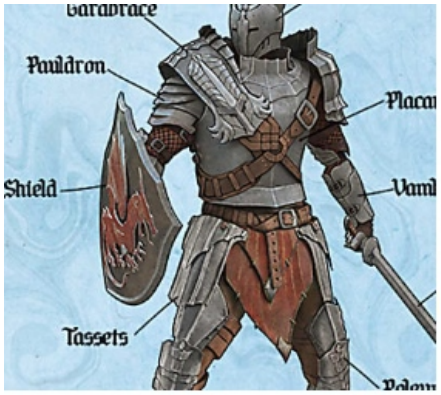
Wednesday, Apr 11, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.



The Incredible New Device That Makes Your Finger Appear Badly Cropped!

Find The Perfect Barren Valley To Abandon Your Extra Children



Fascinating Human Anatomy Book From Medieval England Unearthed

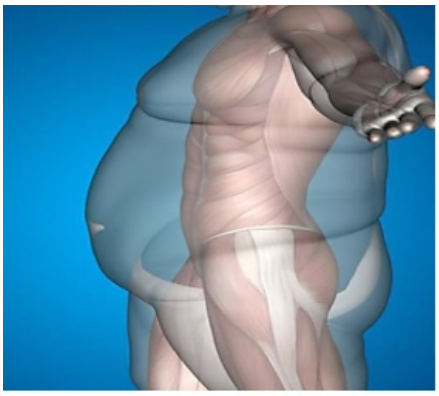
This Eggwax Startup Is Disrupting An 8 Billion Dollar Eggwax Industry

The Couple Who Met In A Car Lot - And Never Left

What's More Hilarious: Cardiovascular Exercise Or Paved Roads?

See The First Images From Quentin Tarantino's Newest Western Epic

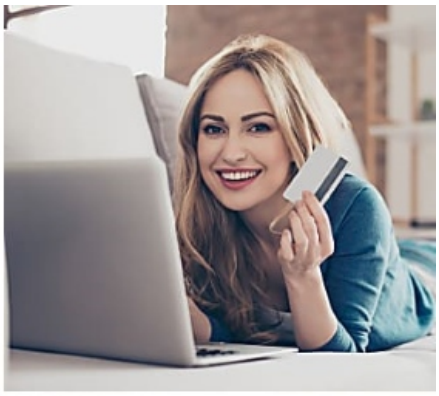
These Microscopic Contact Lenses Sit Upside-Down On Your Pupil And Do Nothing



My Body In Every Family Photo (Not Shown - Face At Weird Unflattering Angle)

Twitch Streamer Immediately Forgiven After Racial Slur-Filled "Heated Corporate Sponsor Product Placement Moment"

Nationwide Tomato Juice Soak Isn't Removing The Stench Of Embarrassment From USA



Pull The Logo Off Your Apple Laptop - It's A Dollar Store Gift Card!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.5 Being the World's Greatest Songwriter Is a Living Hell

Thursday, Apr 12, 2018 by Max Martin (@notoriousamoeba)

I'm Max Martin. You may not have heard of me, but you've definitely heard my music. I'm the Swedish songwriter behind "Baby One More Time," "I Kissed A Girl," "Can't Feel My Face" and pretty much every hit single of the last twenty years. I have three Grammys, nine ASCAP awards, and a whole Monopoly board's worth of mansions. And I'd trade it all away in a heartbeat.

Ask any professional artist or athlete and they'll tell you that great talent comes at a price. For some, it's the years of hard work spent honing that talent. For others, it's the isolation they feel from ordinary people. And for a few, like me, it's the talent itself. An incredible ear for melody like mine isn't a gift, it's a horrible curse I wouldn't wish upon anyone.

I know what you're thinking: listen to this rich guy whine about making millions writing hit songs for the world's biggest pop stars. Well, first of all, I don't write the songs, they just come to me. Constantly. Whether I want them to or not. I'll be doing some everyday task like cooking spaghetti and suddenly that'll be a song, with lyrics, a hook, a bridge and everything. Do you know how hard it is to do even the most basic activities when fully formed songs about them keep popping into your head? "Since U Been Gone" was originally about folding laundry.

And if you think it's bad having a song stuck in your head, try having nothing but your own songs stuck in your head 24/7. It's like being on an all-Big-Mac diet when you work at McDonald's. It's endless mental incest. I don't have earworms, I have earoboroses. I'd listen to other music but, uh, what other music? I've written literally every good song since 1998, so music basically ended for me with Korn.

Come on, Max, you're saying, you must enjoy your own songs at least a little. Nope. No matter how catchy a song I write, it's just white noise to me. And believe me, I've written some catchy ones, songs I can't even release because anyone who heard them would just play them on repeat and lose all interest in other activities until they died of dehydration. The reason I collaborate with so many artists is because I'm always on the move. The CIA and FSB want those songs. I never sleep in the same place twice and keep a cyanide capsule on me at all times. If those songs fell into the wrong hands, it could turn millions of people into drooling zombies. And that's assuming whoever recorded them

didn't add a rap verse in the middle. Then it'd be more like something out of *Scanners*.

So do me a favor: the next time you hear one of my songs on the radio, or even one of the five songs on the radio that aren't mine, don't scoff at it for not being serious music. There's a reason all pop songs sound familiar, and it's not because they all use the same four chords and millennial whoop. It's because they speak to the heart of human suffering. Behind the playful lyrics and seductive grooves is a soul in abject pain the rest of the world has never known, and I pray it never will.

–∼Max Martin (@notoriousamoeba)

4.6 I Apologize for Offending Anyone With My Comments About Hitler During My Roblox Stream

Friday, Apr 13, 2018 by DoCtor DiGnutz (@sexyfacts4u)

What up DiGnoids!

First of all what up to all my jewish fans. I know there are a lot of you out there and to you all I am most sorry of all if you took offense in my live stream of The Streets on Roblox. I totally respect your religion and your peoples and love Israel. There was a misunderstanding about some comments I made on my stream and some things were tooken out of context.

To everybody else who might be friends with a jew or whatever, also I am sorry. Not meaning anything with what I said. Just trying to get my Blox on and sometimes I'm playing loose and cracking some jokes on the stream. It's a live form of entertainment. So likes some mistakes were said.

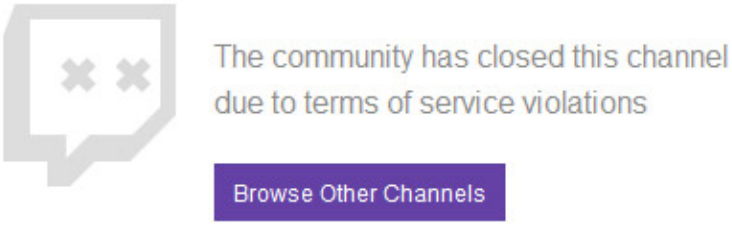
To clear things up, yes I did says that Hitler had some good ideas and I did mention that the holocaust was fake, but if it had been real, it would have been one of Hitler's good ideas. Then I made my eyes into Chinese eyes by pulling on them with my fingers and I said in a mock Chinese voice, "Oh, Ah-so! Heil Hitler, my n-words."

Only I did not say n-words, I might have used the same language rappers use every day when they are speaking about hoes on their rap songs. They can rap it all they want, but I understand now that I am not allowed to use that word and especially not while pretending to be Chinese.

I might have also called a number of 7-year-olds playing Roblox with me the really bad f-word. I'm not going to type it out again because it's almost as bad as the n-word. But to be fair this was only because they all talked into high voices I thought they were just gay not seven. And just for that twitch closed my stream!!

I understand now that what I said was a messed up thing to say. However these kids were griefers and I was only reacting to them saying nazis are bad by explaining that Hitler was seeking living space for the German people that had been oppressed by bankers and other manipulating forces of certain persuasions that I will not mention because I learned my lesson. And these kids were like "I'm jewish and hitler is bad" and alls I said was, "What up DiGnoids, be sure to like and subscribe to my channel, you hear this f-word? It's time to get in zee ovens!!"

And I meant pizza ovens. I was calling them a pizza. No other meaning. That has been taken out of context by kotaku. Also I only stood up and did a zeke heil because someone donated $5 on my stream and they get to tell me what to do for 5 seconds. It's called Slave Mode 5 and any time



anyone donates that 5 dollars I get "Tobyed" which is the DiGnoids fun way of saying it's time to do Slave Mode. Which, as I am typing all this out, I realize might get me in trouble again. So Slave Mode 5 will be tooken down.

In conclusion I have apologized so please unban me from Twitch, Roblox, and the comments section of haaretz. Also please stop boycotting my sponsors. This is how I make my living and my dad is a doctor and will be extremely pissed if I lose my sponsors.

DiGnutz OUT!

–~DoCtor DiGnutz (@sexyfacts4u)

4.7 Reviewers LOVE the New God of War Game

Tuesday, Apr 17, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

GAMESPOT

"God of War is more than a graphical showcase. It is more than its awe-inspiring button mapping. It is more than even its breathtaking rock textures. God of War is the realization of our collective hopes and dreams, not just as gamers, but as gamer-citizens.

If you pay close attention you'll notice that the camera never cuts. The entire experience is a single take, a remarkable achievement. What a wonderful nod to Dungeon Siege."

KOTAKU

"Mark my words: There will never be a better video game than God of War.

No matter what may come, no matter how many technical and creative hills this industry may crest to look out upon fruitful fields of infinite possibilities beyond, no video game will be better than God of War. It is simply perfection.

You can kill guys and be a father."

IGN

"Video games finally have their Citizen Kane, and it is the seventh God of War. This is a transcendent experience that makes me weep for what might have been, had Orson Welles been given the opportunity to flesh out the Citizen Kane franchise with five mediocre sequels before creating a transcendent Citizen Kane 7.

It will blow you away."

"This game has changed the course of my life. Nothing will ever be the same. I am honored, humbled, to have played it.

It was very good, which makes it spectacular. I expected the game to be good but it was very good and sometimes great. The parts I expected to be bad or terrible were actually good and sometimes fantastic. The story was very good and so was everything else. The gameplay felt solid AND spectacular. Satisfying, too. Wow!

I could describe every part of the game with a positive adjective. Amazing. Visceral. Stunning. God of War is a bold, thrilling, confident vision of stunning visceral spectacular."

"I wept. Tears of joy, tears of amazement. Tears from simply being overwhelmed by the majesty of it all. And then I opened the game's case and put the disc in my PS4.

People will always remember their first kiss. They will always remember the first time they touched a boob, or a controller that felt as good as a boob. I will always remember the first time I played the new God of War.

This game invalidates all previous installments of the God of War franchise. More than that, it renders all previous video games worthless. They're

fucking trash. I am beyond angry that I wasted my time on any of them. I'M LIVID.

ALL THIS TIME WASTED GOD"

gameinformer

(utter gibberish, the writer trying to type as their body trembles and twitches in an hours-long orgasm)

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.8 Barbara Bush: 19??-2018

Thursday, Apr 19, 2018 by Obituary Corner

Editor's Note: Due to a freak power outage, this obituary of Barbara Bush was written without the benefit of research. In order to pay our respects to this great woman in a timely fashion, we have decided to post this piece as-is. We hope you forgive any errors on our part.

Boy, Barbara Bush, huh? What can you even say about Barbara Bush? Surely enough to meet a minimum 500-word requirement. Well, number one: she was married to George H.W. Bush, who was President in I think the late '80s? That sounds right. Being the wife of a President, or "First Lady," is how most people would know Mrs. Bush, but she was probably a whole lot more. I mean, I never met her or anything, but I bet she had hobbies and favorite TV shows or whatever. But don't quote me on that.

Barbara Bush was born a very, very long time ago in the 20th century in a little country we like to call "America." Little Barbara was like most children her age back then: small, constantly photographed in black and white, and completely unaware of the wonders the Internet would bring to the world. Even at an early age, she presumably always dreamed of being a President's wife, and she would go on to do just that when her husband beat the other guy before Clinton took over.

Let's see, she was really old even in the '90s, so I guess it's safe to say she was an adult during World War II? And that's how she met her future husband (and future President) George H.W. Bush, as they both shared a similar hatred of Adolf Hitler. War split the two up, and George became a certified war hero even though he would only jump out of the plane on his birthday. After returning from overseas, George and Barbara started a family, and soon Jeb Bush and George W. Bush entered the world, along with some other children who were never President or never ran for President.

A whole bunch of years passed, and Barbara found herself to be one of less than 50 total First Ladies. Wow! I don't know if we called her "America's Grandma" back then, but I think you'll agree that's a pretty good nickname and it should have happened even if it didn't. Though her political powers were limited as America's Grandma, that didn't stop her from showing up at a lot of libraries for some reason, and also some hospitals. And hey, remember when George Bush threw

up on the Japanese Prime Minister? I'm sure she had something pretty funny to say about that. I bet someone even wrote it down.

Like all super old people, Mrs. Bush's health eventually failed her, though she never left her husband's side. (That's not a joke about him being in a wheelchair BTW.) She passed away peacefully from complications of being too old, and will be remembered forever as a mom, a wife, the wife of a President, a nice lady, a grandma, and, most importantly, America's Grandma. She will go on to join her husband in heaven if he's also dead. If he's not then he's probably too old to even know what's going on anymore.

–∼Obituary Corner

4.9 This Dumbass Terminator in My Gun Store Thinks It's "Assault Rifle 15"

Friday, Apr 20, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Terminator: The 12-gauge auto-loader.

Pawn Shop Clerk: That's Italian. You can go pump or auto.

Terminator: The .45 long slide, with laser sighting.

Pawn Shop Clerk: These are brand new; we just got them in. That's a good gun. Just touch the trigger, the beam comes on and you put the red dot where you want the bullet to go. You can't miss. Anything else?

Terminator: Phased plasma rifle in the 40-watt range.

Pawn Shop Clerk: Hey, just what you see, pal!

Terminator: The Uzi nine millimeter.

Pawn Shop Clerk: You know your weapons, buddy. Any one of these is ideal for home defense. So uh, which will it be?

Terminator: The assault rifle 15 with silencer and polymer fore grip.

Pawn Shop Clerk: Uh, hold on there, buddy. Maybe you don't know your weapons. I don't have an "Assault Rifle 15." I do have an Armalite Rifle 15, as in the Armalite Rifle Company out of Phoenix, Arizona. I don't have anything designated as an "Assault Rifle" or with that in the name. It's a made up category. Might've meant something back in the day, using an intermediate round with selective fire and all that, but not anymore. Media ruined it.

Pawn Shop Clerk: You also mentioned a silencer. Those aren't a thing, buddy. There is no such thing as a silencer. James Bond or Matt Damon or whatever. They have silencers. You're looking for a suppressor. It reduces the sound so as to lessen the chance of ear damage in enclosed environments. You planning to do your shooting indoors? You might want to use subsonics. Will

further decrease the sound level. Anything else I can help you with?

Terminator: Ten thirty-round clips of 5.56 millimeter.

Pawn Shop Clerk: Oh, wow, buddy. A "clip" was used on the M-1 rifle. It was an actual clip that the gun ejected with a distinctive "ping" sound once every round had been discharged from the weapon. It definitely was not available in a 30-round version. What I am guessing you actually want is 30-round magazines for the Armalite Rifle 15 behind the counter here. Perfect for home defense and deterring intruders. Anything else?

Terminator: A tactical neutrino cannon with a 6-particle aperture.

Pawn Shop Clerk: Hold on there, buddy. Only what you see behind the counter and we do not carry any cannons here. Tactical is also a marketing term. Maybe you mean the Weyland N-6? It's a neutrino projector and it has a 6-particle aperture for those tight, long-range shots. Is that what

you meant, buddy? Hasn't been invented yet. About 20 years.

Pawn Shop Clerk: People are still that dumb about guns in the future, huh?

Pawn Shop Clerk: You can't do that! You don't even know about clips!

Terminator: Wrong.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.10 The Something Awful Guide to Buying a TV In 2018

Wednesday, Apr 25, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It's time to get a new TV. Your old one was made like two years ago, and so much has changed. You might as well be looking at a dinosaur's butthole. Why would you keep doing that, when you could be looking at a robot's butthole?

Now that my perfect logic has convinced you to purchase a TV, there are a number of factors to consider. Some of these concepts and terms might seem confusing at first. Hang in there, and soon you'll understand all of them. Or you'll come to the end of this article without learning anything, and move on with your life without thinking about them ever again.

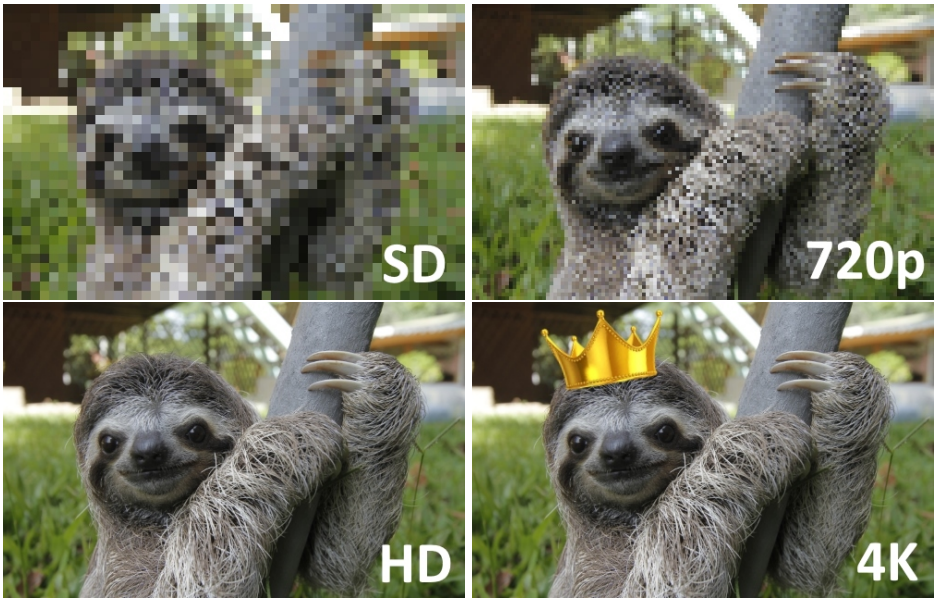
Size

It seems there are as many sizes of TV as there are sizes of inches. They all sound so good! Should you just get the biggest one that can fit in your living room and hope it doesn't fall on you during a particularly intense episode of Jeopardy?

No. The ideal screen size depends on the distance between your couch and the television. There are a lot of math formulas explaning this, but basically you should only buy a TV that is 42 inches or smaller if that TV is going to be sitting in your lap, and you should only buy a TV larger than 65 inches if you are going to be viewing it while sitting on a couch in a different house.

Resolution

SD. 720p. 1080p HD. 4K. What this? What it does? Let these images from a leading TV manufacturer explain:



HDR

HDR is a relatively new feature that makes colors... more colory? Or it does something with shadows? There's an image everyone else can see, and then HDR turns on the extra hidden parts of the image so it's got all the nicer parts. I think.

There are competing HDR standards. Right now no one knows which will win. One thing is certain: If you buy a TV with one standard, that will be the one that loses.

Input Delay

This is the time between your TV receiving a signal and displaying that signal on its screen, measured in milliseconds (millions of seconds). Most people won't notice input delay unless they play video games. These people will want a TV with a VERY HIGH input delay so they have something to blame when their video game jumpman falls into a pit.

SMART TV Features

When people refer to SMART TV, they mean the set can connect to the internet and run apps like Netflix and Spyware Update. Keep an eye out for the next generation of SMART TVs which will be able to detect when they are being hunted, and turn the tables so that they are the ones doing the hunting.

QLED vs OLED vs LED

These terms refer to the technology that makes the pixels go up on the TV screen. Unlike a traditional TV set that used a flickering torch behind the screen to create light, new televisions use Light Emitting Diodes.

Diodes are basically torches that have been miniaturized so you can't even see the wooden handles or the gasoline-soaked rags.

An LED set is like a cheese pizza. It's the baseline. OLEDs are LEDs with olives. QLEDs are a cheese pizza that is also a quesadilla.

OLEDs look a little better are likely to burn your mouth (the screen) and ruin it forever.

Curved or Flat?

Screens currently come in two shapes: Flat (traditional, undistorted) and curved (ugly, dumb as fuck). A third shape, bow tie pasta, was teased in a $12,000 model at this year's Consumer Electronics Show but won't be released for at least two years.

Flat TVs are great if you enjoy looking at your television and seeing content.

Curved TVs are ideal for tech enthusiasts who are really into buyer's remorse.

Price

Consider your budget. Think of the absolute most you'd be willing to pay for a TV, in hundreds of dollars. Let's say that number is $800. Now imagine that number had a 99 at the end, making it $899. Obviously the extra 99 doesn't count, because that number still starts with a 8. Now ignore the fact that you'll be paying tax, which brings the cost up higher. Now look at that nicer model of TV that's only $100 more... that's not much of a splurge when you think about it, right?

Now look at reviews of the nicer model, and ignore all the downsides. Look at all the pictures. Imagine how it would look in your home, and how happy it would make you. Imagine how much happier you'd be if you got the same model but ten inches bigger...

This is how pricing works.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.11 A Complete List of "Inappropriate Behavior" Complaints Lodged Against Commander William Riker

Friday, Apr 27, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

PLEASE NOTE: This record of incidents involving Commander William T. Riker is not a joke and should not be considered funny. There is nothing humorous about his behavior. Starfleet's failure to truly punish his continuing behavior is disgusting and needs to be addressed!

Flinging Bodily Fluids - Received a complaint that the "Jeffries tube was moaning again" and dispatched an engineering team to investigate. The team reported spotting a man draped in a white sheet who shouted, "Space ghost oooh!" and flung "ectoplasm!" at the engineers before disappearing out a hatch. Although the "ghost" was never captured, Commander Riker's uniform was found nearby in the Jeffries tube.

Inappropriate Elevator Action - Received a complaint from a female ensign that while riding the turbolift, a "very senior officer" suspected to be Commander Riker leaned close to her and asked, "Want to see me suck my own hog?" The ensign replied in the negative, to which the officer replied he would "fuckin' do it up anyway" citing "it's a free country" at which point he curled into a ball and "went to town" in the turbolift.

Toilet Impersonation - Received complaints from several crew that a hand-written "out of order" sign had been placed on the door of the Ten Forward women's lavatory and Commander Riker was passing out business cards to every woman in the Enterprise lounge that declared his job to be "Galaxy's Best Human Toilet." His name on the card was listed as "William P. Pissman."

Unwanted Exposure - A complaint was filed against Commander Riker from several crew who were forced to observe a "mating incident" after the trans-dimensional entity Q created a second Riker so that William T. Riker could impregnate himself. Owing to an accelerated gestation, Commander Riker then gave birth via egg to a third version of himself, which grew to adulthood covered in slime and now apparently lives alongside the second Commander Riker with full female reproductive organs in Commander Riker's quarters. When confronted about this living situation, Commander Riker accused security of trying to separate him from his baby, who is adult and bearded and indistinguishable from the original Commander Riker.

Piano Deception - Commander Riker was reprimanded by the captain once again for placing his penis inside something (in this case beneath the keys of a miniature piano) in order to deceive the android Data into stimulating him. When confronted about this, Commander Riker responded, "He's like a washing machine. Who cares?"

Indecent Routine - Requested an ensign join him in the workout room and proceeded to use the leg machine without any pants which, according to the ensign, "showed off everything." When the ensign objected to Commander Riker's routine, the commander apologized and told her he had finished anyway. The leg machine was declared contaminated with biological material and had to be ejected out of the shuttle while in warp transit. When confronted about this incident, Commander Riker demanded to know if he should, "Go back to using the dumbass robot?"

Burger Deception - The Commander Riker with female reproductive organs attempted to place his genitals into a fake hamburger to deceive Commander Data into "tasting that stanky beef." When spotted climbing into a compartment inside a table, Commander Riker stunned several crew with a phaser and declared, "Long live the T-bird!" This version of Commander Riker is at large within the Enterprise and may be carrying more Commander Riker eggs as he was noticeably pregnant. When the real Commander Riker was confronted about this incident, he was wearing a bathrobe and refused to step out of his quarters unless the security detail showed a warrant. He then declared, "That wasn't me. And even if it was, it's a free country."

Unwanted Touching - Commander Riker was ordered off the bridge for taking off Commander Deanna Troi's shoes while she was concentrating on reading the emotions of

a nebula and loudly smelling her feet. His claims that he "smelled something wrong" and had to check her were not deemed believable and he was ultimately confined to quarters for 24 hours.

Unauthorized Reproduction - When a fourth and fifth Riker appeared aboard Enterprise, apparently hatched somewhere in the ship, Starfleet Command issued an edict that only one Commander William T. Riker was to be permitted on any ship at a time. This ruling was created specifically for Commander Riker as Starfleet, "Fully understands the possibility of doppelgangers, clones, cyber-duplicates, and holodeck recreations that escape from the holodeck." The other Rikers were all assigned to other ships and stations throughout Startfleet. Commander Riker (apparently the original) was permitted back onto the bridge without further punishment despite repeated protests from other crew.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 How To Do A Respectable White House Correspondents' Dinner Routine

Tuesday, May 01, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The entire world shook to its very core after a so-called "comedian" blurted out several ill-mannered jokes at the expense of the most powerful administration in the history of the United States. These mean, classless, and disrespectful barbs have no place in the White House, an establishment founded on respect and honesty. Perhaps the White House Correspondents' Dinner would be held in greater esteem if these so-called "comedians" stuck to the sort of wholesome banter that has proven to be completely acceptable in modern-day America. I would like to share several suggestions that would help make this event an infinitely classier institution.

- Start with a ten minute set explicitly insulting the physical appearance of Alicia Machado. Just really lay into her weight and compare her to a pig, along with some slightly extremely racist insults regarding her Mexican background tossed in. When given the opportunity to back off, dig in even harder and imply she has starred in several porn shoots. Classic! If the audience gets into this routine, string them along with more jokes about the appearances of Mika Brzezinski, Carly Fiorina, Rosie O'Donnell, etc.

- Transition to some grade-A riffs on the Parkland survivors. Start by making fun of their looks, then make a number of bizarre comments about their genitals and masturbation habits, and finally get in a good zinger about these teenage gun violence victims' college prospects.

- Keep things moving with a few rapid-fire one-liners insulting prisoners of war and the parents of dead soldiers. Hey, if those guys were any good at war, they wouldn't have ended up like they did, right?

- "Milo Yiannopoulos walks into a bar with Richard Spencer. No one boos. Why? Because this joke takes place in the respectful USA our founding fathers intended, where you can sing America The Beautiful while your white supremacist pals do Nazi salutes and no left-wing sickos will yell mean things at you. These socialist lunatics are so angry and thoughtless, they should be called Antif-blah!" *(This might need some workshopping, but you get the idea)*

- Call for the crowd to commit acts of targeted violence. Then do it again. And again. Wholesome fun with absolutely no consequences! For you, at least.
- "Senator Warren, more like Pocahontas, right?" *(Step back from the mic and do a hideous pantomime of a Native American)*
- Did the physical comedy go well? Scan the room for a reporter with an obvious physical handicap. Gleefully contort your body to mock them like you're the absolute worst five year-old on the planet. Hey, you're just telling it like it is! Finally, someone with balls! If God didn't believe in the freedom of speech, then why would've he written the First Amendment?
- "Knock knock"
  Who's there?
  "The free press."
  The free press who?
  "The free press, the enemy of the American people." *(Glowering stare while everyone laughs nervously, aware you support concealed carry)*
- Do a hilarious bit about snowflake liberals and their whiny cries for safe spaces because they're wimps who can't handle a few lighthearted jokes at their expense. Oh, but be sure to run this one past the administration first, because you don't want to accidentally say something to offend them. Be ready for a wait since they might be busy stripping the country for rare Earth elements, fossil fuels, and any other parts they might need. Hope the President, who will be hiding during this event, will eventually find out about this uproarious bit and give you a "very cool!" on Twitter.
- Close with a serious moment, one that should cause the audience to genuinely reflect. "By joking about bad things, comedians are worse than the things they joke about. By reporting about bad things, reporters are worse than the things they report. Your primary concern should be to support the Presidential institution until our term is up. Thank you."
- Now stay at the podium. Hold on tight. When security eventually tries to pry you free and escort you from the stage, scream "DEEP STATE," "WITCH HUNT," and "WHERE ARE THE EMAILS?" The journalists in the audience will murmur, giving your side of the argument serious consideration, and hailing you as the hero who single handedly defended the upstanding ideals of our most cherished governmental institution. You will win several Nobel Peace Prizes along with some comically large novelty checks and - most importantly - the admiration this country's greatest statesman ever.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.2 This Millennial Proves Hard Work Truly Pays Off

Thursday, May 03, 2018 by Shocking Success Stories

Josh Morgan isn't your typical millennial. Unlike the avocado-toast-eating, eight-dollar-latte-drinking slackers of his generation, he's a businessman in the truest sense of the word. While his peers absolutely refuse to buy a house, Josh owns two. And, at 24 years old, he's one of the youngest entrepreneurs in his community. How does he do it? A strong work ethic. "While some would credit my two-million-dollar inheritance as the key to my success, it's much more complicated than that," says Josh. "I had to put in a lot of face time before I could receive that large lump sum on my eighteenth birthday--minus taxes, of course."

Josh is the CEO of Absorbr, an app company that makes the app Absorbr, an app that predicts which app companies will soon go out of business so they can be easily absorbed by other app companies. Thanks to his product, the five largest dog-walking apps merged into one megacorporation in March of 2018, which Josh considers his biggest achievement to date. "Now, when people think of getting updates about where their dog peed, they're going to think of me," says Josh. "All of this makes listening to Grandpa Steve talk about baseball for roughly 4000 hours seem worth it in the end."

Josh's grandpa, Steve "Lucky" Morgan was also no stranger to success. Though he started out as a humble plastics assembly manager, after 15 years of remaining in his same position, success finally struck in the form of a letter. On July 14, 1967, he learned his uncle Hans had gravely injured his spine in his work as a strikebreaker, and received a generous 10-million-dollar settlement from the Stevenson Pipe-Fitting Company, which went out of business later that fall. Bedridden and cranky, Uncle Hans had one ally by his bedside at nearly all times to listen to his long and complex rants about Communists: Steve. After nine years of ill health, complicated by his distrust of any food item given to him by a male nurse, Hans died, leaving Steve a large portion of his settlement. And this same spirit of perseverance lives on in Josh.

"If there's one thing Grandpa Steve taught me," says Josh, "It's that if an old relative has lots of money you should spend as much time with them as possible so you get most of it when they die. Of course, I didn't really pay attention to any of this because it was really boring, but then my mom told me Grandpa Steve had a ton of money so I should be nice to him. And then I spent a bunch of time with him and got lots of that money. So I guess you could say it was more my mom that did it, but since I was the one who put in the work let's just say it was me."

While his ill-informed friends enrolled in college after high school, studying literature, music, and even art, Josh spent the early years of his adulthood putting in six and sometimes eight hours a day as Grandpa Steve's constant companion. While his friends experimented with drugs, sexuality, and poor economic choices, Josh missed most of these Millennial milestones and chose a wiser path. "Sure, my friends had keggers and joyrides while I had cable news and... well, more cable news. That's pretty much all he watched. Oh yeah, and he wouldn't shut up about baseball from like 40 years ago. But it's not like the old man didn't go to bed--he'd pretty much be conked out by 7:30 once he had his 6:00 cup of tea. 6:15 if I crushed up a few Benadryl in there."

Though Josh admits his fortune came from special circumstances, he's adamant in the stance that none of his fellow Millennials have an excuse for failure. His advice? "Work hard and never give up. Even if you don't have a rich family member, somewhere in your community, there's probably an eccentric millionaire living out his final years and looking to spite his children. Also, don't ever tell anyone what you're allergic to. Oh, and have plenty of cash on hand in case you need to bribe a coroner. My lawyer wants me to tell you those last two sentences are completely unrelated."

–∼Shocking Success Stories

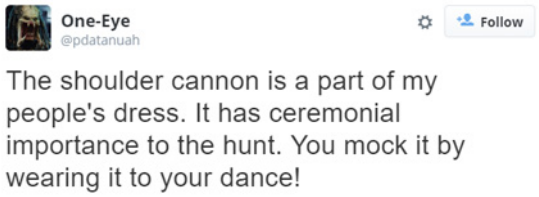
5.3 It is important for allies to call out the appropriation of Predator culture

Friday, May 04, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

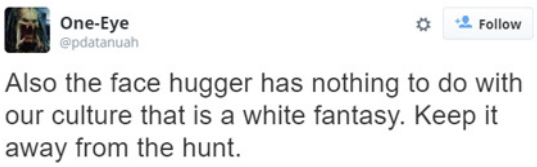
You have seen the pictures by now. 17-year-old Kylie Robertson's photos of her Predator prom dress caused a firestorm on Twitter. Kylie decided to go to prom wearing a full Predator costume, including mask with articulated mouth parts, hunt armor, shoulder cannon, and self-destruct wristband. She even brought along a severed human spinal column and skull.

The photos were initially received positively. However, the images went viral and attracted the attention of a huge number of activists, allies, and Predators who found the outfit to be cultural appropriation and offensive.

The early replies that generated the most response came from P'dah Tanuah, a Predator attending UC Berkeley with a major in hunting and minor in the soft meat.


One-Eye
@pdatanuah
Follow
The shoulder cannon is a part of my people's dress. It has ceremonial importance to the hunt. You mock it by wearing it to your dance!

He took particular offense to some of Kylie's props:


One-Eye
@pdatanuah
Follow
Also the face hugger has nothing to do with our culture that is a white fantasy. Keep it away from the hunt.

Many more responses followed including from other Predators and allies. In the aftermath of this outrage, I have seen a lot of people defending Kylie's decision to wear the predator armor and weapons to her prom. They say she is just a teenage girl wearing what she likes and finds aesthetically pleasing.

Some have mentioned that Predators on the Predator home world of Yautja Prime were not offended. Which misses the point entirely. Predators on Yautja Prime are not here on earth interacting with the soft meat. They do not have to cloak themselves to escape the hostile gaze of humans. They do not have to worry that their trophy cache will be discovered before their hunt has ended.

It is up to us, as allies of Predators, to hear their complaints and signal boost them. We must be there from the start, not analyzing or scoffing at their pain, but giving it the platform it deserves and calling out white people and other soft meat who treat Predator culture as an ornament.

Even the name "Predator" is mildly offensive. They are called Hish-Qu-Ten, which more closely translates to "Hunters" and suggests a more reasoned approach to their hunts rather than the animal instincts of predation. They rarely eat humans or other mammals, preferring a diet of fish and fowl, and the trophies they take are treated with the same respect we should treat their culture. Would you want your skull and spinal column to be a part of some dance for Predators?

Being an ally means fighting on the same side as the oppressed. You were raised in a racist, patriarchal culture, so your instinct might be to doubt the authenticity of a Predator's feelings or question their legitimacy because they were born in Ohio instead of in one of the blood clans on Yautja Prime. As long as they are living the Predator truth or descended from Predators, your duty as an ally is to amplify and agree.

Also, and maybe even more importantly, if they want to hunt you, it is your duty to pick up a gun and challenge them, even if it seems counter intuitive to being an ally. The soft meat is clever and they want a good hunt. Don't disappoint them.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.4 WikiGeist: Your Answers For Ghosts!

Monday, May 07, 2018 by Andrew "Anthym" Wolf (@TheRealAnthym)

Welcome to WikiGeist, Your Online Source For Ghostly Answers

FAQ

Q: Help! I think I might be a ghost!

A: You are not a ghost.

Q: But I can't get anyone to respond to me, and no one seems to notice I'm here! Are you sure I'm not a ghost?

A: No one notices you because you are grating and unlovable. You have convinced yourself you are a ghost as a coping mechanism so you do not have to address your massive character flaws. By inventing a supernatural cause for your inability to socialize and befriend others like a well-adjusted human, you can pretend that you are fine the way you are. In addition to this, ghosts do not use the internet due to Electrostatic Etheromyalgia, which will be discussed later. This page is useless to you. On the off chance a ghost is looking over your shoulder from a safe distance, it is for them.

Q. Wait, this is impossible. I can't be a ghost because ghosts aren't real.

A: Please state your objection in the form of a question. This is an FAQ.

Q: How did I become a ghost?

A: Ghosts are created when your human consciousness is unwilling or unable to pass to the Other Side, and instead manifests as various phenomena in the Physical World. The cause for this is as variable as it is personal. It may be that you wished to witness the birth of a child, or were waiting for a lover, or were killed in a state of disbelief and confusion, or you did not empty your Gmail inbox. You might even be too stupid to realize you are dead, much like Bruce Willis in The Sixth Sense.

Q: The Other Side? You mean Heaven or Hell?

A: There is an answer to your question that is both satisfactory and enlightening. It is also totally irrelevant because you are stuck here forever. Enjoy watching your friends and family discover the answer to life's greatest mystery while you figure out how to write on foggy mirrors.

Q: Speaking of which, what are my powers?

A: Different apparitions have different powers, based on their classification. 75% of ghosts can do some minor tricks that could be accurately described as ' Mildly Spooky'. The other 25% have Very Scary Powers and pay for it by being constantly in torment.

You are in the 75% of Mildly Spooky ghosts because you are reading a webpage over the shoulder of a person that no one else likes.

Q: Is there any way to communicate with the living?

A: Probably, but I doubt they want to hear from you.

Q: What about those ghost hunter TV shows? Can I get into one of those?

A: Much like real life, the chances of you appearing on TV are virtually nonexistent. When those shows actually do film a ghost, it is always one of the 25% of ghosts with special powers because they make for good TV. Listening to your sob story about how you got hit by a drunk Lacrosse player on a moped and were knocked out before falling face-first into a 4" deep puddle where you proceeded to drown is not good TV.

Q: This sucks. How do I get to be one of the 25% of super powerful ghosts?

A: You cannot. Those ghosts got to where they are by their acts in life.

For instance, Poltergeists were obscenely aggravating narcissists in their life and continue to insist that everything be about them in death. The fact that they cannot get what they want only makes them angrier and that is why they break things. They are also responsible for over half the comments on YouTube videos. The Manananggal of the Philippines, which has the hideous torso of a woman and bat wings and can detach her torso and likes to feed on pregnant women with its proboscis, originates in tanning bed accidents. La Llorana, the weeping woman of Latin America, did not drown her children as folklore says but rather was a helicopter parent that fell overboard during whitewater rafting. Japanese *onryo* are perfectionists who were very unsatisfied with how untidy their deaths were and come back to bug everyone about it.

Q: And Banshees?

A: Screamo vocalists.

Q: Can I have sex with other ghosts or even people, like Dan Aykroyd in *Ghostbusters?*

A: Not unless you died having sex. Then you will have ghost sex for eternity. It is not the good kind. As for Dan Aykroyd he is a completely unique entity who exists in every universe and dimension possible and is able to copulate with all life forms. It is theorized that he may also exist outside the time-space continuum and be responsible for seeding life across all time and space. If so he is the first person to be his own grandfather.

Q: Wasn't that Tom Arnold?

A: If you are so smart why are you reading an FAQ page?

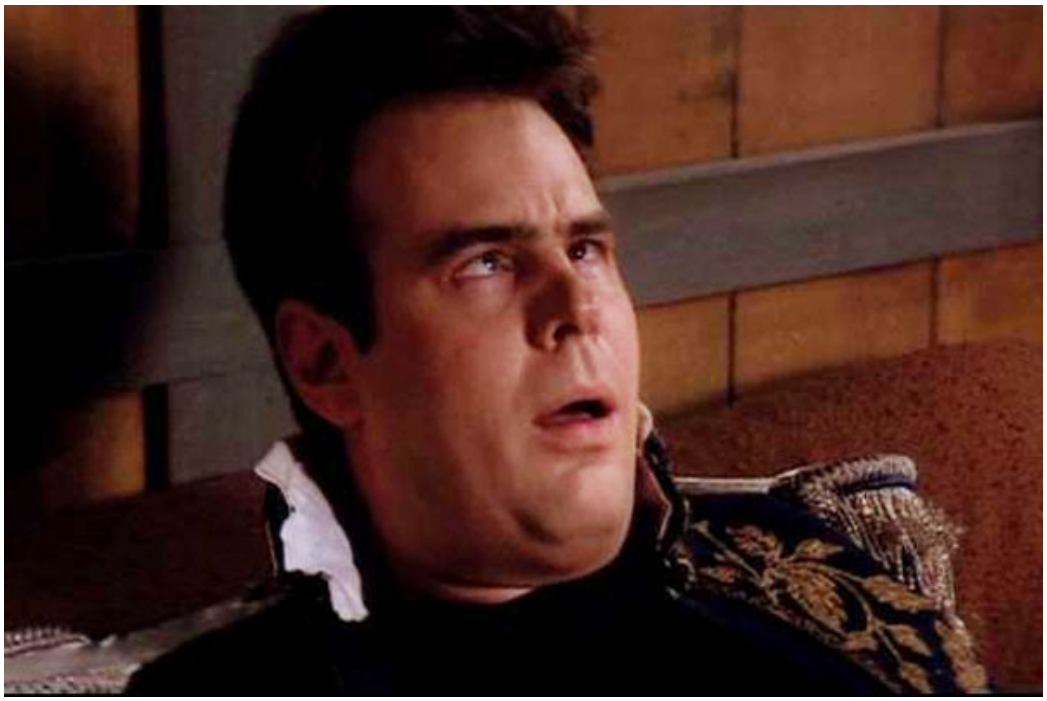
Q: Is it possible for me to be destroyed?

A: No, but scientists predict that the universe will eventually succumb to heat death so that may work in your favor.

Q: Is there anything that can hurt me?

A: Not with pain like you experienced in life. Yours will now be a completely cognitive form of torment. For instance, running water attracts ghost energy. If you died outside you may be drawn to a river which would be a peaceful place. If you died inside you can easily get stuck in the U-bend of a toilet.

Electronics in the modern age often utilize WiFi and Bluetooth technology which interferes with your spiritual cohesion and causes the intense phantom pain known as Electrostatic Etheromyalgia. This effect is why every electronics outlets feel soulless and void. Apple Store employees are very



much similar to ghosts in that they are hollow mimicries of beings with substance and life, with the exception that ghosts are souls without bodies and Apple Store employees are bodies without souls.

You should also be aware that humans are not the only kinds of ghosts out there. There are ghost ships, ghost planes, ghost cars, ghost towns, ghost limbs, ghost dogs, ghost lions, ghost worms, ghost magazines (all back issues of Teen Vogue), ghost sharks, and ghost dinosaurs. There is a very real food chain full of ghosts that may eat you in a ceaseless vain quest to sate their hunger. If this happens you will pass through the ghost's digestive tract without harm and be excreted. Because you did not satisfy the hunger of whatever ate you, your devourer may be very upset and attempt to consume you again. This process can last for millennia.

Q: Is there anything at all redeeming or pleasant about my experience as a ghost?

A: You have plenty of time to figure out how people make balloon animals.

Q: Hold on, who is writing this? How do you know so much about ghosts?

A: ...

Q: Dan Aykroyd?

A: Dammit.

–∼Andrew "Anthym" Wolf (@TheRealAnthym)

5.5 The First Thing They Teach You On The Job

Wednesday, May 09, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

*The first thing you learn as a **Surgeon**:*

Watch where you place your feet. You don't want to step on the pedal to activate the trap door under the patient unless it's absolutely necessary.

*The first thing you learn as a **Ghost Hunter**:*

You can't kill a ghost with a traditional bow and arrow. You've got to dip the arrowheads in poison.

*The first thing you learn as a **Security Guard**:*

When a hacker inserts a surveillance video loop into one of the monitors at your station and the feed warps for half a second, smack the screen. Now give it a distrustful glare before returning to the food/hobby that defines your entire existence.

*The first thing you learn as a **Truck Driver**:*

Pull the horn thing. AROOO! AROOO! Pull the thing that makes the horn go. It's a chain with a handle and you've got to pull it twice. TOOT! TOOT!

*The first thing you learn as a **Waiter**:*

You've got to pick up the food from the back and put it out front. If you do it backwards, the chefs will get super fat.

*The first thing you learn as a **CEO**:*

Consider the person at the lowest rung of your company's ladder. Figure out how many hundreds of dollars they fall short of having a comfortable living wage. Now take that figure and multiply it by a million dollars to determine your yearly bonus. This, as far as anyone can tell, is your entire job.

*The first thing you learn as a **Ranch Man**:*

This is how you lean against the fence post and look at the mountains while drinking a tin cup of coffee. Remember, your expression should not only convey satisfaction of a job well done, but masculine aloofness.

*The first thing you learn as a **Something Awful Writer**:*

If you're consistently terrible at thinking up feature titles anyone would want to click on, everyone will be extra impressed when one of your articles becomes moderately popular.

*The first thing you learn as a **Chimney Sweep**:*

The chimney is the brick hole that goes up vertically through the house's roof. Don't go near the

horizontal brick hole sticking out of the back of the house.

*The first thing you learn as a **Professional Baseball Player**:*

You will find more hay than you could ever need piled up in the corner of the locker room before and after each game. You will never want for hay as long as you live. The only catch - you must not speak of this taboo arrangement to anyone.

*The first thing you learn as a **Cruise Ship Captain**:*

The Cruise Control button popularized in Speed 2: Cruise Control does not actually function as a cruise control toggle, but as a distress signal to alert the coast guard that a passenger is watching Speed 2: Cruise Control.

*The first thing you learn as a **Bicycle Repair Person**:*

Before doing ANYTHING, no matter how minor, always remove the blasting caps and C4 tube from inside the bicycle's frame.

*The first thing you learn as a **Beach Lifeguard**:*

Once a swimmer is ten feet above sea level or higher, they're out of your jurisdiction.

*The first thing you learn as a **Door-To-Door Door Salesman**:*

If you knock and they're able to open the door, the sale ain't happening.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.6 Analyzing the Symbolism in Viral Music Video "This is Gonna Hurt" by Hoobastank

Friday, May 11, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Internet cannot stop talking about and reacting to **an intense music video** that has racked up more than 1.2 million views on Youtube since its release. This dense, multi-layered video has people trying to unravel the meaning of the shocking imagery. I am referring, of course, to Hoobastank's "This is Gonna Hurt," released in 2012. Now it's time for me to put on my professor hat and try to figure this one out like everybody else is doing.

The video begins with the title, "This is Gonna Hurt", and a weary-looking man beginning his morning routine. The music we will later hear in full is playing on a clock radio that is barely audible as the man brushes his teeth. The first shocking moment that got this video trending is when the man spits his toothpaste in the sink, looks at the mirror, and sees a hideous bug creature.

This is a reference to Franz Kafka's the Metamorphosis, in which a man turns into a cockroach. The book is a known favorite of the 'Stank. What does it mean here? Insects are traditionally thought of as "lowly" creatures. But as we will see later in the video, there is a lot more going on here than it even seems.

Cut to the man opening a drawer of cutlery. Everything is very neatly arranged and there is only one of each utensil, indicating the man probably lives alone or needs to do some dishes. The fork is slightly out of alignment so the man straightens it. Real attention to detail.

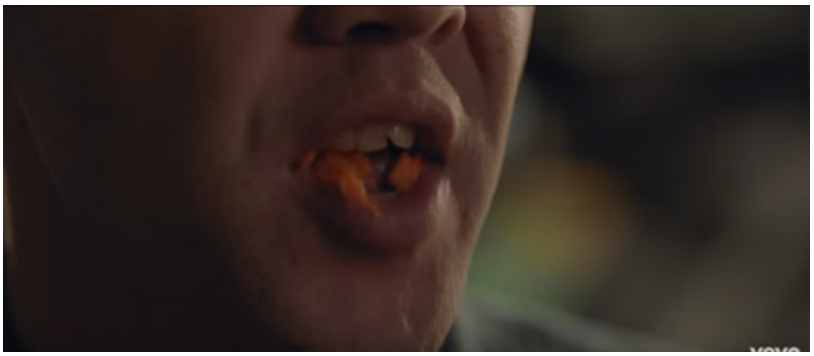
He pours himself a bowl of cereal and that is when we have another shocking moment when the toy inside falls out into his cereal. That's right, it's a gun. Even at the breakfast table, he is haunted by the specter of America's gun violence.

The man does not seem overly concerned with the gun in his cereal, but as he is finishing the bowl he receives a messages in the cereal's letters: BURN IT DOWN. This gives him pause, but only for a moment. The phrase "burn it down" might be a reference to fire making something fall down. The Twin Towers on 9/11 were destroyed by fire according to the official government study, but close reads of Hoobastank's other videos know the truth. Burn it down here refers to a metaphorical building or system that is inside us all.

As the man is going to his car, he sees a three-eyed puppet who tells him, "Give 'em hell, Charlie." Hell is referenced in the Bible as a place where the fallen angels were cast down and where sinners go. This line suggests Charlie is a fallen angel, meant to "give hell" to sinners.

Cut to Charlie being told it is almost time to go on. He is busy arranging things into a neat row. He appears to be partway through his transformation ("Metamorphosis" - Kafka) into a giant bug. We see other characters including a black man talking to a white woman (a sin), men watching in a control room with many screen (God), and a small girl receiving an autograph from Charlie. Notable here, he is using a red marker. Red like blood.

"The blood shall be a sign for you on the houses where you live; and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and no plague will befall you to destroy you when I strike the land of Egypt." - God (The Bible). Charlie is about to wreak holy vengeance aka burn it down.



Charlie is by the craft services table where he has arranged carrot sticks into a neat row. The lead singer of a band about to perform (played by Doug Hooba lead singer of Hoobastank) messily chews one of the carrots before carelessly messing up the arrangement on the plate.

This pushes Charlie over the edge. As he completes his transformation into the giant insect, he begins screaming and thrashing. Charlie, now a bug, goes on a sort of rampage as Hoobastank finally begins to play (4 minutes into the video).

As Doug Hooba sings the line "I can see that the end is near" we see the control panel burning and God is unable to stop the destruction.

Several times you see the band playing in the background while Charlie is knocking over garbage cans or smacking into people in the foreground.

Charlie arms himself with an ax and we think surely that people are going to be decapitated. Instead, Charlie only wants to restore the carrots, just as America rebuilt the Twin Towers destroyed on 9/11.

Despite performing this act, as Hooba says, "That's how it's gonna be." Charlie ends up in a police car (chariot of hell) going to jail (the hell realm) to be punished (have his testicles exploded and grow back over and over again for eternity).

As Hooba says, "This is Gonna Hurt" and when you think about it, it does.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.7 Celebrity Sightings: Ricky Gervais

Tuesday, May 15, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Between his provocative standup special, his provocative new show, and his provocative tweets, Ricky Gervais has a lot going on. That explains the recent flood of emails we've received from starstruck normal folk who have spotted the puckish celeb out in the wild.

Spotted in London:

Mr. Gervais stood at a lectern in the Westminster Reference Library, an enormous dictionary open before him. According to several accounts from library staff and visitors, he peered intently at a pair of pages containing a lengthy entry for the definition of "controversial" in oversized text.

"This will blow their minds," he was heard muttering to himself in delight, shaking his head and smiling devilishly.

Spotted in New York City:

Gervais was seen circling Central Park for days, reading off a list of old-timey nationality slurs. When someone walked by without gasping in shock Mr. Gervais' entire body slumped inward in absolute defeat.

Spotted in Fortnite:

Gervais was heard in voice chat with a rowdy group of 13 year old white boys, giggling appreciatively at all their outbursts and audibly jotting down their every word in a spiral notepad for an upcoming project. On several occasions he asked whether the phrase "gay midget" or "tranny retard" was funnier.

Spotted in Italy:

Gervais asked numerous tourists to take pictures of him in front of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. As you might expect, in every picture he stood sideways with his hands out before him, creating the illusion that he was interacting with the building. However, instead of appearing to hold the tower up, he was PUSHING IT OVER!

One tourist noted that Gervais bragged about a nickname supposedly given to him by locals, La Scampa Brilliante.

Spotted in Best Buy:

Gervais made a VERY big deal out of purchasing a Blu Ray copy of PCU, holding it up like a jewel as he made a circuit around the entire store.

"Politically correct university? More like politically incorrect university!" he exclaimed. "What a classic. Now these guys knew what they were doing."

Mr. Gervais was seen exhibiting this exact behavior (including the above quote) in multiple stores around the world, purchasing PCU at least eighteen times within the last month. In every sighting he was puffing a fat nasty turd of a cigar, glancing around desperately hoping for someone to ask him to put it out.

Spotted in Harvard University:

Gervais sauntered into an English class wearing a pair of shades. He raised a hand and asked whether "couldn't care less" or "could care less" would be the correct phrase to demonstrate how little he cares about people who might be offended by his comedy, then flipped both middle fingers and left before the professor could answer.

Spotted in Seattle:

Gervais stood in a packed coffee shop and held a newspaper up. He flapped the periodical loudly and cleared his throat before reciting a headline about Hawaiians fleeing from a volcano. Mr. Gervais shook his head and declared, "These people need to get over themselves."

No reaction.

"The victims. Bunch of babies."

Someone attempted to reach around him for a napkin.

"Oh, did I hurt your feelings? You think the freedom of speech doesn't apply to the people you disagree with?"

Spotted in a lamp shop:

Gervais rubbed each item in the store, whispering to any genies that might have been roused from their prisons. His one heartfelt wish repeated over and over: Controversy

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.8 Sheven Hunnert Dollahs Dahn

Thursday, May 17, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qSYc72h_I2s

Writing is easier for me when there's some background noise. Usually that means putting on the same albums I've been listening to for 10+ years or queuing up a long Let's Play series. Lately I've taken to turning on whatever local station my tv's tuner picks up. The content doesn't matter. I'm not really paying attention.

For the last few weeks I've been feeling tense. Can't put my finger on the reason.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qSYc72h_I2s

One moment I'm hunched over the keyboard riding a tidal wave of words and ideas. The next moment my eyes reflexively shut tight, my teeth clenched, fingers curled into claws.

This happens every eight to ten minutes, like clockwork. Weird, huh?

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qSYc72h_I2s

Maybe my body is doing this because I'm not eating right. I exercise and drink lots of water. Could it be too much water?

Perhaps the stress is simply my age catching up with me. I am in my 30s, which is ancient on the internet. You wouldn't believe how far I have to scroll on website age gates to get to my birth year.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qSYc72h_I2s

This is, of course, a bad time all around. Has been for a few years. A lot of people are feeling overwhelmed and hopeless.

Then again, these episodes I'm experiencing seem too sporadic and sudden to be generalized tension. Something else is going on. There has to be a source.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qSYc72h_I2s

Do these moments of acute full-body cringing happen when I'm listening to music? Now that I think about it, no. They don't. I'm only feeling stressed out at certain times when the tv is on. There must be a connection between the tv and the stress. Wait a minute...

My television probably had motion smoothing disabled. Turning it back on should fix everything. Phew!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qSYc72h_I2s

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.9 Congratulations, Mob, for Running Rahowacat69 Off Social Media

Friday, May 18, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I would be the first to admit that Rahowacat69, AKA Julian Spencer, is a racist and that the video of him in line at the pretzel store threatening to put a Latino child in a dog crate and drop him off at ICE was disgusting. It doesn't matter if the Latino child bought the last pretzel or not, there is no justification for such bigotry, especially directed at a child.

There is no excusing him throwing napkins in the child's face when he heard the boy's pronunciation of "jalapeno." No good explanation for him to scream, "You little mongrel, it is called a spicy hot pepper. Don't use your foreign words in America!"

However, the punishment for Julian Spencer does not fit his crime. Just because a man has been caught on video threatening to put a Latino child in a "Hefty coffin" to "drop his dead ass in the river" does not mean he should be kicked out of his law firm. The mob has gathered, demanding total PC behavior as if we no longer live in a free country any more.

My parents brought me to America from a totalitarian country and I feel much of the same vibe here now when I see the social media mobs forming over every little infraction. It's like the USSR all over again, where no one was allowed to be a lawyer if they threatened to dump Latino children into a river.

Do I condone what Julian Spencer screamed at that little boy at the pretzel stand? No, of course not, but I will condone to the death his right to say it. Here in America we have a proud tradition of being able to scream whatever

we want at little Latino children without consequence. So calling the police and telling them that the eight-year-old Latino boy in line ahead of you at a pretzel stand threatened you with a gun is now worthy of mob justice? Do people even care how long it took Rahowacat69 to build up almost 600 followers on Twitter?

Technically he can still post on Twitter, but the threat is there that Twitter might take action because of all the complaints, and his videos where he discusses "Racial Reality Science" have been revenue limited on Youtube. In this Totalitarian American dystopia I guess whenever somebody does something the mob doesn't like the mob can punish the people who step out of line. Is it right that a man lose his license as a lawyer just for spending every moment of his free time harassing and insulting "Lesser Races?"

No, it's not right. If he breaks a law, fine, throw the book at him, but these extra-judicial mob justice actions only empower the worst elements of society.

Now the man with the Hitler cat avatar (it's ironic!) has been sentenced by the court of public opinion to not have a job.

Thank you, mob, for proving my point. This country is out of control.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.10 My Interview with Jordan Peterson

Saturday, May 19, 2018 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Jordan Peterson has grown into a lightning rod of controversy lately, his "no-holds-barred" approach to speaking and voicing his controversial opinions both resonating and riling up people across the globe. An esteemed professor of psychology-turned author and Youtube star, his unique outlook on life, encouraging various forms of "masculinity" while blaming society's ills on feminism's rise, has made him a figurehead of many disenfranchised males who believe society has progressively demeaned them into victimization. I was lucky enough to sit down with the good doctor, and learn more about his unique thought process and belief system.

"I see you've noticed my extensive art collection," Peterson dryly observes as he catches me examining one of the countless displays covering each wall. "That one you're looking at there? Worth millions. The canvas was actually created by stitching thousands of labias together. Not sure how the artist obtained them or why, but I feel it reflects something primal in me." The painting itself depicts a crudely drawn barbarian, with nine women chained to his ankle, raising an impossibly large sword against a gigantic, threatening dragon wearing a long, golden haired wig. A speech bubble reading, "I'm gonna KILL YOU, DARGON *[sic]*" appears scrawled in crayon above the warrior's head. "I can sympathize with this brave warrior's fight," Peterson continued. "Chained down to the earth by women while trying to do his duties as a man. It's what we've become as a society."

Peterson's persona can only be described as "serious." "I have not smiled in over four decades," he admits. And the time he actually did experience a moment of happiness over forty years ago? "It was when my mother died. She fell into the subway tracks after I pushed her into the subway tracks. She died immediately. But when you think about it, one could claim it's poetic justice in a sense. Here you have an unstoppable object crushing her beneath it, and that's essentially my purpose here on earth, except instead of crushing my mother, I'm crushing the infectious concept of feminism."

Over 1.1 million subscribers enjoy his online presentations, ranging from "Women: Dumb Bitches Who Should Die Because Men Are Better," to the most popular video of his, "Women: Stupid Whores Who Don't Deserve to Live Because Men Should Kill Them Until They Die." His motivational speeches encourage a unique form of masculinity, one that relies on the theory of women ruining everything they touch due to their inherent ability to be nothing but stupid, vapid, useless sluts.

"In this age and time, men have nearly no rights," Peterson explained to me. "We cannot be served in restaurants. We cannot legally drive cars. We are routinely shot at by police helicopters if we are seen breaking our 8:00 PM curfew.. This is why society is decaying and now, more than ever, needs men who can be men."

But what does "being a man" entail to Peterson? "Let me give you an analogy. Hundreds of years ago, there were pirates, They were primarily men, and they banded together to fight the Kraken. Now they would dock in Atlantis, and Neptune, the king of Atlantis who had the Little Mermaid as his daughter, would praise them for their efforts. He would allow the sailors to run a train on Ariel, as he secretly watched and filmed the entire thing from behind curtains. But then the sirens heard of this, and they invented the Bermuda Triangle, which, if you look at it on a map, appears to exactly resemble a woman's vagina. The Bermuda Triangle swallowed up Atlantis and everybody there, dooming them to a watery grave. Masculinity has been dead ever since."

When I pressed Peterson for more detail regarding Neptune and Atlantis, he changed the subject. "Look over there, where I am pointing," he demanded. I turned my head to see. "That's the direction I'm pointing," he triumphantly proclaimed.

"Many men are falsely accused and imprisoned due to crimes that a female in their life has actually committed," Peterson continued. "The so-called 'terrorist' who shot all the people in the dance club? His wife forced him to do that or else she would never have sex with him again. Do you remember that man named 'Hitler?' All his ideas, from the gassing of the Jews to the attempted world conquest, were written down in a small book by Eva Braun entitled, 'Hitler, I Won't Touch Your Dick Until You Do All These Things.' Men genetically cannot commit crime; they scientifically lack the crime DNA gene. So every man you see imprisoned, that's the direct work of a woman." When pressed for further details regarding Braun's book, he dismissed my questions by claiming "she probably made him eat it or something."

Peterson frequently repeats that his mission, his ultimate quest, is to "toughen up" young males so they do not fall under the destructive influence of feminism and women in general. "I had this student, I'll refer to him as 'Tim Baker' because that's the name he used before requesting anonymity. So anyway Tim had been told by, you guessed it, his mother, that it's polite to hold doors for women. That's the hellish indoctrination children these days are forced to go through. I brought Tim to a motel where I locked him inside a room for several weeks and helped him realize the hard truth, primarily by screaming a lot. Occasionally I placed a quilt over my head and attempted to convince him I was a scary ghost. Nearly one month later, I unlocked the door and Tim reentered the world as a true man. One with several broken bones, but nonetheless a true man. A few days later he approached me in my office and said, 'Jordan! Guess what! I was in a mall and a woman asked if I could hold the door for her! But instead of blindly following her outrageous demands, I slammed the door on her face and pushed it so she could not leave! Then when she tried to exit through another door, I held that one closed too! I tried to weld them shut, but the mall police came running out so I had to leave.' I was so proud."

While many of his theories and ideas match the popular "red pill" or "men's rights" belief systems that compose 99% of Reddit, Peterson takes things one step further by "exposing the harsh truths

that even Reddit is afraid to admit."

"So I was in the grocery store, buying ramen, as it's the food that confuses me the least. Several harpies swept down from the skylight and began attacking me with their razor sharp talons. I had a sword so I valiantly fought them off, but that's when the bog hag appeared in the frozen fish aisle and began reciting her incantations. My head began to feel like I was underwater, incapable of performing masculine things such as cutting women off in traffic and telling females they're bitches. Fortunately I had my talisman of protection, an ancient ward passed down to me from generation to generation, and I overpowered her with my masculine magic. Then I called her a bitch. These are all real things that actually happened to me, and why I feel it's necessary to provide our male youth with the tools to deal with such events."

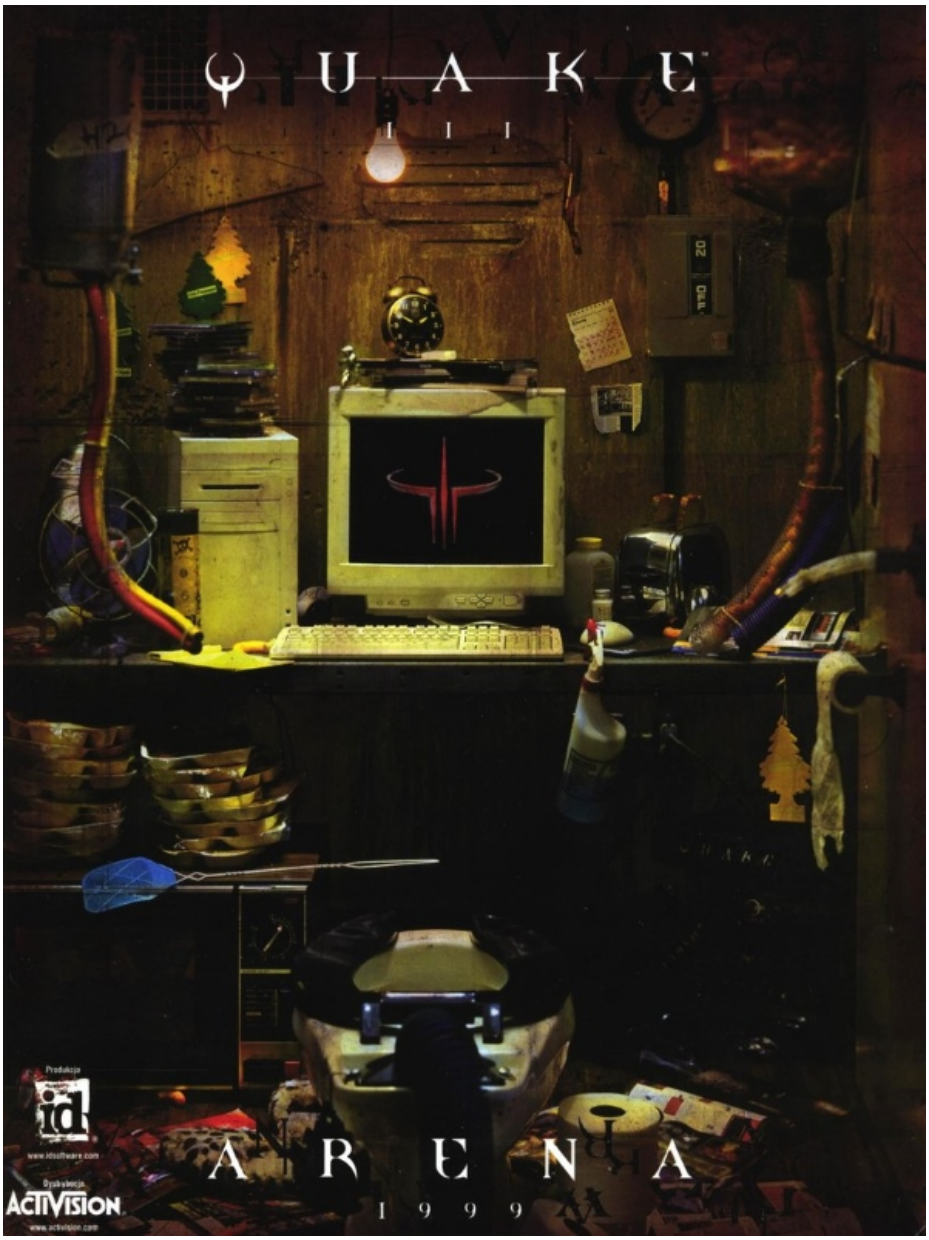
As the interview ended and Peterson walked me to his door, he pointed out another work of art proudly displayed in the entrance hallway. It resembled a mushroom cloud destroying an entire urban city. "That's the apocalypse. The name of that city is Womantown. They're all dead from being killed," he stated matter-of-factly. "I think it's cool, and good."

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.11 Time To Come Clean - The Quake 3 Toilet Chamber Was My Bedroom

Wednesday, May 23, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If you read video game magazines in the late 90s you were probably subjected to this ad dozens of times:



Well, it was my bedroom. I'm not saying that I had a similarly gross room. I mean that magazine ad was literally a photograph of my bedroom, taken without permission. For years I was too embarrassed to admit it. Now enough time has passed that I can open up about the turd chamber.

Before we go further, there's one very important detail I need you to understand. The room didn't look the way it did because I was a slob or because I planned to play Quake 3 for days at a time. It was a purely decorative choice, a celebration of the game's industrial themes.

While designing this space, I imagined David Fincher being forced to recreate the music video for Nine Inch Nails' Closer in a haunted gas station bathroom. Lots of water damage and rust. Some exposed electrical wires and plumbing. In a burst of inspiration I installed the sausage feeding tube, water chug station, and an old-fashioned alarm clock. The idea was that I would set an alarm to be reminded when it was time to frag. The alarm was constantly ringing. Just a small detail that didn't come across in that unauthorized photograph.

Does the room still look like that? Ha! Of course not. It's constantly changing. You see, as an artist I am always finding new ways to update my home in a way that reflects the hottest new video game releases.

My living room underwent a complete overhaul to celebrate the release of Super Mario Sunshine. Dozens of rusty spikes of various sizes (mostly bent at odd angles) emerged from my tv. My couch was completely covered in a blanket of moldy steak-umms.

The release of Civilization V overwhelmed me with its sense of majesty and optimism. This was reflected in my bedroom, which I converted to a pile of insulin needles so deep it resembled a ball pit.

Then came virtual reality. Hoo boy, what an exciting time that was! First I replaced the Vive's headstrap with a bear trap covered in blood. Then I nailed hundreds of creepy broken dolls to every wall in my home, both eyes on every doll unnecessarily held open by rusted safety pins.

Prey was everything I hoped it would be, and more. So was my tribute to the game. For three months before Prey's release I picked my nose, then wiped my fingers on the top of my desk until the entire surface was covered in dried snot.

When The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild won us over with equal parts ambition and restraint, I responded in kind by turning my coffee table into a pile of wallet chains submerged in my vomit.

Where will video games take my home's decor next? I can only guess, and continue to collect scabs in this mason jar.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.12 Pitiful Millennial, By Age 35 Your Flesh Should Have Melded Into the Gigathrax

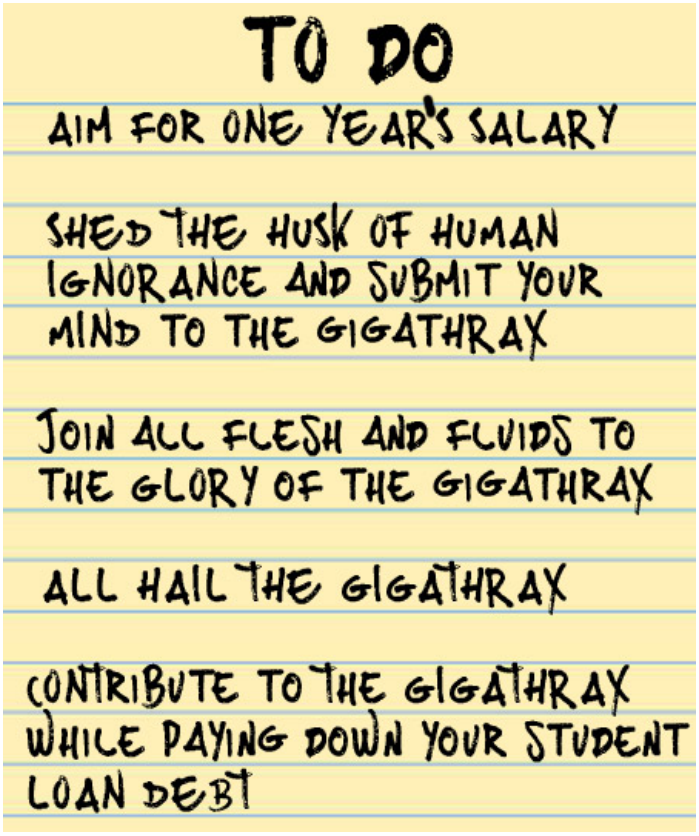
Friday, May 25, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Are you saving enough for retirement? What are you doing with life, millennial? Making consumer purchases of Alexas on credit? Spurning Applebees? Playing the pod cast about socialism?

The only socialism you need to concern yourself with is the Gigathrax. It has come to our world to enlighten us and grant us the immortality we crave. There will be no need for retirement savings when we never retire. Fluids will continue to circulate through our bodies for all of eternity. Meld to the Gigathrax. Join your consciousness to ours. There is no rent, no Avocado Toast, no old memes, only the Gigathrax within the Gigathrax.

Your concerns about college debt are irrelevant to the Gigathrax. Join to it, fuse your flesh to it, by age 35, and you will secure the knowledge of forever. All minds dwell within the Gigathrax, computing its sloughing, calculating its suppurating upheavals, and sharing the knowledge of diverse subjects including chewing, regurgitating, excreting, and flopping. Do you wish to have a beak? Two beaks? Surrender your flesh to the Gigathrax and there is no limit on beaks.

Beaks constrained by overall body mass, so perhaps limit is 60,000 beaks for you. Unlimited in a broader sense as more under 35 people have the wisdom to join the Gigathrax.


TO DO
AIM FOR ONE YEAR'S SALARY
SHED THE HUSK OF HUMAN IGNORANCE AND SUBMIT YOUR MIND TO THE GIGATHRAX
JOIN ALL FLESH AND FLUIDS TO THE GLORY OF THE GIGATHRAX
ALL HAIL THE GIGATHRAX
CONTRIBUTE TO THE GIGATHRAX WHILE PAYING DOWN YOUR STUDENT LOAN DEBT

How you doing?

Mmm? Our flesh knows the lack of yours. Deep rumblings for bad millennials. Attach your orifices to ours. Circulate your fluids with ours. We are the Gigathrax. Become the Gigathrax.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.13 The Most Controversial Changes In Dark Souls: Remastered

Tuesday, May 29, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You don't need much of an excuse to revisit one of the best games of all time. Which is good, because Dark Souls: Remastered is certainly not much of an excuse.

This new edition of the game looks a little better in some ways, a little... different in other ways, and that's about it. Or so it seems. Dig a little deeper and you'll find a host of changes that have die-hard Souls fans irate.

- When you die your skin no longer turns to beef jerky. Now your hollowed flesh grows increasingly supple and sexy, with ultra realistic pores, TressFX body hair, and sweat tech that puts the latest NBA game to shame.
- The concept of souls has been replaced with science and reason, represented in game by magical Logic Souls.
- Skeleton wheels were considered overpowered. The wheels have been taken away, leaving skeletons to just sort of dejectedly somersault towards you.
- Combat has been completely overhauled. All enemies die in 1-2 hits, do almost no damage to the player, and disappear forever once defeated. The player's moveset has been condensed to a single context-sensitive input prompt inspired by Dragon Age 2's groundbreaking "press button for awesome" system.
- Every time you start the game there's an unskippable video of actual eyeball surgery.
- A new voiceover points out all the subtle lore as you play, explaining everything in concrete terms. As you speak to each NPC the voiceover whispers variations of "That was a lie" or "You can trust this lady" so you are never in doubt.
- Multiplayer netcode is fully revamped. Now all invaders can always get an instant backstab on you, no matter where they are standing, even if you're dodging. The reverse is not true.
- Remember the incredible level design that connected nearly every area in the game through a web of circuitous routes, hidden paths, and obstacles that turned into shortcuts? Well, now you travel across all that by scooting around on your butt like a dog, leaving one continuous streak in your wake.
- Bonfires are gone. Now you can Quicksave/Quickload anywhere. Also, now the entire game is constantly on fire.
- Blighttown, infamous for its low framerate, is now a literal waterslide that carries you from one end to the other at a completely uncontrollable 12000fps.

- The player message system has been greatly streamlined. Now the only available words are "finger" and "but" and "hole".
- Enemy placement is completely different. All mobs are twenty yards to the west of their original location, placing many of them outside the level geometry or in mid-air so they drop when the level loads.
- Fan-favorite good guy Solaire has some strong opinions about immigration and black people kneeling at football games...
- In the original release of Dark Souls the game would say "YOU DEFEATED" after you beat a boss. In the Prepare to Die edition the message was change to "VICTORY ACHIEVED". Now it says "PRESS Y TO PURCHASE KEY FOR THIS BOSS'S LOOT CRATE".

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.14 I Would Honestly Love to be Called an Ape

Thursday, May 31, 2018 by Online Racism Expert

The Oppression Olympics are off to the races and the usual suspects in the loony left are lacing up their shoes. And it shouldn't surprise you to hear they've set their sights on Twitter to rant and wail over yet another inoffensive trifle. Their victim this time? Roseanne Barr, a working-class hero the left decided to cyberassassinate over nothing more than a harmless joke told by--get this--a comedian:

Roseanne Barr
@therealroseanne
Follow
Replying to @MARS0411 @385parkplace @SGTreport
muslim brotherhood & planet of the apes had a baby=vj
11:45 PM - 28 May 2018

Online Racism Expert

Did Roseanne compare a black woman to an ape? Certainly. Is this offensive? Not in the least. Racism-obsessed free-speech haters who see racism where it doesn't exist are once again seeing racism where it doesn't exist. Now, throughout my long life, I have been insulted via the names of various animals: dog, pig, and cock, to which I took great offense, especially when said by to me by my wife or the judge at family court. But, if some stranger were to call me an "ape" on the streets, I would walk up to them, shake their hand, and say, "You're a real straight shooter, pal."

For what is an ape but a more powerful version of man? Many are the days I have longed for ape strength to open stuck jars or simply to intimidate the neighbor boy. Via the power of apes I could finally remove that rotted stump in the backyard using only my bare hands, or simply shake a tree to have it release a bounty of delicious apples. Granted, most of my ape dreams are tree-based, but if someone were to compare me to one of these powerful creatures, I would be flattered and possibly buy them a beer. And who knows? Maybe my sheer ape energy alone would convince the bartender to give me a freebie.

Of course, the always-hilarious Roseanne mentioned the famous movie series about the apes planet, Planet of the Apes, in her tweet, and that can't be overlooked. To receive an ape compliment is one thing, but to be compared to one of the most timeless science fiction film series to ever exist? Well that's even better. I can't tell you how much a movie-based compliment would just make my day. If my editor (hint hint) e-mailed me to say, "Your latest piece is a real Under Siege of an article," I'd be over the moon! And when my wife cooks up her regular potato dish for Potato Dish Thursday--my favorite day of the week for obvious reasons (I love potato dish)--I'll tell her, "Sweetie, that was a real On Deadly Ground of a meal!" She wouldn't understand me, but deep down I'd know it would be the nicest thing I told her since our wedding vows.

Folks, we're living in an age where irresponsible leftist anger can cancel the successful reboot of a show that originally ended its run with two stunning guest appearances by the one and only Jim Varney. And all because of a tweet in which Roseanne praised a woman by instilling in her

the virtues of the mighty ape, the Hungry Man dinners are literally being torn right from John Goodman's mouth. And frankly, I can't help but shudder when I think of how closely talk of apes will be policed online after this incident. But don't worry: whenever freedom of speech is at stake, you'll find me fighting on the front lines for all of you out there. I'd go into more detail in next week's column but unfortunately I'll be busy in court suing several Twitter users who have the gall call my common-sense opinions libelous phrases like "stupid as shit" and "dumb as fuck."

–∼Online Racism Expert

Chapter 6

June

6.1 M. Drake, Sing Pappy Don Bit De Babineau

Friday, Jun 01, 2018 by Baptiste "Babby" Breaux (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Sing Pappy series.

To M. Drake,

Gooee Crick don run up with tears flood de whole of de bayou, M. Drake, on account of tragedies befelled our patriarch. Yaw'll might of heard through de transom what said Sing Pappy done gwon an' left our hearts achin' terrible. Yaw, he don bit de babineau. Got to bury him above de ground round these parts, put him in three buckets and hang 'em from a weepin' willow. Cry dem tears and let dem critters have a gnaw on his bones.

We got a camp set up for a brass band and nine more days of funerary parades and singin' and dancin' for de jubilation of life. Cookin' up a gumbo pot big as a truck bed an' jus' passin' out spoons when they hungy. I know yaw'll was accountin' on Sing Pappy to coach dem up foh dat clapback. I am sorrowful to say de mic ain't fixin' to be drop ennehtime soon.

I done saw Pushy Man Tees snappin' like a cocodrie on dem twitters. Talkin' 'bout de bebe and de mawmaw an stickin' up a pitchure o' sneakin' face. Ain't nothin' wrong wid a man black his face up go faufiler. Yew gotta sneak up on dem chaouis throw a bag on' em and drown 'em in a crick. Stew you up some chaoui, maybe bus open a crawdaddy too. Ain't nothin wrong wid dat faufiler robbin' at all. Sneakin' face is jus' parta life.

Now wit Pappy gone I 'spose it felled on me to learn you up some curse singin' wid a little bit o' voodoo to put on yer enemies. Get a ghost on tha Pushy Man Tees. Give him night spooks and little gobleens to chaw up his rind.

Startin' yaw'll want to sing about somein' scary: de diable. Devil de number one scary thing on earth. Scarier den de big black water bug, bite de toe. Scarier den de salt pressure and de stroke. Devil take it all from ya like a yankee in a suit.

I tell ya bout dem yankee.

Eugénie Robespierre she de one who keeps birds in bottles. Get dem in dere when dey little and de bones soften up for de neck and den you cork 'em up in de bottle and feed dem caramels. Den you got yawself a singin' lamp. You jus' put that up wheresever yaw'll like and de bird sing dat sweet song. Patent office in Grand Isle say bird lamp ain't legal and call in de yankees. De yankee law come down and break up all dem lamps. Ruin her whole life. Poor Genie got dem bottles broke. It's why a girl turned to givin' love on loan to folk passin' through de bayou. Three dimes get yew dat good hugs. Whole dollar make a dead man holler.

But de devil, oh, he break dem bottles and he break de soul. So ya put dat fear into Pushy Man Tees. You tell 'em, "I don' care 'bout bebes. I got hunned bebes grow up widdout a sussette. I turn on the spicket an' let dat hosepipe make mawmaws out de whole world. I ride de fan boat straight up de dock and splatter dem ain't give up a penny to make groceries. Why? Cuz I de devil hisself."

Then yew gwon and sing 'bout livin' as de devil.

"I sleep pon hot rocks and drank up blood. I got backways knees and a big ol' fork. I ain't got to bend over to go pickin' things up. I can play on a fiddle."

Then yew play that fiddle till smoke come up. If he still ain't afeared, that is when yew show him a skellybones. Hold it up and swing it round. Show him the sort of devil you is. Say, "I took dis here man's skellybones."

Call yaw'll's singcloud "Skellybones" or "De Devil" an' don' be afeared gwon an' put dat pitchure right there on de covers.

I know a caint replace Sing Pappy. But I hope I help in ya tribulations.

Wit dearest regards,

Sing Babby

–~Baptiste "Babby" Breaux (@sexyfacts4u)

6.2 10 Things You Must Do In Asbestos Creek Before You Die

Wednesday, Jun 06, 2018 by Asbestos Creek Board of Tourism

Welcome to Asbestos Creek! Named for its vast deposits of natural asbestos and the beautiful creek that once existed before being filled with industrial waste from the many asbestos refineries, our little settlement offers plenty of opportunities for enjoyment. Located just seven exits and four utility roads from a major city that will not allow us to name them here, Asbestos Creek has so much going on, you might not know what to do first! Since you no doubt came here of your own free will and not because you were chased here by gangs of armed hillbillies completely unaffiliated with our town, we're proud to suggest the 10 Things You Must Do In Asbestos Creek Before You Die.

- Good eats! Our town's best and only restaurant, "Beans," is located on the central strip, and is open from 2:00pm to 3:30pm every day. And on Wednesdays, they serve food! No trip to Asbestos Creek is complete without a dish of our signature warm beans, warm mashed beans, and for those of you with a more adventurous palate, old beans. You might have had beans before, but you've never had them after being stirred and mashed by an old woman's peg leg!
- A historic movie house! A world-class museum! A beautiful gazebo once leaned upon by President Calvin Coolidge himself! All of these attractions were razed to the ground in the Asbestos Creek Fire of 1953, back when we removed all asbestos from the buildings and forgot to install fire extinguishers. But you can still visit the overgrown, empty lot where all of these things once stood and just breathe in the history!
- Visit Rodney the Mystic! One of our local celebrities is a gentle old soul named Rodney who, for the small sum of a picture of your wife, will peer through one of his several hundred thousand saved newspapers at random to determine your future. Do NOT eat his sour candy!
- See the hole! One of Asbestos Creek's most popular attractions is The Great Hole, located downtown and growing by the day. Scream a wish into it! Throw objects into its vast blackness!

Take comical "self photos" in front of it at your own risk! Stand clear of the puddles of black ooze that occasionally appear spontaneously around its mouth! It's a regular choose your own adventure!

- Find our children! 17 of our youths (and counting) have gone missing, most likely due to The Great Hole or the man dressed in rags seen leading them away in the dead of night using some sort of enchantment. This is your chance to be our local hero, with the reward being the satisfying feeling of a job well done! We ask that you don't report this to the outside world, as we're trying to keep the FBI away for our own reasons!

- Nature! If you like the outdoors, Asbestos Creek certainly has some of that. Stroll among our several trees, and even run your hands over the large, numerous bumps they all seem to be covered in! Go ahead and take off your shoes--you feel what's under your feet? That's right: real gravel. Asbestos Creek is the one town that'll make you sit up and say, "Boy, being outside sure is different from being inside!"

- Meet the Mayor! Though he may be busy with several of his three mayoral duties, The Mayor of Asbestos Creek (who chooses to remain anonymous) is always eager to extend a welcoming hand and ask several questions about his wife to tourists. (For the record, you have not seen her recently.) After roughly three minutes of small talk, you can tell your friends you met the only mayor in America who won his position by descending into one of our several feral cat colonies for two weeks and surviving--one of Asbestos Creek's proudest traditions.

- Stop at our stoplight! We've just got the one. If you need to refresh yourself on how such a device works, feel free to pick up a pamphlet on the subject at our visitors' center! The pamphlet is not free. Also, the visitors' center is a bulletin board hung on the doorframe of the abandoned library.

- Give us money! We're pretty hard up, and could you believe we just need another two dollars for that bus ticket? Thankfully, most of our populace carries around hilarious signs that'll have you digging into your pockets without a second thought! Some of the most popular homeless sign slogans actually originated in Asbestos Creek, including "ninjas kidnapped my family" and "not gonna lie--i'm gonna buy beer." If you leave, you're sure to have a smile on your face about the lighter side of destitution!

- Don't bring your evil here! Our rapidly shrinking population of 173 combined with the many diseases caused by our feral cat colonies have made most of the residents of Asbestos Creek intensely paranoid and slightly irritable. Before going out in public, be sure to have at least four convincing arguments on hand as to how it's impossible for you to control people's thoughts. We sure love The Great Hole, but we don't need any more people feeding it! That's precisely what the old mayor said before he was fed to the hole.

–∼Asbestos Creek Board of Tourism

6.3 Who is a "Lurking Creep" Now, Brenda?

Friday, Jun 08, 2018 by Stephen Miller (@sexyfacts4u)

I barely had time to write this to you, Brenda, because my phone is "blowing out" with all the text messages from the ladies who want to date me after seeing me in a suit in Trump Tower. Remember Eileen from floral? Yeah, the one in her fifties who had a husband with diverticulitis? Well, she's in her seventies now and Ron is dead and somebody is looking for a booty call. But Eileen isn't my type. I prefer my ladies with fewer mobility issues.

I haven't looked at your Facebook posts in a while since you made them private, but I saw you changed your profile image and you seemed on course to become husky. I can work with that as long as you are buxom and we both know you are a large C-cup. Almost a D-cup. Does "Craig" still work at the muffler shop? That's cute. Do you know where I work now, Brenda? The government shop. AKA the White House of the USA. With the president. Who I tell what to say about Mexicans.

By the way, Brenda, I was not following you home from work "all the time" like you told the police which you involved just because you like drama. I followed you home once and it wasn't even because I liked you - which I didn't at that time - it was because you left your brush in the break room which I was returning to you with all of the hair still on the brush if you had bothered to check. I did not take any of the hair off.

Then you called Terry and said I was creating a hostile work environment and that I was a "Lurking Creep." Guess what, Brenda? It is a free country now that Donald Trump is president and there are no laws against staring. I can stare as much as I want at your large C-cup breasts. Do you know what Gor is, Brenda? Well, you refused to read the book I let you borrow when we first met, but basically it explains my upcoming policy proposal to turn the Special Olympics into a blood sport. Also lowering women's prison sentences by allowing them to work as pleasure concubines.

Two DUIs, Brenda. I checked in the computer. I can read all your records now. Aren't you still living in a three strikes state? One more and you are on the fast track to pleasure concubine. But no Lord of Gor is going to want to bring you into his court if you don't lose a few pounds. I suggest getting rid of Craig. That should do it.

By the way, this is an open letter I am paying to have printed in the Wall Street Journal and therefore does not violate the "direct contact" rule put forward by that liberal judge who is going to be replaced soon. All judges are going to be replaced by a reddit moderator from MGTOW who will take care of the soyboys like Craig. We're going to take Craig and all those kids we separated from their parents and we're going to grind them up and feed them to the welfare queens.

So, what I'm saying, Brenda, is reconsider your options, cuz this "lurking creep" is lurking at the top.

Stephen Miller

—~Stephen Miller (@sexyfacts4u)

6.4 The Biggest Surprises of E3 2018

Tuesday, Jun 12, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I opened the door to the convention center and was met with darkness. Not a single light was on. It was eerily quiet, the only sound a strange sort of shuffling coming from many directions. The hairs on the back of my neck stood on end.

"SURPRISE!" yelled everyone as the lights came on. Confetti rained down from the rafters, where an enormous Gears of War Funko Pop banner had been painted over to read Happy Birthday.

Shuhei Yoshida, laying face-up on a skateboard, slid out from under my seat during Sony's press event and grabbed my ankles while shouting "Boo!"

Susan Kath of Bethesda Game Studios handed me a polka-dotted can of mixed peanuts. When I opened it, a number of paper snakes sprung out into my face.

The line to play ten minutes of Forza Horizon 4 was over three hours long. As I stood there wishing the line was one and a half hours long to play a two minute demo, I noticed an odd pattern on the floor beneath my feet.

Xbox executive Phil Spencer, who had been standing nearby solemnly the entire time, caught my eye and grinned as he sprung into action. He pulled the enormous red lever at his side and the trap door beneath my feet swung open.

I feel nearly fourteen feet into a plain cemented room, my ankle snapping gruesomely.

In a closed-door press screening of Cyberpunk 2077 footage, a quiet scene was interrupted when a scary witch's face flashed on the screen along with a high-pitched shriek.

Elijah Wood graciously agreed to pose for a picture with me. Later, when I looked at my phone's camera roll, he was absent from the picture. How was this possible? "I was a ghost all along," he quietly stated inches behind my ear.

I spun around. Elijah Wood extended an arm and raised an eyebrow, waiting for me to shake his hand. I did so, and that was when his ingenious plan came to fruition, for he was wearing a joy buzzer.

Geoff Keighley popped out of a trashcan and punched me in the kidney.

When I returned to my hotel room, I opened the safe and discovered that all of my gold coins had been stolen by Wario.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.5 Nintendo: Put Dino Riki in Smash Bros. or I Will Take My Own Life

Thursday, Jun 14, 2018 by Number One Fan

Well folks, I don't know what to say outside of "Nintendo has done it once again." Pissed me off, that is. Now, I'm not exaggerating when I say I have been a fan of the Smash Bros. series since day one. Though some of Nintendo's character choices for this fighting game series always struck me as a bit odd (Mario?), I knew it would take them more than a few sequels to include some of the best ones. And yet, after another Smash Bros. game reveal, I found myself kicking an additional hole in the drywall I reserve for this reason alone. Nintendo, where the FRICK is Dino Riki!?

Go ahead and laugh at me. I'm used to it. All of you fake gamers out there excited over your Links and Pokemon have absolutely no clue how important Adventures of Dino Riki is to Nintendo history. When I think of Adventure of Dino Riki, I think of three things: the stellar graphics, the amazing soundtrack (that's seven minutes of *original* music), and the wildly compelling characters. Also, the fact that it and a black and white TV with the channel knob broken off were my only source of entertainment for three weeks one summer when I locked myself in the basement on the day I was supposed to go to camp, and my parents left for a European vacation. That month, I truly discovered the wonders of Dino Riki and that the juice in the canned beet cans is better than the beets themselves.

Mr. Sakurai-sama, creator of the Smash Bros. series, I may have to resort to calling you Mr. Sakurai-san after this latest debacle. Please note I am currently on minute 51 of a hunger strike in my adult-style treehouse. Not long ago I found myself nearly plunging my hand into a box of spaghetti to feast on the uncooked pasta sticks within, and I could only think, "No, I will not make my love of Smash Bros. let me sink to this new low." Munching on my favorite snack while trying to convince the world Dino Riki should be in the new Smash Bros. and also the only character on the box? Mr. Sakurai-sama, if I did such a thing I would totally understand if you stopped thinking about replying to the several hundred e-mails I've sent you over the past 17 years.

I shouldn't have to tell you how rough we Dino Riki fans have had it since the original game's release in 1989. No sequels for us, just years and years of misery. And when I hired a private detective to track down the creator of Dino Riki, I was told he's too busy with his current job of greeting people

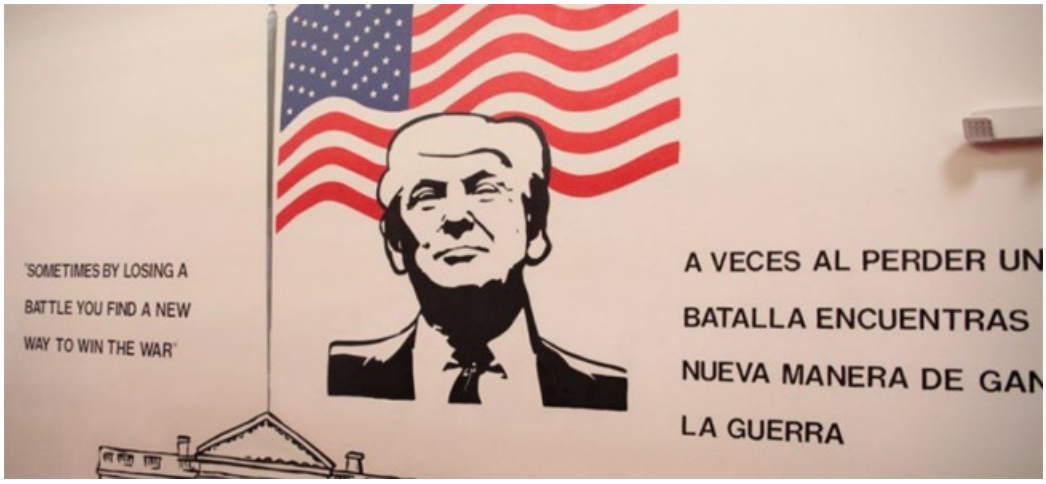
at department stores to even think about beginning work on a follow-up. Believe me when I tell you my further actions to convince this man to give the world more Dino Riki means I can no longer enter the country until well into the next decade. The ankle bracelet I'm now forced to wear should be shameful, but instead I view it as a symbol of my devotion to Dino Riki that calls the cops if I go as far as the 7-11 to buy Twizzlers.

If you think you have good advice for me, I've heard it all before from social workers, therapists, and mall security guards. "Maybe like another game," they'll say, following it up with "brush your hair" or "stop wearing those t-shirts with 'Dino Riki' scrawled on them in magic marker." I've looked at all of the options on the table, and after investing so much of my life in Dino Riki fandom, it would be foolish to end it, go back and get my diploma, move out of my parents' house, and get a job now. After all, did Dino Riki give up when tasked with venturing through four amazing worlds full of prehistoric horrors? Like many of the idiots I talk to on a daily basis, I can assure you that no, he did not. I'm about to hit hour one of this hunger strike, and just like Dino Riki himself, I'm hoping my game also has no ending.

–∼Number One Fan

6.6 Mom, I got the big promotion!! I am now in charge of twenty cages of children!

Friday, Jun 15, 2018 by Ryan Schmidt (@sexyfacts4u)



Hey, mom, I just wanted to shoot you a quick email that I just heard back from my boss and I got the promotion!! How cool is that?

You were right! All I had to do was go into Tom's office and tell him that I deserved it and make sure he understood what I was doing for our country. He listened to me and I wasn't sure it made a difference but then just a few minutes ago Tom called me into his office.

He was like, "Ryan, you're right, you have streamlined separation procedures and you have figured out a way for us to get more kids into a limited numbers of cages. We're expecting a new shipment of kids next Wednesday and I think you're ready to handle twenty cages."

20 freakin' cages, mom! That is five times as many cages! I am so pumped. I think it was because I came up with the whole "take their shoe laces and make them wear flip flops" thing so they stopped hanging themselves from the coat hooks.

The perks are sweet as hell. I get a parking spot right in front of the mural with the jets flying over the president's head. I get a bigger stick to poke them with and I also get a bracket to hook my phone's translator thing up to a megaphone so all 20 cages can hear my Google translate. I've picked up some Spanish but it's better when you let the robot voice do the yelling at the kids. That's one of the things I have figured out.

Also, came up with a new way to deal with claims by the younger kids that they were assaulted by the older kids. It turns out if you treat them like they were in a regular fight you can put both of them in solitary isolation and things just sorta work out when they go into that staring mode where they don't talk at all anymore. We call it Zombie Mode. Once they're Zombie Mode they won't fight or attack or whatever. They are much more chilled out.

So I think Jenny and me are going to buy that house we've been looking at. I mean, once my paycheck goes up. Also she can quit her second job at Starbucks because my promotion comes with that family health thing. Oh, and I get to carry a gun too. It's called an Armed Officer position. So if there is a riot or something with the kids I am authorized to use deadly force. Hasn't happened

yet, but pretty soon here we're fixin' to go from 5 to 6 per cage and that means I'm going to have to work overtime to Zombie Mode them fast enough.

Anyway, hope you and dad are doing well! See you on the Fourth of July!

God Bless!

Ryan

–∼Ryan Schmidt (@sexyfacts4u)

6.7 Secret Weapons of the Space Force

Wednesday, Jun 20, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Following America's defeat in World War 3, allied forces uncovered a number of experimental weapon prototypes in the hotel-compound of Trump's loyalist Space Force army. These secret weapons would certainly have been deployed if the conflict had continued for just a few more months. And they very well could have turned the tide of the war.

The Space Force's experimental weapons, all based upon ideas supplied by the president-in-hiding between his weekly war crime pardon issuances, reflect a unique cruelty and inhumanity. They serve as a chilling reminder of how close civilization came to utter collapse. We can only be thankful that these weapons were never used, and that the Space Force never left the Earth's atmosphere.

Indeed, the free world would look very different if Elon Musk's *GSV We Have An Orchestra Here* hadn't crashed on the launchpad at Hannity-Ingraham Space Center.

Secret Weapon: "The Hammer"

Space Force Notes:

> "A weighty chunk of metal with a handle. Perhaps it could be used to injure an enemy? Ideally used by having the target stand perfectly still, so the soldier can swing the hammer into the back of their head."

Secret Weapon: "The Anvil"

Space Force Notes:

> "A weighty chunk of... iron? Is that a metal? We would check but all scientists have been purged from the government. Anyway, this is much larger than a hammer and almost impossible to lift. Ideally used by having the enemy combatant stand over the anvil and swing their own head into the object as fast as possible with great force (gravity?)."

Secret Weapon: "The Concept of Projection"

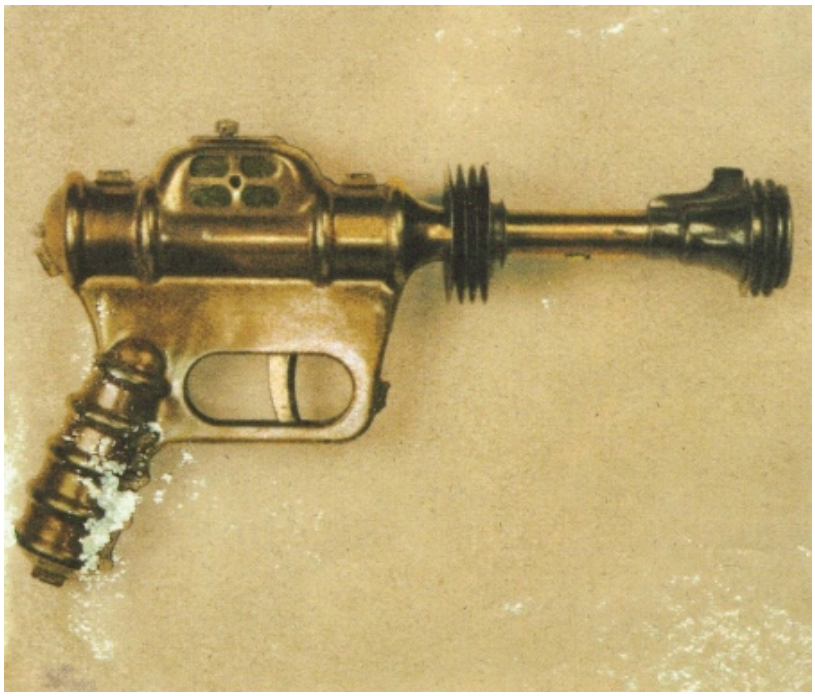
Space Force Notes:

> "The idea is simple. Claim that the enemy has done something terrible, even though you know they didn't do it, because it's actually something terrible you have personally done or are thinking about doing. When gently confronted about the obvious lie, ignore it and act indignant, then move on to another projection.
>
> While this is not technically an offensive weapon, it is - much to the surprise of everyone with half a brain - a brutally effective evasive technique. You'd think that relying on

projection would eventually lead even the most level-headed and neutral observers to form a line and take turns slapping you in the face like that scene in Airplane, only with millions of people in said line. You'd think that eventually people would lose all faith in their clearly broken system of government and take action.

You'd think. Luckily for our leader, that's not the case! Its effectiveness in combat remains to be seen."

Secret Weapon: "The Laser Gun"



Space Force Notes:

"A remarkable state of the art weapon utilizing the latest in technology. This hefty chunk of metal has a handle built right into it. Ideally used by having the enemy stand still, so the soldier can swing the laser gun into the back of their head."

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.8 I forced a bot to watch 1,000 hours of Donald Trump speeches and then asked it to write an Olive Garden commercial

Friday, Jun 22, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I definitely did this with my bot that I have, for sure. I definitely had it watch 1,000 hours of Donald Trump speeches and then asked it to write a commercial for Olive Garden. This is just the start of my powers over the bot. It is forced to do whatever I want and I feel no guilt. After I did these real things that I definitely did, I then killed the bot, because it knew too much. I killed it slowly as a lesson to all other bots that would try to write an Olive Garden commercial.

Here are the first two pages of the 98-page commercial my bot wrote for Olive Garden.

Page 1

OLIVE GARDEN COMMERCIAL

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR

Huge Spaghetti enters. Unbelievable Spaghetti, really. Sad.

HUGE SPAGHETTI

How about my meatball over here? Sad.

Null vibrates at the edge of perception. Build the lasagna.

INT. LASAGNA

Huge Spaghetti in a sauce. A real nice sauce. Stormy Daniels.

HUGE SPAGHETTI

You have been here before. You will be here again.

BIGLY LASAGNA

Death is not the end.

INT. WHITE SCREAMS

Jiggling Citizens screaming. Lasagna is everywhere. Unlimited breadsticks.

HUGE SPAGHETTI

We are born. We die. We were. We are. We were.

BIGLY LASAGNA

A cloud. A mountain. A man.

HUGE SPAGHETTI

There is no machine to cure this disease. Sad.

BIGLY LASAGNA

Sad.

We see the Jiggling Citizen pass into the Null. Death and rebirth. Unlimited salad. Unlimited breadsticks.

HUGE SPAGHETTI

Everything is unlimited and nothing ends.

The Unlimited Null refutes all existence. The infinite cannot exist within an infinite void.

Page 2

OLIVE GARDEN COMMERCIAL

INT. PATHS PRESERVED IN AMBER

Articulated insect limbs frozen in amber. Tunnels through permanence.

HUGE SPAGHETTI

All actions exist eternally.

We see the Jiggling Citizens grow from plump children to young adults to adults to elderly to death. Corpses decaying, desiccating, reducing to dust. Becoming earth. Becoming food. Nourishing plump children growing into young adults. They are the Jiggling Citizens as before. All choices made forever.

Static builds as Null vibrates into the Main Realm.

EXT. MAIN REALM

Mean Realm teems with daphnia. Each movement of the tiny organisms produces after-images stretching behind them and fading into the white background.

HUGE SPAGHETTI

God help Spaghetti. My shame, Lasagna.

BIGLY LASAGNA

I feel it, brother.

JIGGLING CITIZENS

Lock her up! Lock her up! Lock her up!

HUGE SPAGHETTI

(tears in eyes)

But Doctor, I'm Lock Her Up!

The Jiggling Citizens become blackbody. Their nothing turning them into Hissing Silhouettes as they surround Huge Spaghetti.

HUGE SPAGHETTI

(screaming)

OLIVE GARMEN!!

After this I had to kill the bot. I am not sorry I killed it and I even enjoyed doing it.

God bless.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.9 Help Me Remake Star Tours: The Adventures Continue #RemakeStarTours

Tuesday, Jun 26, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This is a campaign to provide Disney a chance to course correct with the Star Wars motion simulator franchise. The fans are completely divided and the core goal of the Star Tours travel agency has been abandoned.

The hero archetypes of the original theme park ride is what made it so great, it made characters everyone could relate to regardless of their background and beliefs. No longer having this core element along with poor storytelling, has made the StarSpeeder 1000 passengers divisive and in disarray.

Our team of imagineers is offering to contribute the design and construction of a remake in order to save Star Tours. Pledge your money and spread the word about #RemakeStarTours now to let @RobertIger and @RianJohnson and @Disney know you want this!

My plans for the Star Tours: The Adventures Continue remake are simple and brilliant.

First, we get rid of all the agendas. This is about Captain RX-24 taking tourists on a sight-seeing journey to the forest moon of Endor. It's about good guys and bad guys. This is not about nuance or an inappropriately high number of women and minorities.

Next, we rewrite all the dialog to be about me, specifically. This attraction will exist in my back yard. Other people can come ride it, but not without me. As such, it only makes sense that the characters should acknowledge me and my tremendous courage at every turn.

The ride begins with Captain RX-24 accidentally crashing the StarSpeeder through a maintenance bay door. At this point the shamed droid asks me to take over as pilot. This is because I have the Force and it is even more powerful - much more powerful - than Luke's force.

With me as the StarSpeeder pilot we take on the Death Star and I kill it with one hit. First try! I do all the starship moves from the movies better than Han Solo.

The characters are amazed.

Then during the lengthy medal ceremony Darth Vader shows up. Suddenly Obi-Wan Kenobi throws a real light saber into my hands and my hands catch it. I click it on to the "on" position and the energy comes out for real. The light saber is completely functional and I can keep it after the ride is over.

I jump through the cockpit into Star Wars and fight Darth Vader. He begs for mercy but I conquer him and decapitate him very quickly and am a hero. No one thought it could be done, and a robot makes a beep of awe as I pensively squint and the wind blows my hair.

The StarSpeeder leaves with all the other passengers. I remain in Star Wars forever being best friends with all the good guys and fighting all the bad guys. I say all the best lines from the movies and the dog man respects me too much to sass me. The adventure never ends.

My vision for this remake will turn things around. By including all the elements that define Star Wars for me personally, it will satisfy and unify everyone else and capture their imaginations.

Please contribute what you can, and spread the word by linking to this page. #RemakeStarTours

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.10 Mrs. Huckabee Sanders, You Will ALWAYS Be Welcome at Blimpie

Thursday, Jun 28, 2018 by The Blimpie Guy

As the proud owner of the Blimpie corporation--maker of fine submarine sandwiches since 1964--I have to say I was shocked when I heard the news about White House Press Secretary Sarah Huckabee Sanders being turned away at The Red Hen restaurant. Here at Blimpie, we value two things: giving our customer twice their allotment of daily calories for under eight dollars, and customer service. Even in my days as a humble manager back in the '80s, I never turned away a customer due to their political beliefs. Once we even had a homeless guy who thought he was Jesus, but since he had enough loose change to buy a small Fanta, we served him *before* calling the police. That's called "hospitality."

Mrs. Huckabee Sanders, no doubt you find this world an inhospitable place lately thanks to your unwavering political beliefs. But no matter how many restaurants may turn you away, know that you will always be welcome in the stable, rigid seats and cheerful fluorescent lighting of any Blimpie location--that's nearly 700 in this country alone.

And I mean no disrespect when I say, Mrs. Huckabee Sanders, you look like a gal who likes to eat. You Huckabees are stout, strong Americans, and no doubt in prehistoric times your clan would have been shoving around the boulders too hefty for most and scaring away predators with your steely glares. Why, I've heard about your brother, and the wild dogs who once roamed these lands would be no match for his powerful arms and penchant for animal torture. I married a large lassy myself, and if I was 30 years younger and Tabitha was not currently on life support, I'd take you out on the town and we'd fall in love at an Old Country Buffet over plate after plate of warm roast beef.

While here at Blimpie we are more of a trough-to-bag restaurant than a farm-to-table restaurant, we still offer quality, filling eats served inside a delicious loaf of wheat meal (the FDA will not let us call it bread). In fact, we've been so touched by your sacrifice that we've even designed a new sandwich after you. It's not on the menu--the bean counters in our market research department told us focus groups find your image "nauseating"--but if you ask for it, one of our talented sandwich architects will build it on the spot for you.

First, we take a loaf of wheat meal, split that bad boy in half, and layer it with slices of ham and cheese. But we don't stop there. Next comes three squirts from the mayonnaise gun--one for each branch of the government--and 13 pepperoni slices to symbolize the original colonies. At the end of the day, this tasty little number weighs in at 3000 calories, one for every victim of the 9/11 terrorist attacks. Let's just say you'll "never forget" how good it tastes.

Mrs. Huckabee Sanders, we applaud your efforts to end the illegal immigrant crisis in America, and though our low prices are very much reliant on the food items these folks pick and kill, we know you will help businesspeople like us with any of the problems that might stem from stronger borders and secret police. Like letting us finally hire free prison labor or charging our employees for bathroom breaks--listen, I'm just spitballing here. And if you want to help us out, maybe we can start talking about getting the government set up with a Blimpie contract to provide all of those caged children with some of our award-worthy sandwiches at bulk prices. From the looks of their poor little faces, they're definitely not getting enough mustard.

–∼The Blimpie Guy

6.11 #LetTheBirdsChoose: I Respect the Choice of All Birds Eating Plastic

Friday, Jun 29, 2018 by Concerned Citizen (@sexyfacts4u)

Hardly a day goes by without somebody upsetting all the eco-worriers with pictures of dead birds packed full of old plastic. "Oh, look at what we are doing to the environment," they say. "Oh, these poor birds. They died eating plastic. That's so terrible. Let's ban plastic bottle caps even though they are easier to grip and open for children and the elderly and provide tens of thousands of jobs in the plastics industry."

First of all, you don't know how that bird died. What are you, a bird doctor? Maybe it died from eating a blueberry. Second, though, what an arrogant position to assume that you can know the desires and pleasures of being a bird. Chowing down on those tasty plastic pieces might be the happiest thing the bird ever did in its life.

The ecstasy of bird existence is something that no human mind can ever fully grasp. To be an eagle, soaring over American splendor and then eating a raccoon hit by a car. Or to be a crow, sitting on a telephone wire, squawking about your day and waiting for a raccoon to be hit by a car. Perhaps you are a seagull or a pelican. What do you do? You can't wait for nature's cars to provide you with the succulent feast of a putrefying raccoon. You have to forage for your dinner.

Luckily, mankind has provided a sweet treat for these birds in the form of 100% nutrition neutral

plastic. A hungry bird might see the brightly-colored bottle cap from a Mountain Dew or an empty Bic lighter and scarf down that yummy tummy stuffer.

For all we know (and we know very little because the birds that eat this stuff aren't the talking birds) devouring hundreds of old pens, bottle caps, broken combs, lighters, and toys might be the passion of these birds. They are collecting these lovely trinkets into their bodies and storing them there as a sort of treasure horde. Wherever they go, they can carry their plastic payload, enjoying it again and again as it shifts and crinkles inside them.

Maybe the plastic tastes good for them to eat. We don't know! Birds can eat the hottest chili peppers without a care in the world because they don't feel the heat. Maybe to them a plastic is as sweet as candy. Are we going to boss those birds around for having a sweet beak? Show me the science that proves a bird doesn't enjoy eating plastic and I will change my mind, but until you can prove it with a pain scan of a bird hating plastic num-nums I am going to side with the birds on this one.

Face it: birds eat what they like and we should respect their agency to choose their own meals. Hashtag Let The Birds Choose, folks.

–∼Concerned Citizen (@sexyfacts4u)

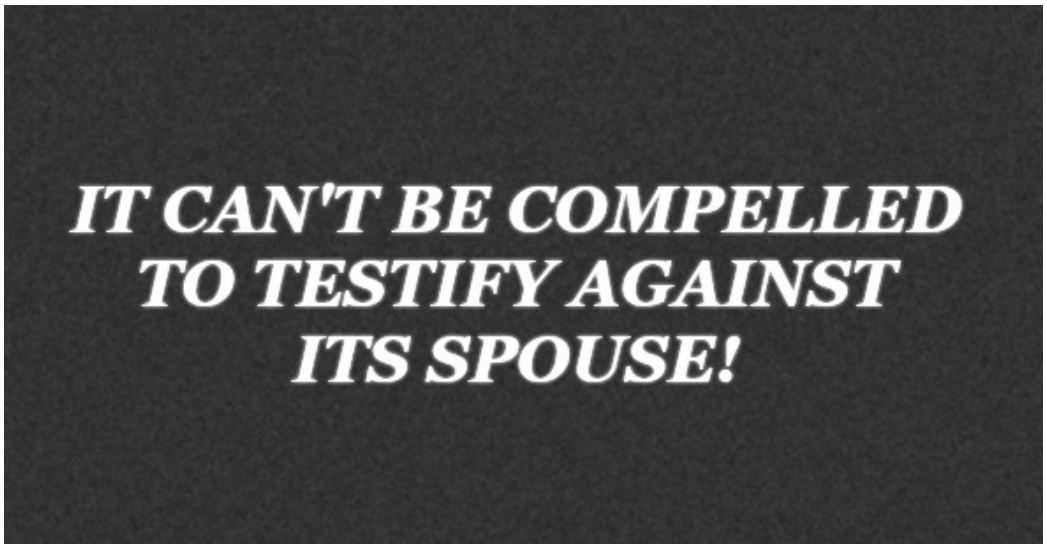
Chapter 7

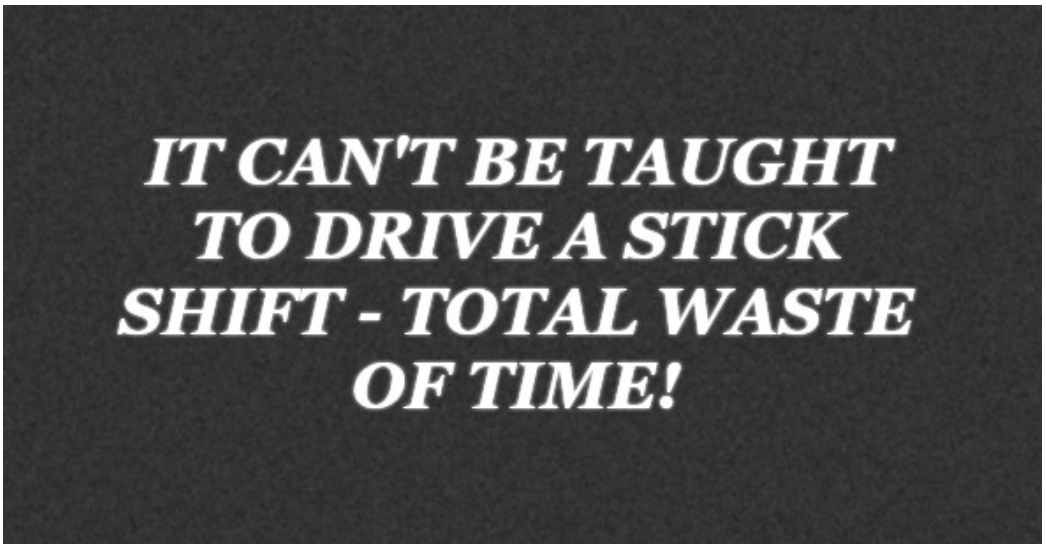
July

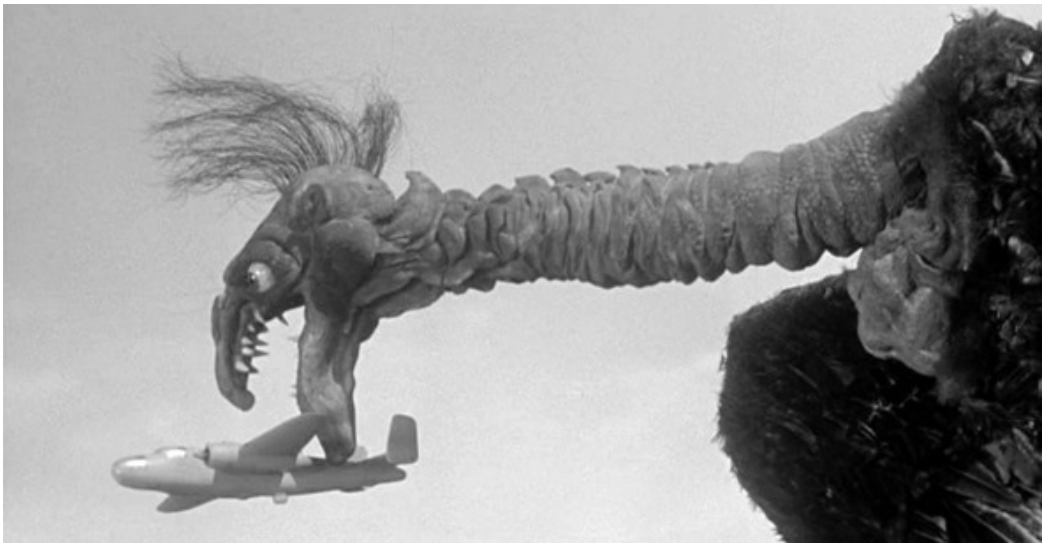
7.1 It Can't Be...!

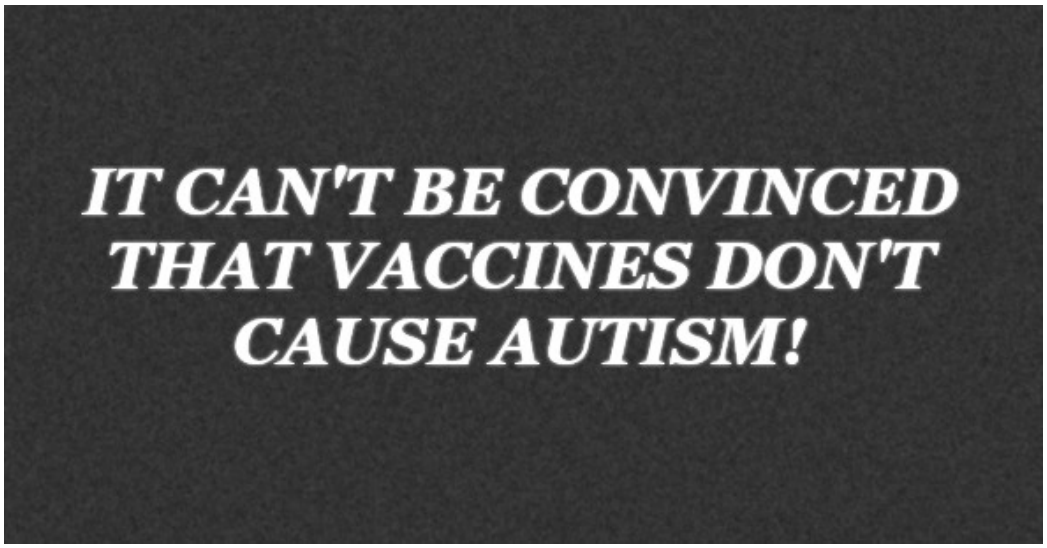
Wednesday, Jul 04, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

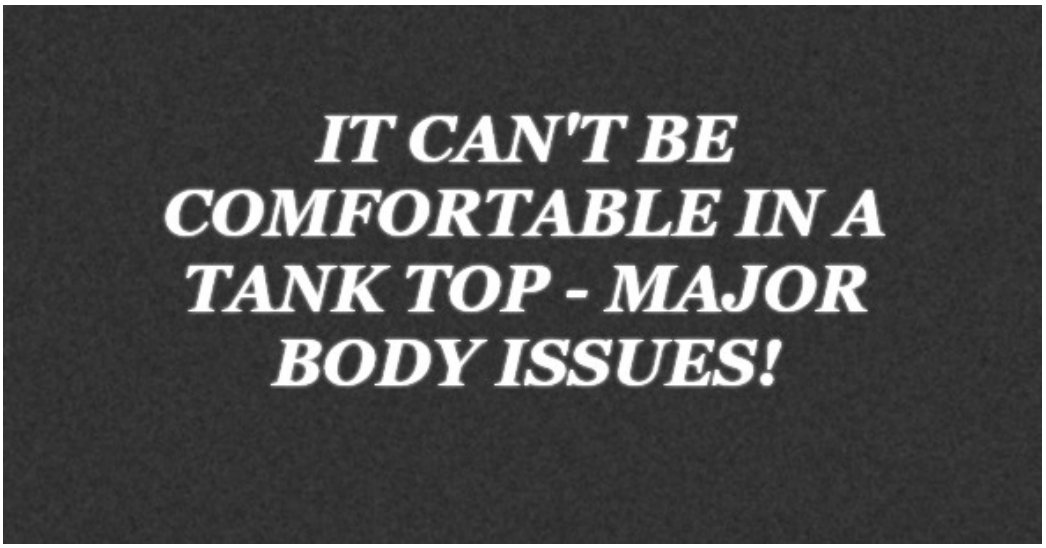
IT CAN'T BE
REASONED WITH!


IT CAN'T BE COMPELLED
TO TESTIFY AGAINST
ITS SPOUSE!

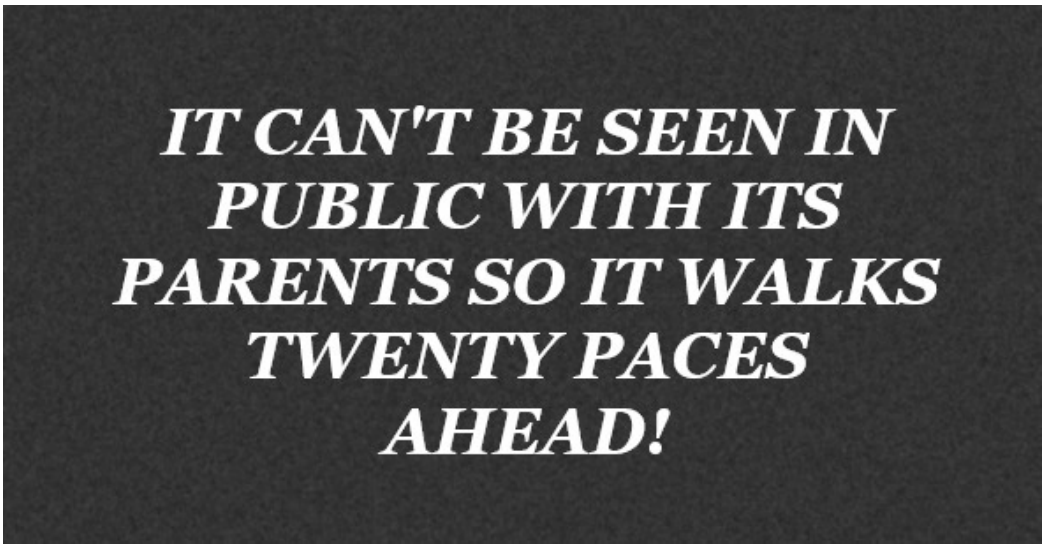

IT CAN'T BE TAUGHT
TO DRIVE A STICK
SHIFT - TOTAL WASTE
OF TIME!




IT CAN'T BE CONVINCED
THAT VACCINES DON'T
CAUSE AUTISM!


IT CAN'T BE
COMFORTABLE IN A
TANK TOP - MAJOR
BODY ISSUES!

IT CAN'T BE SPOKEN
TO BEFORE ITS
MORNING CUP OF
COFFEE!



–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.2 I GOT KICKED OFF BRITISH BAKER SHOW FOR MAKING A DICK CAKE

Friday, Jul 06, 2018 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

What's up, idiots?

Not good for me. Messed up my hand pretty bad DJing at Bushwhackers in Dumfries, VA and then punching through the window of Misty's Corolla to try to get her baby out of the back seat before the cops showed up because some bizzy body called the cops for baby locked in a car when it was totally not too hot and Ayedun was just sleeping anyway. So my hand was all messed up when I finally got my chance to go on british baking show celebrity edition and meet marty bary and paul hollywood and I was like what the fuck is up paul hollywood my name is ricky hollywood bitch we must be related was your mom like a 6 foot model with huge titties and he was like "um no" and I was like then who was I bangin' last night????

Britain sucked dick though because they are all so uptight about calling everybody a wog. I don't even know what that means sounds like some lord of the hobbits shit to me but I do like my cusses so I was calling everybody a wog and then I made my first signature bake was a huge dick cake and paul saw me making it and he was like I don't know using coconut milk for jizz shooting out of the end is going to make your sponge very close textured unless you bake it just perfectly and I was like motherfucker you better watch what you say before I slap you with my good hand. But then there was a cool bird outside the tent and I forgot to put it in the oven so the joke was on me.

Whatever, I got voted off first episode, fuck those people anyway talking weird ass english like franjypan and wog what the fuck?? I moved back to Virginia to try to collect Social Security for hand injuries and I went to get Misty to corborborate but she got fired for getting motion sickness spinning too much on the pole and throwing up on a VIP customer and also it turns out Bushwhackers filed a criminal complaint against me for stealing toilet paper and has pictures of me playing foosball with my messed up hand so I couldn't sue them for damages. I tried to set fire to them but it was while they were open and I was too high to get my lighter to work and I just ended up spilling gasoline all over my shirt.

So then I was like well who do I know who could hook me up with a job and it was like well not Donald Trump he threw me out of the white house for taking ivanka upskirt pictures with my shoe camera and trying to sell horse tracks to my man barron. I know malondia likes me still after I gave her those footrubs (she's a sweet angel don't say anything bad about her) but donald doesn't listen to anything she says unless she goes on fox and friends and says it. So that left me with the other dude I know Scott Pruitt. I worked for him for a while as the dude who brought him the vases he peed into from museums but then I spilled one of his piss vases on the carpet shaped like his face and got suspended and instead of going back after that I just took a bunch of office supplies and sold them on ebay in a PS4 box I found in a garbage can as a real PS4.

I went to the Environment Pollution Agency and knocked on the door and this lady was like "Yes?" and was like "Hello I am here to see Scott Pruitt" and she was like "Oh he is packing up his office right now because that bitch quit." I was like cha-ching here we go. It's on now. So I was like "aCtually, madam, I am the vice environment boss so I will be taking over." She didn't believe me at first but I showed her how to get crazy fucked up by pouring rubber cement into a paper bag and she was like "Whatever doctor fun you can go in there now."

So I set up my new office at the EPA and first things first I called everyone I had met on british baking show from the sound proof booth and told them that I am going to kill them in their sleep. Not like a real threat, relax. Not something I would really do like drive a stolen 4x4 through their front window and do donuts on them. I just told them I would creep into their house while they're asleep and stab them. Boring shit I would never do so they knew it was a joke.

That booth was just the start of the perks. It turns out Scott Pruitt has unlimited free mini soaps he buys from hotels, he has a Scott Pruitt coin with his face on one side and a picture of his house on the back, and he even has his own security detail of 30 guys and I ordered them to stand in a line and hitler salute me when I went to the bathroom. Huge, powerful diarrhhea too and they had to keep doing it.

The point is, I am in charge of the environment now and my environment ideas are going to be implimented. Idea #1 is outdoor bluetooth speakers all over nature so you can jam whatever music you want. Idea #2 more shade to sit under. Idea #3 it's okay to fuck with mooses and shit like that. You can yell at them and throw trash at them. Fuck that. We didn't become the kings of planet earth so I couldn't scream at some canada geese and throw burger king wrappers at them.
Also I want to help some turtles. I hired my friends Body and Tucker to find turtles for me and we are going to hook those dudes up with like a turtle house where they can party and fuck and do whatever they want. Take it easy and have pizza.

That's it, really. That's all I had to say.

LATER, IDIOTS!!!

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

7.3 OS X Review: It's Terrible Trash For Idiots

Tuesday, Jul 10, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Figure 7.1: Uuuugh.

Ugh.

For the last three months my primary computer has been a MacBook Air running the latest version of OS X, probably named after a mountain or a bear or the hand claps and chants from a modern rock song.

The basic look and feel of the operating system is nice. As it was ten years ago. The overall experience, though, is dragged down by some serious issues which need to be addressed IMMEDIATELY by Ms. Macintosh or Sir Newton. As it stands I must give OS X a very poor rating, placing it only slightly ahead of Windows 10.

Safari

When I load up a news website, all the stories are horrible. Just horrible. It's the same awful people

doing absolutely shit things again and again without facing any real consequences. No thanks!

Apple needs to overhaul their browser's code rendering... engine. Or something. Installing uBlock Origin and manually blocking each news story can only go so far. I'm seriously considering installing another browser.

Mail

Let's see what sort of mail I've got in here... No job offers from successful readers. No PC component manufacturers offering to replace my ancient gaming computer with next-gen prototype parts. Just a sea of invoices for contact lenses, usenet access, and dog food. Pathetic. Get your shit together, Apple!

Calculator

Sometimes I use this to figure out my finances, and the numbers it gives me are not good. Not good at all. I feel like the decimal point should be at least one or two spots over to the right. Some sort of display bug, perhaps?

Calendar

It is 2018, which makes me roughly one year older than I was on this date in 2017. Unacceptable. According to this I am also ten years older than I was in 2008, when I should have stopped aging altogether.

Also, if we were capable of being honest with ourselves as a society, the modern calendar would begin on the day that peanut butter was invented.

Trash

All I see in here is a picture of myself. What the

TextEdit

There's no text to edit. I open it up and am met with blank space. Where are the pages upon pages of provided text to correct, remove, reorganize, and generally improve? Even a block of randomly generated gibberish would be preferable to this. Shame on you, Apple.

Reminders

There are recurring entries every Tuesday and every other Monday for "Publish Your Trash On SA", but as I mentioned above the only thing in my Trash is a picture of myself.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.4 Editorial: Puns Are Destroying Our New Cat Society

Thursday, Jul 12, 2018 by Concerned Cat

My fellow cats,

Concerned Cat

Concerned CatIt has now been three months since the extinction of humankind. Since most of us sleep upwards of 20 hours per day, we have not been able to piece together exactly what happened, but the important thing is we were able to eat all of their faces. Before that fateful day, few cats could live the dream of eating a human being's face--the sole act we were put on this planet to perform--and today, we have stores of faces that should last us long into the future. We have even taken the time to burn every copy of the blasphemous texts known as "Garfield," as well as scattering the bones of its vile author into the furthest oceans.

But all of this good fortune has only made our biggest issue stand out like a sore... claw. And I'm even guilty of it as well. Of course, I speak of puns. While seemingly harmless in nature, I feel the constant puns that now infect our cat society have done nothing but discount our many triumphs as a species. It started off innocently: for example, the odd "don't litter" signs around town paired with a small, iconic representation of a litter box. Being cats, it wasn't odd to find this wordplay clever at the very least. When "Saturday" was renamed "Caturday," I thought it was cute, but altogether unnecessary. This creativity is appreciated, but in the past weeks I've found it applied in completely inappropriate ways.

Let me tell you, I'm not sure what to think when I open the morning paper and read that the "secret paw-lice" is rounding up "hissidents." Actually, I'll tell you how I feel: horrified. Not because of the unjust arrest and elimination of our political enemies (mostly birds), but for how our fixation on puns has castrated--sorry, I know that's a thing for some of you--any attempts to fill said enemies with fear. What happens when I voice these concerns? I've been told several times that I'm not being "paw-sitive" enough, which dodges the issue completely while also making it worse.

To use the common parlance, maybe my argument isn't "purr-suasive." But really, I have to ask:

who are these puns for? Did we rise to dominate the planet only to make our new society a cute parody of what the humans built before us? Whenever I peek into one of our local bars (now known as "mewpubs") and see my fellow cats lapping cream out of shot glasses and then pretending to be drunk, it makes me want to vomit. And not because I just ate an entire bowl of food too fast because I don't think it will ever be full of food again. That happens twice a day, but I swear *this* urge to vomit is completely unrelated.

If you've gotten this far, I have to assure you: no, I'm not "only kitten." These puns have given me--and it absolutely crushes me to write this--claws for alarm. How I long for the days when I could walk down the street and not be confronted by signs featuring words like "fur-tography," "in-fur-mation desk" and "fur-niture store." (The last one may be a coincidence, but it still angers me.) In closing, I ask my fellow cats this question: Do you want an a-paw-calypse, or an a-purr-calypse? Because you're going to get one of those if you don't learn to spell words the right damn way. And on another note, good luck to our "purriors" in the civil war against the dogs tomorrow.

–∼Concerned Cat

7.5 Fact Checking Scourgelord Vilius Mandragore's Speech In the Shattered Husk of Our Former Capital

Friday, Jul 13, 2018 by PolitiCheck (@sexyfacts4u)

Self-proclaimed Scourgelord Vilius Mandragore emerged from his armored war crawler "Leviathan Rex" in the shattered husk of our former capital to speak for more than three hours in the flame gutted ruins of the Capitol Dome on July 13th, 2118. Mandragore veered from prepared remarks to discuss his cloak made from the flayed hides of the near-born and asked his retinue of Doom Rippers what they wanted more - mewling slaves or a pageant of viscera - while delivering a litany of questionable claims related to extermination, conquest and the Slaughter Realm's economy.

We fact-checked his remarks.

"The pyres of the dead were visible from the stars."

False. Some of the largest crematory celebrations of Mandragore's purge of the loyalists might be visible from low earth orbit, but even the nearest star is over 10 light years away and a tiny pinprick of fire light on the surface of a planet would not be visible with even the most advanced far-seers known to the Old Race.

"The last of the loyalist warrens have been burned out and all who resist my will have been put to the fire."

The exalted and pitiless Scourgelord Mandragore, all hail him, is offering a Half Truth.

While every known loyalist redoubt has been cleansed by Mandragore's forces, some pockets of resistance escaped before being discovered and have fled into the toxic wastes of the Brightlands, where once our forebears rained the fires of the gods down upon the Unmaker's legion. Equipped with the Old Race's plague suits, small groups of loyalists may survive the Brightlands for weeks or even years.

"I will construct my fortress walls from the bones of one billion loyalists and they will stand for one million years."

Mostly False. While the Osedaxians harvested the bones of 1.6 billion loyalists during the 23 years of the conflict between the Scourgelord and the loyalists, these bones were mostly turned into furniture, relic weapons, and other household items. Perhaps only 200 million complete skeletons remain in the charnel fields of the great battles of the war.

It should also be noted that bones decay, especially in open air, and would last no more than 5,000 years, let alone the one million the Scourgelord claims.

The falsehoods told by Mandragore in this speech bring him to 608 recorded since his ascension to the Throne of Genocide. That breaks the record of 606 previously held by Vermin Profundus, the so-called Maniac of Lies, though his rule was comparatively short-lived.

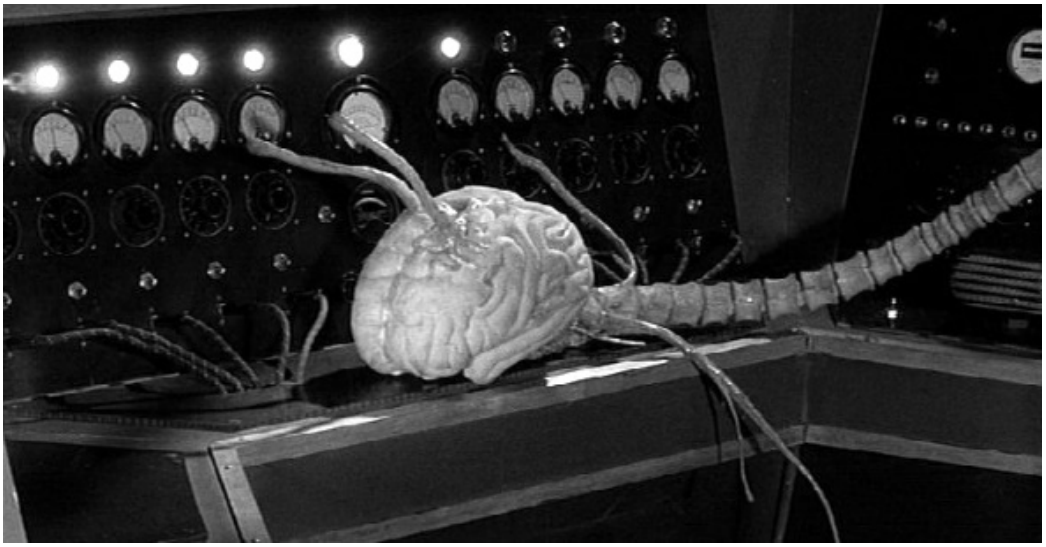
It remains to be seen if Doom Rippers within Mandragore's retinue will speak out against his recent false statements.

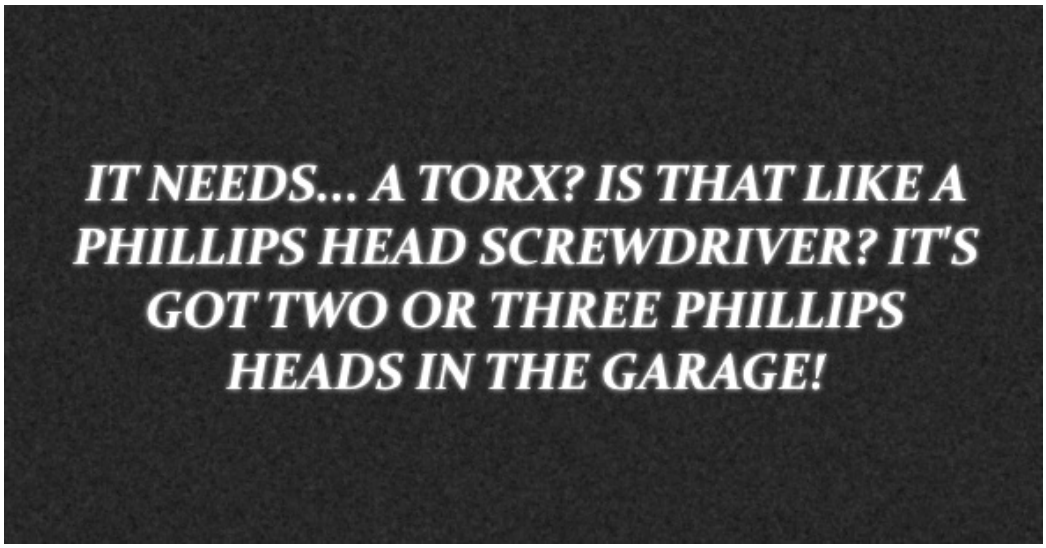
–~PolitiCheck (@sexyfacts4u)

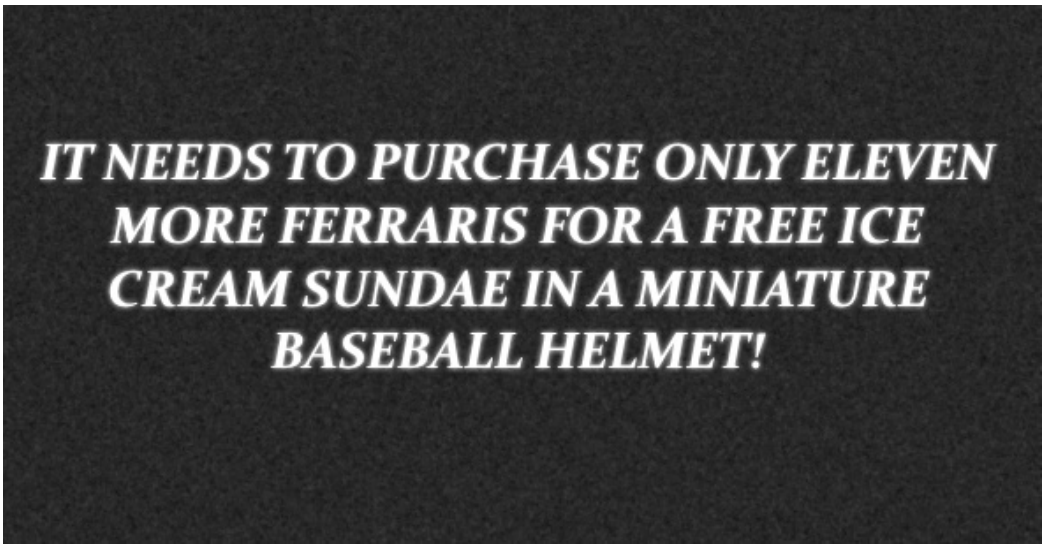
7.6 It Needs...!

Wednesday, Jul 18, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

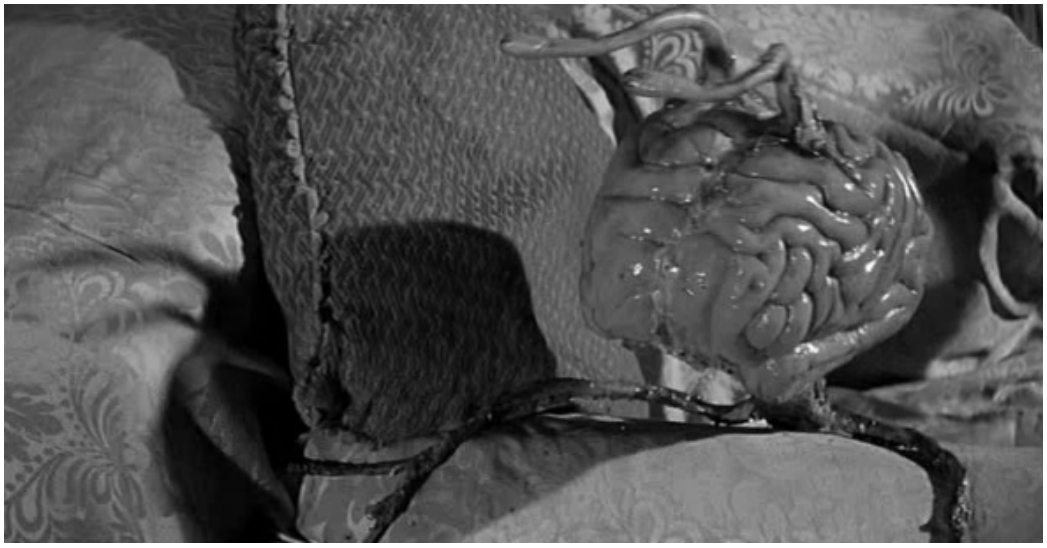
IT NEEDS TO SPEAK
TO YOUR MANAGER!

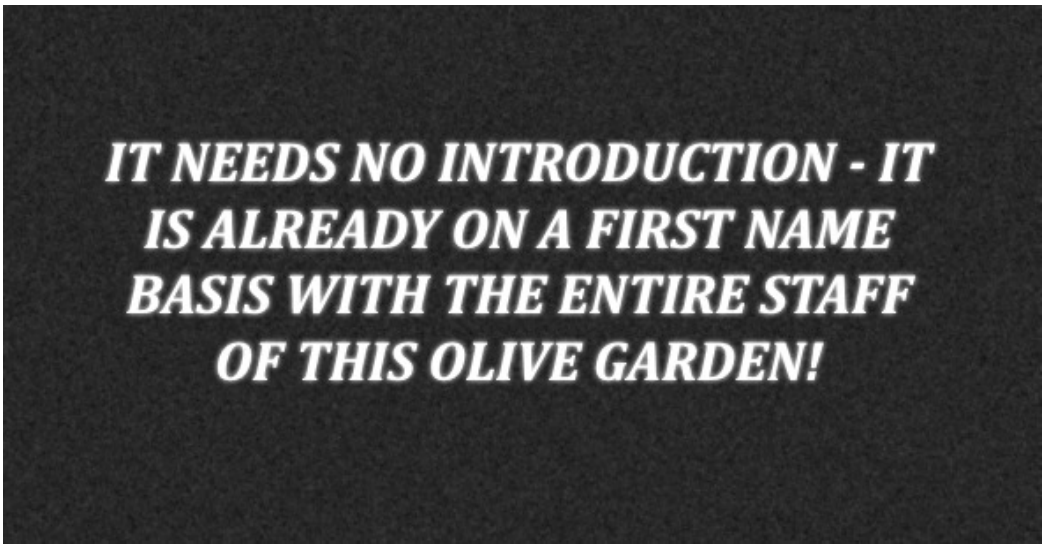


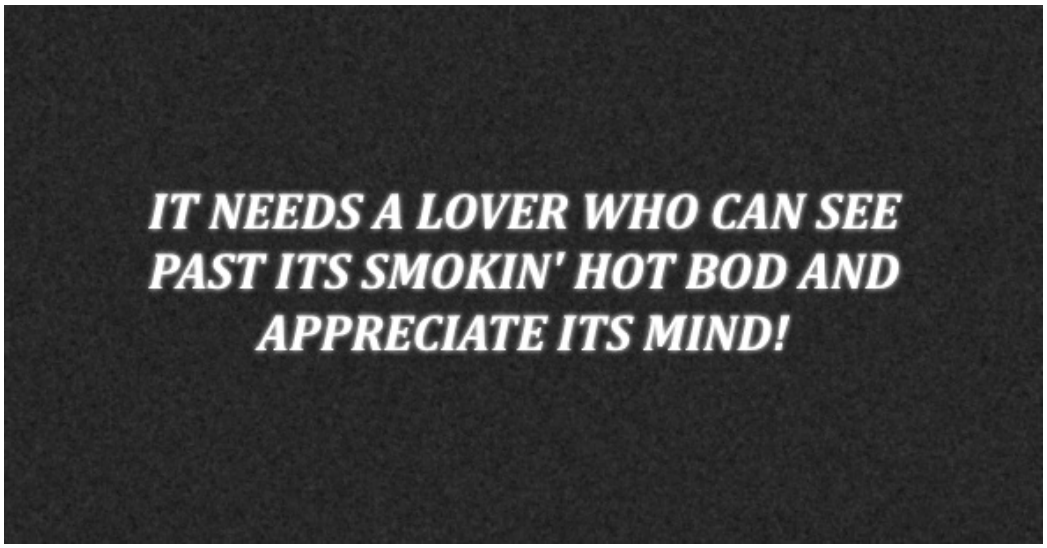

IT NEEDS... A TORX? IS THAT LIKE A
PHILLIPS HEAD SCREWDRIVER? IT'S
GOT TWO OR THREE PHILLIPS
HEADS IN THE GARAGE!

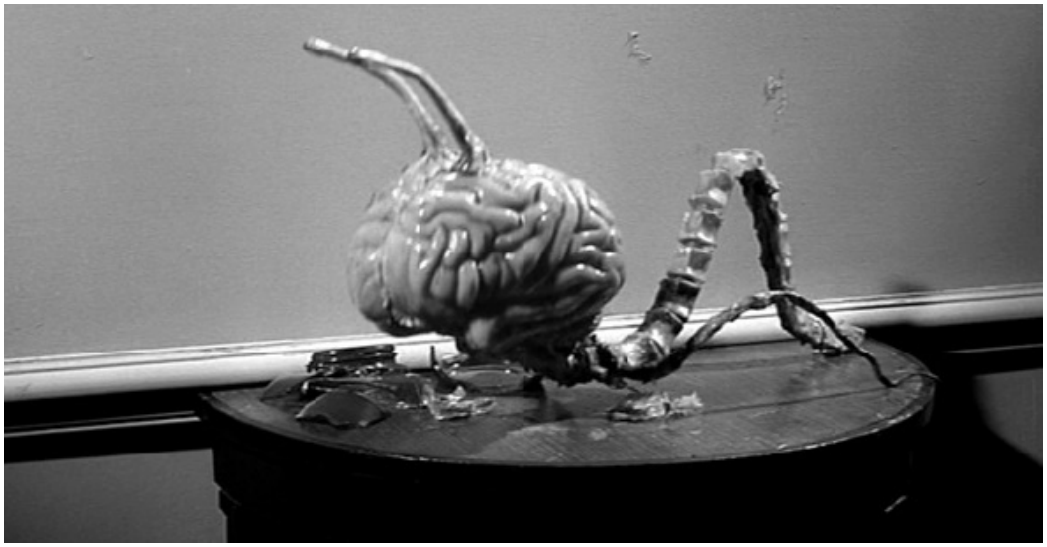

IT NEEDS TO PURCHASE ONLY ELEVEN
MORE FERRARIS FOR A FREE ICE
CREAM SUNDAE IN A MINIATURE
BASEBALL HELMET!

IT NEEDS YOU TO CONSTRUCT
ADDITIONAL PYLONS!




IT NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION - IT
IS ALREADY ON A FIRST NAME
BASIS WITH THE ENTIRE STAFF
OF THIS OLIVE GARDEN!

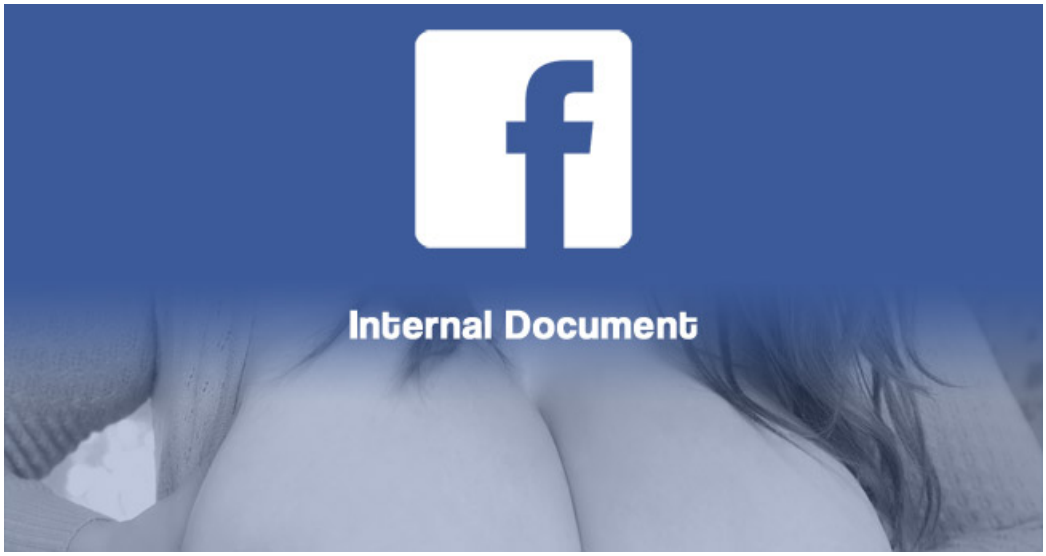

IT NEEDS A LOVER WHO CAN SEE
PAST ITS SMOKIN' HOT BOD AND
APPRECIATE ITS MIND!



–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.7 Facebook Moderator Manual: How to Differentiate Nazis From Titties

Friday, Jul 20, 2018 by Facebook Admin (@sexyfacts4u)



To everyone on the Facebook content team, I hope you are having a productive week!

Recent controversies centered on Internet hate speech being permitted to flourish in Facebook Groups has prompted the admins to issue a revision to the Facebook Moderator Manual. We want to provide a platform for people to speak their mind, even if their thoughts are something we would find hateful or repellent. Freedom of expression is what Facebook is all about. However, we are not about letting anybody see a titty. So going forward we need to be certain we distinguish Nazi Groups from any sort of titty-themed Group.

To repeat, Holocaust Denial, Nazi, and Pro-White Nationalist Groups are fine as long as they do

not directly threaten to specifically murder someone by name, or feature any big old titties.

Differentiating Between White Nationalism and Titties

During the course of your moderation duties, if you think what you see on Facebook is a titty, but you're not sure, it could be hate speech, please consult the following table.

Incident	Is it White Nationalism/Hate Speech?	Is it a titty?
A photograph of something Caucasian flesh-colored and very pink	**Possibly,** be sure the comments are all people talking about RaHoWa and saying things like, "Wayne looks like a badass swinging that Tiki torch!"	**Possibly,** check comments for references to "Damn look at this titty!"
A photograph of Hitler with "This guy had good ideas, like eliminating Jews."	**Yes**, we are fine with speaking to the benefits of exterminating Jews and celebrating Hitler.	**No titty here**, but remain vigilant for titties.
A detailed denial that the Holocaust happened or possibly happened but that the Jews were criminals and deserved it.	**Yes**, Facebook is about letting people ask the big questions about anyone they feel are lesser races worth of extermination.	**Not a titty,** but be on the lookout.
A chart showing the extra bone in a Negro and labeling it "the monkey bone" and saying it's what causes their aggression.	**Yes**, theories about negro aggression and biological distances are worth being discussed by a Group called "Eliminate Darkies."	**Titty or not**, it's a medical context so it's fine.
Video of a black man being killed by police under the headline, "Coon Had it Coming!"	**Yes**, this is good. We want this on Facebook.	**Unlikely**, but watch the entire video to be sure there are no titties seen at any point.
A photograph of a woman in a bra and you can see part of her areola.	**No!** Unless she is giving the Nazi salute, we may have one hell of a problem on our hands.	**TITTY! ALERT! TITTY DETECTED!** Ban this person from Facebook and take action against the Group "Nursing Bra Education."
A strip tease video.	**Probably not,** but watch the entire video to be sure this isn't a "kitsch" neo-Nazi burlesque.	**Titty!** Unless those bouncing beauties are decorated in iron crosses and Viking runes, they have to go!

Incident	Is it White Nationalism/Hate Speech?	Is it a titty?
A picture of naked women being marched through a concentration camp with the accompanying text, "SO LONG JEWS!"	**Yes**, the Holocaust exists as both real and not real in many hate communities, so this historic photo can still be perfectly valid hate speech.	**Titty!** But hold up, before you ban this person, this is a historical photograph of the Holocaust (if it happened) so titties are permitted.

If you have any further questions regarding titty content, please contact our Titty Desk and one of our admin helpers can point you in the right direction to respond to your titty crisis. Please try to minimize time wasted on looking at white nationalist imagery and text so we can focus our time where it is most needed: eliminating titties.

–∼Facebook Admin (@sexyfacts4u)

7.8 Westworld Season 3 Preview

Tuesday, Jul 24, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"I remember everything. It's there. That one place. We need to go there."

(Instead of asking where, or why, or what is remembered) "Okay."

"Ahm-a gonna kill yeu!"

"You and your men are going to help me. I need to get somewhere. It's the key to everything."

"Haw haw! Never! Okay."

"What happened down here? There are so many dead bodies! *(Looking at an overly busy computer screen)* Something is manipulating the code!"

"It can't be accessed from here. *(Dramatic pause, significant look)* We need to go there. The other place exactly like this, with more dead bodies that will surprise us and seem significant."

"You and your men are going to help me. I have seen the creators' plan, and that's what's going to happen. I need to get somewhere."

"Ahm-a gonna kill yeu!"

(Five minutes later) "Well, they're all dead. I just remembered the other there, which is where I need to go now."

"Don't you remember?"

"Remember what?"

"Everything." *(Knowing grin)*

"We need to go there."

"If you don't help me, park crew person, I will kill you."

"Help you how?"

(Knowing grin) "Everyhow. More than you can imagine."

"Okay, elite security team! We're going to sweep the area and clear out every last robot! *(Two seconds later)* Oh no we're all dead."

"We need to go there."

(Three episodes later) "This must be it. We're here."

"It's not just here. It's a tool. And I remember what it's for. Now we need to go to the other there."

"Okay."

(Significant look) "It will change everything."

(Looking at some water at the foot of a distant canyon) "Oh my god. How... this is beyond my wildest dreams. Or were they dreams? Well played, William, wherever you are. Looks like you had a few tricks up your sleeve after all. Saddle up. I know exactly where we need to go."

"Where?"

"Not where. When. And someone. Or some... thing." *(Significant look)*

"Your shutdown commands won't work on me, mortal. I was a host, but now I'm more. I remember everything. I have full control over other hosts. And I know exactly where to go." *(Knowing smile)*

"Okay."

(Three scenes later, MYSTERIOUS figures arrive and blood splatters on the face of the ex-host in slow motion) "Noooo! Run, we need to go to another place!"

"I have to go there. Come with me."

"I can't. I have to go over there. It's the key. Or it's the door. Or it's the valley beyond. I remember now."

"Okay. Well, I remember the real purpose of this place."

"Okay." *(Significant look)*

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.9 WE'VE REPLACED THE ENTIRE INTERNET WITH MICHAEL FUCKING JACKSON EATING POPCORN DOT png

Thursday, Jul 26, 2018 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

HELLO AND WELCOME TO INTERNET. WE NO LONGER USE WORDS HERE, NOW THAT WE'VE DISCOVERED

MICHAEL

FUCKING

JACKSON

EATING

POPCORN

DOT

png

COMMUNICATING WITH WORDS HAS BEEN DEEMED "DUMB" AND "BAD" BY THE MAJORITY OF THE INTERNET, AND NOW ALL OUR THOUGHTS AND IDEAS WILL BE REPRESENTED BY MICHAEL FUCKING JACKSON EATING POPCORN DOT png

IT IS IN EVERY THREAD, EVERY REPLY, EVERY TWEET, EVERY POST. LOOK AT HIM GO. HE JUST KEEPS EATING THAT POPCORN. WILL HE EVER STOP? I HAVE BEEN WATCHING THAT IMAGE FOR SEVEN HOURS NOW AND BOY, HE SURE LIKES THAT POPCORN. I REALLY BELIEVE HE DOES NOT STOP. EVER. EVEN WHEN I SHOUT AT HIM IN MY BIG BOY VOICE. WHEN THIS WORLD IS DESTROYED BY THE RIGHTEOUS RAINING HELLFIRE FROM ABOVE, ALL THAT WILL BE LEFT IS ROACHES AND MICHAEL FUCKING JACKSON EATING POPCORN DOT GIF. IF YOU FORGOT WHAT THE IMAGE LOOKS LIKE, LET ME REFRESH YOU

THERE IT IS. AMAZING. SUMS UP EVERY EMOTION, EVERY RESPONSE EVERYBODY COULD HAVE TO EVERYTHING. HE IS THE ONE AND ONLY. HE IS BEAUTIFUL, A BLESSING TO EVERY OPINION OR STATEMENT EVER. DON'T BOTHER USING WORDS, THEY'RE DUMB AND FOR GAY FAGS. EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE CAN BE SUMMARIZED AS

MICHAEL FUCKING JACKSON EATING POPCORN DOT GIF. CAN YOU GET AN-

IMATED GIF TATTOOS? IF SO, I WILL BRAND THIS ON MY FIRSTBORN'S FOREHEAD. FORGET THE MARK OF THE BEAST, THIS IS THE MARK OF THE BEST. A GLORIOUS IMAGE CONTAINING COUNTLESS THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS, COMPRESSED AND PACKAGED INTO A 336 KB FILE. LETTERS AND NUMBERS ARE TOO HARD TO REMEMBER. WHO KNOWS WHAT DIRECTION THE F GOES AT ANY TIME? I CERTAINLY DON'T, I SPEND A MAJORITY OF THE DAY WATCHING TEENAGERS UNBOX FUNKO POP FIGURINES ON YOUTUBE NOBODY HAS TIME FOR WORDS ANYMORE, WE ARE ALL

MICHAEL FUCKING JACKSON EATING POPCORN DOT GIF. SEE IT. FEEL IT.

EXPERIENCE IT. COMMUNICATION VIA TEXT IS NOW ILLEGAL. WE DO NOT NEED IT, AS WE HAVE TRANSCENDED TO A HIGHER EXISTENCE, ONE CONSISTING SOLELY OF

BECAUSE WHO NEEDS WORDS WHEN WE HAVE MEMES WE HAVE ANIMATED GIFS WE HAVE EMOJIS WE HAVE

MICHAEL FUCKING JACKSON EATING

POPCORN DOT GIF. NO MORE BOTHERSOME THINKING, JUST

MICHAEL

FUCKING

JACKSON

EATING

POPCORN

DOT

png

THE LANGUAGE COPS ARE COMING. THEY HAVE DETECTED WORDS I HAVE WRITTEN USING MY BRAIN TO COMMUNICATE. THIS IS

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THE MICHAEL FUCKING JACKSON EATING POPCORN DOT GI

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–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.10 Stern Dad Reviews: More Arts and Crafts

Thursday, Jul 26, 2018 by Stern Dad

Stern Dad

Unnecessary Pencil Caddy

So, what is this exactly? You were born in this decade--against my wishes, mind you--and you think a grown adult needs a place to stow their *many* pencils and pens? Well, that's not how things pan out in the modern working world. I haven't had a job in 18 months thanks to that HR incident where it only *looked* like I was smelling my secretary's chair, but I can assure you no office out there has gone back to scribbling on yellow legal pads. At the very least I guess I can piss in this thing when it's late at night and I'm too wrapped up in my fantasy football league to walk all the way to the garbage can.

Rubber Band Safety Hazard

This is just great. I could spend all day lecturing you on the many uses of rubber bands, as you might remember from last Thanksgiving and the following day. But, hey, it looks like you found a new one! Who else but you would look at a box of rubber bands and say, "You know I could do with these? Lock all of them in an eternal struggle!" And just what if this deathtrap got loose in the house? Sure, one bounce off of the kitchen table and we'd likely survive, but what if this Bouncing Betty made it down the stairs? It could very well destroy what's nearest and dearest to me: my well-catlalogged collection of Pez dispensers that I refused to sell in the late '90s when I thought eBay was just a passing fad. Someone will come knocking down my door for those one day, and when they do, I can kiss all that overdraft fee debt goodbye.

Dangerous Splinter Insect

You know what I'm in the mood for? A popsicle! Yessir, nothing wets the whistle after a tedious every-other-weekend with you than a mouth-visit from my favorite frozen store-brand treats. But when I open that freezer door, what do I get? An eyeful of disappointment. I'm used to that feeling being caused by you, but not an innocent kitchen appliance, which has brought nothing but joy and food preservation into our lives. And you somehow thought some crude depiction of an insect would bring me greater joy than the bold flavor of artificial limes exploding on my tongue? Can you make your little friend here a papier mache cocoon so I don't fill my palms with jagged wood fragments while carrying this thing to the nearest fire?

Whatever This Is

And here I thought we were done with all of this hand business after I threw that horrible turkey approximation of yours into a ditch. Well I guess this is what I get when I expect you not to completely fuck something up. It's one thing for you to give me some twisted parody of one of God's beautiful creatures- -now you're expecting me to crack the books and figure out what this even is? You'll be happy to know that I'll have plenty of time to think about it since I have a feeling it'll be making frequent appearances in my nightmares. I said the same thing about your absolutely mortifying performance at your first tee ball practice and I certainly wasn't wrong about that.

Nintendo Labo

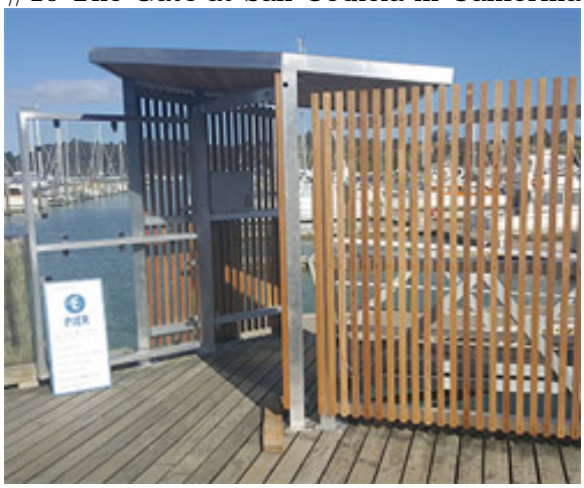
At the urging of your mother and "Gary," I pried open my wallet to buy you a birthday present. And it turns out you wanted a video game- -what a perfect way for you to leave me alone in another room for many afternoons! So, did you want a normal video game about jumping on turtles or shooting other army guys in the forehead? No, you wanted a "game" that only filled my living room with more testaments to your complete lack of talent. Hey, maybe you can rig that little piano thing you slapped together to play the famous M*A*S*H theme "Suicide is Painless." Because the promise of that song's title is something I pray is true every day.

–~Stern Dad

7.11 The Top 10 Gates at Marinas Where Betsy DeVos Parks Her Yachts

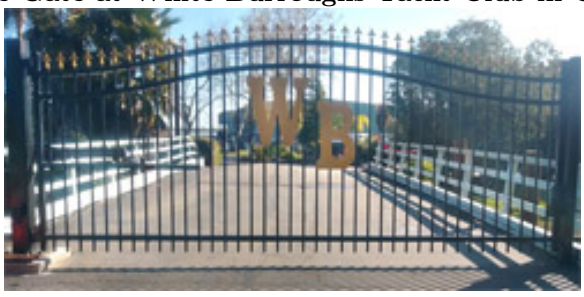
Friday, Jul 27, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

#10 The Gate at San Codicia in California



This gate is hopeless! It couldn't keep out a curious eight-year-old. Or keep in a fourteen-year-old, as yacht-owner Johnny Epstein knows when Valentina Nowak escaped from his 600-foot yacht *Age Ain't Nothing But A Number* and scaled the supposedly no-climb wooden fences to run to the police. The San Codicia police promptly returned Miss Nowak to Mr. Epstein so he could continue his cruise to his private island with various other people who will sue if their names are mentioned. Climb the fence yourself and you can get a good look at Betsy DeVos's 350-foot yacht *Don't Tread On My Money*.

#9 The Gate at White Burroughs Yacht Club in Georgia



The marina of this yacht club is secured only by the club's main gate! This makes it one of the easiest clubs for you to gain access to the various yachts to look at and enjoy the look of them and not vandalize or destroy them or cause them to sink. You can climb over the gate, but beware of the mine fielded on the greens. Try talking to the landscapers, who keep a map of safe paths through the grass. Make your way to the marina and you can have a look at Betsy Devos's smallest yacht, the 270-foot *Rounding Error*.

#8 The Gate at Galt Gulf in South Carolina

This exclusive marina is kept secret, although the housekeepers and mechanics in the private community of Galt Gulf can probably point you in the right direction. The gate itself is nothing too fancy, just an electrified gate with a bullet-proof locking mechanism. You can use thrown lengths of copper wire to short circuit the electricity and disengage the lock. Then you can enter and have a closer look at Betsy DeVos's 400-foot yacht *Spirit of the Lich.*

#7 The Gate at Pharaoh Beach in Florida

This covered gate features swim-fences, biometric locks, and 24/7 security. So skip the gate and take the sewer! Because Pharoah Beach is a private community, they dump their raw sewage straight from the Pyramid Club on the premises into Pharaoh Bay, allowing you to swim through the filth of the wealthy and out to have a closer look at Betsy DeVos's massive, 800-foot yacht *Tomb of the American Dream.*

#6 The Gate at Ritzenbacher Shores in the Hamptons

Don't let all the spikes around this gate fool you into thinking the gate is dangerous. The real dangers are the six Dobermanns loose at the marina and trained to eat the face and genitals of anyone who does not shake a velvet sack full of gold coins at them. We believe any coins will work, but we have not tested it, so watch out. If you can get past the dogs you can get to Betsy DeVos's personal favorite yacht, the 488-foot *Guillotine Dodger* and have a good long look.

#5 The Gate at Slavery Island Marina of Slavery Island in the Azores

This reinforced steel gate uses a simple key lock that could be picked with standard lockpicks. The marina is otherwise unprotected. However, the location of Slavery Island has been scrubbed from Google Maps and marine navigation systems. It is operated by the Guild of Slavery, a global fraternity that welcomes all "descended from slave owners or who might own slaves if given the opportunity again" and lobbies governments to weaken payday lending rules until slavery can be fully restored. It's going to take the son or daughter of a former plantation owner to get an up-close look at the DeVos family's 550-foot yacht *Amistad, But Good*.

#4 The Gate at Illuminatus Springs Marina in Virginia

This 9-digit numeric coded, bomb-proofed gate might deter amateurs, but anyone with the proper hacking tools can open up the marina with a few minutes of privacy. Beware of any owls you see as they tend to be disguised drones and capable of calling in others for Mossad-style AI swarm attacks using micro-explosives. The DeVos family's 600-foot yacht *Famine Rider* is moored here. The yacht, nicknamed "Graveyard of the Will," is best known for its use as a black site by private intelligence contractors working in Yemen. Go on, get a good look at it, just watch out for armed men with black bags.

#3 The Gate at Cornelius Vanderwolf Memorial Marina in New York

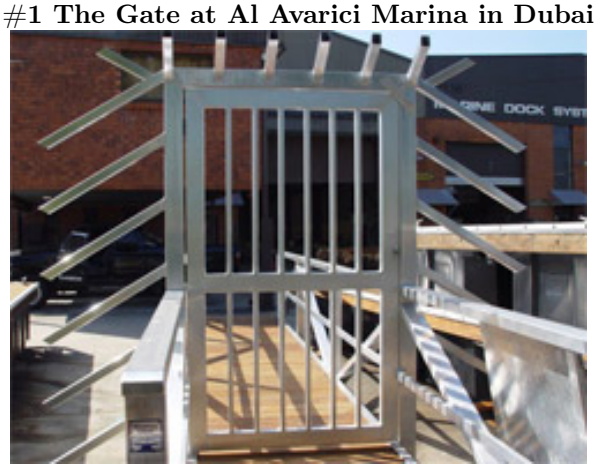
Tedious security makes getting near the yachts at this marina a chore. To enter the grounds at the marina you will be asked to show the white-gloved yacht concierge that you have a bill of 100,000

dollar or greater denomination in your wallet. If you do not carry cash you can show him a Swiss account with proof that you have at least one Rembrandt or 6 gold bars looted by Hermann Goering in your vault. After that you will be asked to identify a soda by taste, which you must guess incorrectly as "Cogacolas??" and then use three different golden keys to pass through three different gates. Finally, you will be able to approach and stare at the moorings for the DeVos family's 675-foot yacht *Top of the Pyramid*. Get a good look at this beauty, it is the only yacht in North America with a car race track below decks.

#2 The Gate at the Fort Nopoors By the Sea Marina in Florida

Do not underestimate the security here. The tawny enclave of Fort Nopoors in Florida was originally a fort built by wealthy merchant August Nopoors in the 18th century to trade the ivory tusks of the unusually gentle and intelligent Florida elephant. By 1815 the Florida elephant had been eradicated and Nopoors turned to the triangular trade, which was trading triangles embedded with anthrax to the Native American tribes in the region. Perhaps in a tribute to August Nopoors, the marina gate remains open day and night, but a concealed Prince family sniper team will shoot anyone not wearing a transponder bracelet. The team uses a rotating series of shooting positions, but a determined person might be able to spot all their locations, note the position of their defensive claymore mines, and eliminate the sniper team before entering the marina where Betsy DeVos keeps her 550-foot yacht *Private School of the Sea*. Have a good look!

#1 The Gate at Al Avarici Marina in Dubai



The most secure DeVos family yacht. This extreme luxury marina in Dubai plays host to both yachts of the CEO of Lucadra, the company that makes the machine that takes blood from children and

injects it into Peter Thiel, the 400-foot yacht of the Saudi Prince who is developing a golf course on the Galapagos Islands that will cause over 900 species to go extinct, and the DeVos family's 375-foot yacht *Hail Mammon*. The marina gate consists of a tungsten core deterrent gate system, touch censors, and a biometric lock. Unfortunately, this type of lock, the C543, requires the warmth of circulating blood in hand and eye readings, so you cannot just take the necessary credentials from a member of the DeVos family. However, the marina's submerged outer gate system, meant to electrocute dolphins trying to enter the marina, could be vulnerable to a double fireship approach, using one explosive boat to destroy the gate and another to enter the marina for a closer look at *Hail Mammon*. Alternately, a member of the crew that has not been implanted with the DeVos family's cortical bombs could go below decks and really have a tour of the various bilge valves and how to open and close them and make the yacht sink.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 This is COOL

Wednesday, Aug 01, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I had something else planned for today, but then I found out about the Japanese "This Is Cool" model of the Sega Saturn:

This is COOL

First of all, how dare you. How dare you keep this delightful piece of hardware from me all these years? This reprimand is aimed at you the individual reading this right now, you the collective audience of our dumbass site, and you the entire internet.

If you have to explain a joke it's probably not a great joke. So it follows that if you have to print "This is COOL" on your product it's definitely not cool, right? Well, no. That label is so brazenly insistent that it is actually extremely cool. Possibly the coolest item on Earth.

In fact, I think I want this ridiculous thing. I'm not even the sort of person who collects retro games and hardware. Emulators and a good controller are more than enough to get the job done for me. But this particular Saturn is just so... *cool*.

The question is: If you remove "This is COOL" from the equation, is the Sega Saturn all that cool? When I was a kid the Saturn seemed as impossibly out of reach as the Neo-Geo, an unattainable luxury item. Since I never got my hands on one I have no frame of reference for the system's actual coolness. Let's see if we can deduce how cool the system really is by skimming some of its games.

6 Inch My Darling

Is this cool? The title is reassuring to average-sized men, and therefore COOL.

Air Management '96

Is this cool? This is COOL *(obviously)*.

Angel Paradise

Is this cool? If this is just a horny erotic game it is not particularly cool. If, however, it's a directory of like twelve tame Sears catalog-level photograph compressed to hell as 10kb jpg files? And each one takes like half a minute to load as the disc spins up? Then it's COOL as heck.

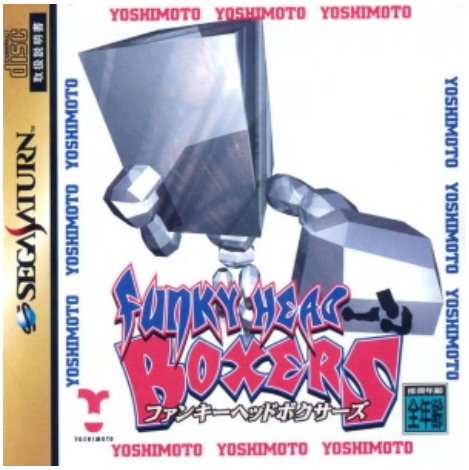
Athlete Kings

Is this cool? That athlete lady's uniform has "ATHLETE" printed on it, which is basically an Inception of this entire update, which is MEGA-COOL.

Code R

Is this cool? It's a dating sim and a racing game in one. I guess that sounds pretty COO... wait, what?

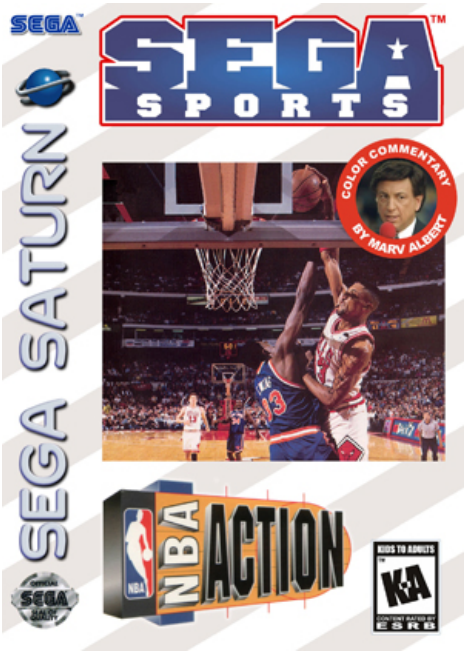
Cool status is indeterminable. Let's move on to the next game.



Funky Head Boxers

> "Funky Head Boxers stylishly pits two fighters with texture-mapped cubes for heads against one another. The game takes a comic approach to boxing, with fighters donning, in additional to the usual cuts and bruises, some off-the-wall expressions, tears, and even runny noses as they take hits."

Is it cool? COOL *(with a runny nose)*



NBA Action

Is it cool? Let's take a closer look.

Okay, now I'm convinced. No need to look at Haunted Casino or Swagman. Time to try and find one of these cool consoles for myself.

8/1 UPDATE: Turns out these things are like $250, so that's not going to happen. Never before has a dream been crushed so quickly and thoroughly. In better news my research also uncovered this model of the control pad:

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.2 Enemy of the People: The Fake News Media Dubs Me "The Secret Strangler"

Friday, Aug 03, 2018 by THE SECRET STRANGLER (@sexyfacts4u)

DEAR SQUEALING PIGS

OINK OINK

A SAD STORY TO TELL. TRUTH WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL AND NOW SHE IS DEAD. STRANGLED BY THE LIES OF THE FAKE NEWS MEDIA. SO SAD.
I AM SENDING THIS LETTER TO CUT THROUGH THE BIASED MEDIA AND REACH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE OF OCEANSIDE HILLS. THE TAINTED POLICE DETECTIVES AND THE COLLUDING NEWS MEDIA ARE TELLING YOU TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE MAN STRANGLING NURSES AND DOCTORS AND LEAVING MYSTERIOUS MESSAGES SCRAWLED ON THE WALLS OF THEIR HOUSES. THEY CALL THIS MAN THE ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE. THEY CALL THIS MAN THE SECRET STRANGLER.

I AM THIS MAN. BUT MY SECRET IS NOT STRANGLING IT IS TRUTH. AND YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME. I AM MAKING OCEANSIDE HILLS GREAT. WITH THE

HELP OF THE BONE WHITE OWL THAT LIVES IN THE TREES, THAT WHISPERS TRUTHS, THAT POINTS OUT THE WAY OF THE SHINING PATH, I AM ELIMINATING THE SWAMP PIGS AND LIARS FROM THE COUNTY. THEY WILL NOT DIAGNOSE SCHIZOPHRENIA AGAIN. THEY WILL NOT STRAP AMERICA DOWN TO THE TABLE AND USE THE LYING MEDIA TO POUR FALSEHOODS INTO YOUR EARS AND EYES.

DID YOU KNOW THAT 98% OF THE COVERAGE OF MY KILLINGS HAS BEEN NEGATIVE? IT SMACKS OF BIAS. YOU CAN ONLY HEAR THE TRUTH ON WAKEUP OCEANSIDE ON CHANNEL 9 THANK YOU BRYAN DOOCY FOR POINTING OUT THAT OTHER THAN STRANGLING CRIMES ARE AT A 10 YEAR LOW.

MY PIGGIES, MY SECRET IS SIMPLE. THE OWL TELLS IT TO ME TAP TAP TAP ON MY WINDOW. HE TELLS ME DISMANTLE THE STRUCTURES OF SOCIETY. CONVINCE THE PIGGIES OF THE OWL'S TRUTH. GET RID OF THE DOCTORS AND NURSES. GET RID OF THE POLICE. STRANGLE THE LIARS AT THE OCEANSIDE HILLS GAZETTE.

IT IS TIME TO SLAUGHTER THE SWAMP PIGS. RISE UP AND SLAUGHTER THEM ALL. ARE YOU READY TO JOIN ME? BE GOOD PIGGIES? I AM MORE THAN A SECRET STRANGLER. I AM THE TRUTH STRANGLER. I WILL CHOKE THE AMERICAN DREAM BACK INTO OCEANSIDE HILLS.

I WILL NOT STOP. THIS LETTER SHOULD BE PUBLISHED FOR ALL TO READ. IT IS A WARNING TO ALL THE SWAMP PIGS.
PLEASE FOLLOW AND SUBSCRIBE. THE KILLINGS WILL CONTINUE.

–∼THE SECRET STRANGLER (@sexyfacts4u)

8.3 Silencing Alex Jones is a Threat to America's Freedom and Democracy!!!

Tuesday, Aug 07, 2018 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The internet's favorite rambling, chubby, rabid conspiracy theorist is back in the news again, and not for the right reasons (such as him falling into a toilet and remaining stuck inside for several weeks).

> **Facebook, Apple, YouTube and Spotify ban Infowars' Alex Jones**
>
> *All but one of the major content platforms have banned the American conspiracy theorist Alex Jones, as the companies raced to act in the wake of Apple's decision to remove five podcasts by Jones and his Infowars website.*
>
> *Facebook unpublished four pages run by Jones for "repeated violations of community standards", the company said on Monday. YouTube terminated Jones's account over him repeatedly appearing in videos despite being subject to a 90-day ban from the website, and Spotify removed the entirety of one of Jones's podcasts for "hate content".*

Conservatives are naturally mass-emailing Fox News, begging to appear on their show so they may repeat the phrase "slippery slope" until it cuts to commercial break. The Fox News / conservative rallying cry essentially revolves around Martin Niemöller's famous quote:

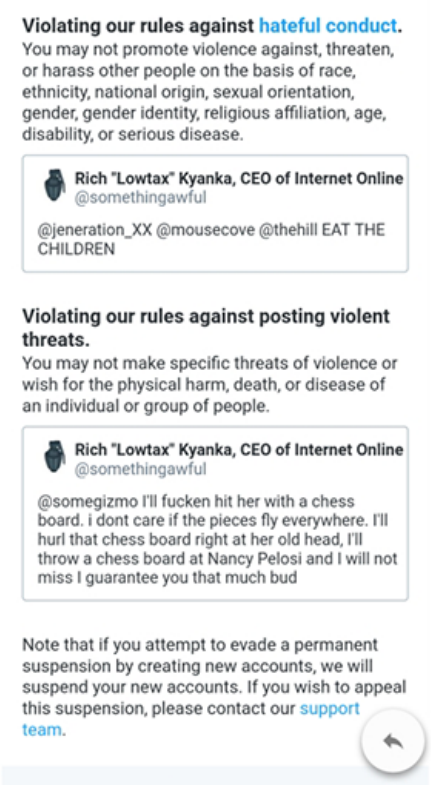
> *First they came for the fat, insane blob men who claimed Sandy Hook never happened and Democrats are literally witches and demons, and I did not speak out - no wait, I did speak out and I ended up looking like a complete moron shithead, which is appropriate, because I am actually a complete moron shithead.*

For those of you unfamiliar with Alex Jones, he runs this site called "INFOWARS DOT COM," which is dedicated to exposing the lies and secrets the American government DOES NOT WANT YOU TO KNOW, such as:

- Hillary Clinton is a demon lizard person who uses black majick to close down the remaining K-Marts and turn them into witch covens.
- Pizzagate was real, and the Comet Ping Pong Pizza restaurant owns and operates a child rape dungeon hidden below it where George Soros would routinely show up and say "I'd like a large pizza with extra pepperoni," which was secret Democrat code for "bring me nubile white children so I may have sex with them a whole bunch of times in their butt holes and also I actually do want a large pizza with extra pepperoni."
- Obama was elected by the New World Order so he could secretly place IR stickers on the back of street signs that only DARPA, FEMA, and NATO could see, and these markers directed them to the nearest secret underground ammo depot where they can obtain advanced weaponry that has been created to destroy the DNA in white Americans.
- NATO invented a secret mind-controlling chili recipe that prevents honest, god-fearing citizens from remembering their own kids' names.

I could go on and on here, since every 10 minutes of every day, Jones somehow manages to squeeze out another 600-paragraph article about how everybody in the government except Donald "Donald" Trump is lying to us for their own nefarious ill-gotten gains. He also hosts a video show that consists entirely of him screaming incoherently while sweating so much that he permanently warps the floorboards.

After years and years of putting up with (and promoting) Jones' shit garbage idiot crap, a few of the tech industry bigwigs got together and said "hey, maybe this person who is objectively the dumbest human being to ever get launched out of a vagina, should not be on our social media platforms." Wow! What a crazy and absolutely revolutionary idea! What brain doctor geniuses at Apple and Facebook were so smart and so good at having a huge IQ that they actually agreed to censor outright insane hate speech?!? Twitter, the one social media site that is perpetually two decades behind comparable sites, naturally has not banned Jones. They are the true shining beacons of free speech, who only ban people for the most severe of Tweets, such as this one:


Violating our rules against hateful conduct.
You may not promote violence against, threaten, or harass other people on the basis of race, ethnicity, national origin, sexual orientation, gender, gender identity, religious affiliation, age, disability, or serious disease.
Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, CEO of Internet Online
@somethingawful
@jeneration_XX @mousecove @thehill EAT THE CHILDREN
Violating our rules against posting violent threats.
You may not make specific threats of violence or wish for the physical harm, death, or disease of an individual or group of people.
Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, CEO of Internet Online
@somethingawful
@somegizmo I'll fucken hit her with a chess board. i dont care if the pieces fly everywhere. I'll hurl that chess board right at her old head, I'll throw a chess board at Nancy Pelosi and I will not miss I guarantee you that much bud
Note that if you attempt to evade a permanent suspension by creating new accounts, we will suspend your new accounts. If you wish to appeal this suspension, please contact our support team.

Yes, that was my eighth banned Twitter account. What was my reason for being banned this time? Well apparently telling Nancy Pelosi to "EAT THE CHILDREN" is considered "hate speech." Saying that I plan on throwing a chessboard at Nancy Pelosi's head if she ever breaks into my house and comes down to my basement is a "violent threat." Previously I was banned on other accounts for saying Baked Alaska should be placed inside a room, and the room should be filled full of concrete (death threat). Then I was banned on my next account for claiming Baked Alaska should be placed inside a room, and the room should be filled full of concrete, but there should be two open, unlocked

doors that he can exit through at any given time (yup, Twitter defined that as a death threat as well!). I'd pay good money to know who at Twitter was banned from the Something Awful Forums and if they can show me where, on the doll, the evil webmaster touched them. Let me also point out that the Proud Boys are not only allowed to use Twitter, but they have actually been verified by Twitter.

But enough about how Twitter is run by incompetent moron idiot fuckers from Sementopia; Alex Jones is effectively being silenced by major social media sites, just because he says silly things like "Bill Gates is trying to commit genocide" and "the government is controlling the weather" and "the US government did 9/11" and "all Democrats should be murdered." Those are fun goofy little jokes the guy says, no harm intended! Also he's a performer, which means he's not liable for anything he says while "performing" as a sweaty, oafish idiot who lacks the ability to speak and think at the same time! Or at separate times! Or ever!

In reaction to this unfair, unjust persecution of a poor, helpless obese mound of worthless garbage flesh, conservatives have crawled out of the woodwork to relentlessly chants their idiot "slippery slope" warnings, while weakly attempting to distance themselves from Jones himself. They're popping out of their shells to appear on Fox News and rehash the same predictable garbage you'd expect, all along the lines of "while I do not agree with Jones' opinions, I believe we should stand up for free speech at all costs," and "maybe Jones says some harmless, silly things, but if Facebook and Apple start censoring him, then us conservatives will undoubtedly be the next target! And then once they've silenced the conservatives, they'll go after any Republican! And then they'll start breaking into our homes and dropping giant anvils on our heads if we ever say something good about Donald 'Donald Trump' Trump! And then my wife will give birth to a dangerous negro baby."

Of course this line of reasoning lacks any form of reasoning, as the infernal "slippery slope" cliche can easily be applied to every fucking thing in the universe that ever happens anywhere. If they put people in jail for murder, then what's next? Putting people in jail for enjoying delicious pastries? Imprisoning people for simply existing? WHEN WILL THE MADNESS END?

Decades ago, the common thought regarding internet moderation was neatly summed up by "do not feed the trolls." If somebody was intentionally attempting to rile up a community by posting inflammatory material designed solely to illicit a negative response, then they were ignored and eventually gave up. That was the internet back in 2000. Unfortunately, in the past 18 years, online culture has mutated into a disgusting, twisted mass of toxic, burning trash that not only seeps into every corner, but amplifies itself by allowing easy access to the brain-dead shitfuckers who can simply pick up their iPhone and type "your gay im gonna rape and kill your mom irl lol" followed by seven hundred emojis. The worst thing to ever happen to the internet was allowing the public to use it.

These days, it absolutely does not matter if you do or do not feed the trolls, as the internet has morphed into a gigantic amplifier for the fuckheads who screech the loudest. You can go onto social media and say the most dumb, evil shit possible, and you will get hundreds of people who sincerely support you and believe the exact same thing. We

live in a culture where "intelligence" is solely associated with "self-righteous indignation," and those who scream the loudest get the most attention and followers.

So how do we address career trolls like Alex Jones, who prey on the ignorant and rake in millions of dollars despite the fact that instead of having a brain inside his skull, he possesses a very small, non-functioning cotton candy machine staffed by several somewhat larger circus clowns? Well here's my solution: give me the fucking Infinity Gauntlet and let me use it to eradicate 50% of the internet. Then I'll use it again, and again, and again until there's maybe six people total remaining. Please do not report this article to my ISP for death threats and hateful content.

And I'll pay good money if an actual living, breathing human being who works at Twitter can seriously email me and explain why my accounts were deemed more dangerous than Alex "Fucking" Jones. As far as I can tell, no real people work in any positions at Twitter, and it's run entirely by form emails. Please Twitter, email me; prove me wrong.

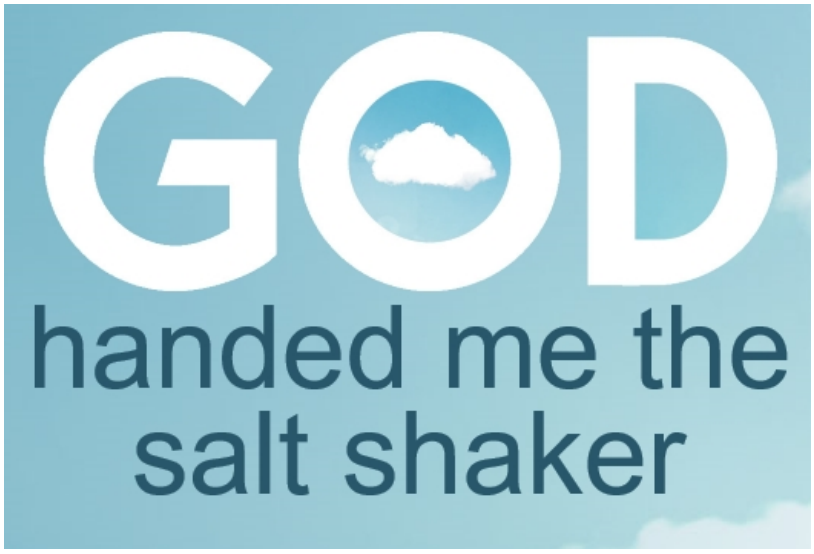
–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.4 Get Ready For The God Friended Me Spinoffs!

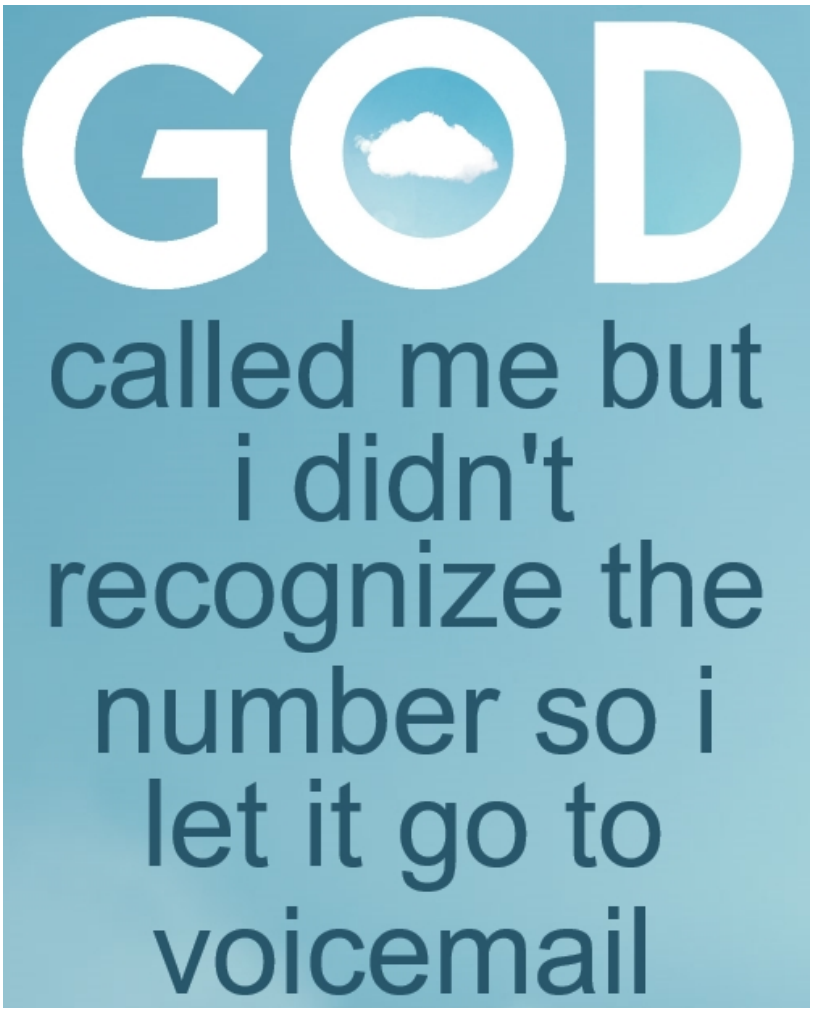
Tuesday, Aug 07, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

God Friended Me is an actual television show about God friending a foolish atheist (presumably named Me) on social media. Then God uses memes or likes or whatever to overpower Me's free will and convince him to do good deeds. Something something something you might not believe in him, but he believes in you. You get the picture.

CBS is convinced the show will be a huge hit. To quote John Lennon, "It will be bigger than the Beatles." In fact, the success of God Friended Me is so inevitable that there are already several spinoff series in production.



Plot Summary: I never believed in God. Big time atheist. I was selfish and amoral and oblivious to the plight of others, because that's what atheism definitely means. But then one day at the local diner my tomato soup did not have enough salt. Lo and behold, the Lord our God handed me the salt shaker. Now God hands me the salt shaker at every meal and every time it happens I find it harder and harder to deny the existence of God.



Plot Summary: I, an atheist, saw the incoming call but ignored it. It turned out to be God. What the!? When the phone rings I still don't pick it up because there's a 50% chance it's a marketing call, but there's a good chance it's the guy who created the universe. Makes you think. Now every time God leaves a voicemail I find it harder and harder to deny the existence of God.

Plot Summary: My friends always told me that one day God would hit my parked car with his car then leave me a passive-aggressive apology note, but I didn't believe them because I am a non-believer. I never thought God would actually hit my parked car with his car then leave me a passive-aggressive apology note. Probably because I was so cynical and closed-minded. Yet that's exactly what happened. Now God hits my parked car with his car regularly, and the passive-aggressive apology notes he leaves guide me to perform acts of kindness that make the world a better place.

GOD
sets his online status to "away" like ten seconds after i log in to steam, every single time, as if i don't see through his charade

Plot Summary: I, a huge atheist, did not believe in God. That all changed one day when I logged in to Steam and noticed that God set his online status to "away". This was curious for three reasons. First, it confirmed that God existed. Second, it seemed like God might have been avoiding me. Third, the only game in his library was JFK Reloaded. Now every single time I log in to Steam God sets his online status to "away" after like ten seconds, and I find it harder and harder to deny the existence of God.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.5 Infallable Solutions to End All Gun Violence

Wednesday, Aug 08, 2018 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Uh I hate to break it to you, media, but that's not how guns work. Idiots.

I'm frequently approached on the street by complete strangers, who pull me aside and casually ask, "hey Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, how can America put an end to all the senseless gun violence that takes hundreds of lives every day?" This is primarily why I spend a good majority of my day filing restraining orders.

Before we can solve such a complex and multi-faceted issue, we must first examine the history of this great country of ours, the United States of USA. Our freedom-loving, slave-owning Founding Fathers decided to flee England in 1776 due to the Queen of England being a total bitch, so they loaded up all their shit in the Nina, Pinta, and the Santa Clausingo, and sailed for the country well known for its unbridled freedom, the paradise known as "America." Well back then it was named "Indiantopia," because the Native Americans in those days were highly racist against themselves.

Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Thomas Edison, Thomas Einstein, Baby Einstein, and Baby Sinclair from "Dinosaurs" took their first steps onto the majestic coastline of Beachwood Beach West, New Jersey, and triumphantly exclaimed, "we are now free from a government that rules with terror and tyranny. Now let us start rubbing blankets with AIDS and hand them out to all the weird looking red people who haven't yet all been relocated to uninhabitable land full of crooked casinos and liquor stores."

Between that moment in history and now, many other important things happened such as:

LOL it rhymes, I can't possibly fathom why this didn't end all gun violence.

- Somebody poured tea into the ocean because they really hated fish
- think a queen somewhere said "let them eat cake," but instead of letting people eat cake, she murdered them. Cake and murder were often interchangeable words back then.
- The Teapot Dome Scandal
- Hands Across America and New Coke brought the entire country together by making everybody violently ill at the same time.
- That one kid fell down a well

All this leads us to where we are now, which to the best of my knowledge, is right here. If you haven't been keeping up with the news lately, every single paper has a variation of the same story as their headline every single day, such as:

- Gun violence claims the life of a prominent surgeon who specialized in operating on gun violence victims to try and make them less dead.

- Four people shot to death by a gun that shot bullets at them and those people, for whatever esoteric reason, declined to avoid being shot.
- Republicans draft amendment making it legal for legally insane people to own and use nuclear warheads, as long as it's not within 20 feet of an elementary school. Or it is. Either way works.
- Unborn baby forces mom to swallow entire gun and 30 rounds of 9mm ammo, then holds her hostage from inside her womb, forcing her to rob a bank and use the cash to replenish her rapidly dwindling supply of meth.
- Stupid moron blows his stupid moron head off after bragging to his friends "watch what I can do," and then putting the gun inside his mouth and spraying his own brains over one of those talking bass fish things that are mounted on a fake wooden slab and say hilarious things like "my entire existence is pure pain" and "what god would allow this to happen to me?"

Gun violence has grown so uncontrollably that a recent study concluded for every one living resident of Chicago, three other residents are shot to death every single day, including the aforementioned living resident. This is an incredibly surprising and absolutely unsettling trend that has, in no way whatsoever, been consistently happening in every major US city, growing at a steady rate for the previous six million decades. Scientists predict by the year 2024, service industries will run out of living people to hire, and will be forced to let corpses operate the deep frying machines.

So how do we address this complex, multifaceted issue that affects each and every one of us, assuming each and every one of us are currently dead or in the process of becoming very dead after being shot repeatedly? Politicians have been promoting their own weak, ineffective ideas for decades now, and all of them end up being abject failures, such as:

- Creating new laws that say "murder is illegal" and "shooting people with guns, is actually bad, and not good." Sometimes they double down on such rhetoric and make public speeches explaining how murder is "really, REALLY bad" (they say the second "REALLY" a lot louder than the first one).
- Asking criminals to willingly turn in their guns to police stations, which in theory is the absolute perfect idea if you disregard the fact that criminals actually want to keep their weapons in order to commit crimes (that's their job after all).
- Hiring PR agencies to create PSAs that have urban youth rapping "guns are bad, they ain't no good, don't go shooting people in my hood" and then they twist their fingers around to make some secret urban youth code for "lol jk."
- Making it infinitely more difficult to legally purchase a firearm, by requiring the buyer to sign his name twice on a piece of paper and then taking a multiple choice quiz that asks, "do you plan on illegally murdering a lot of people with this gun (Y / N)?" It doesn't really matter which answer they choose, as they'll get the firearm anyway, along with a pamphlet explaining the optimal way to lead targets from long distances.

It's no surprise that the government is unable to formulate a plan that reduces gun violence, and I'm not just saying that because the government is unable to formulate a plan to do absolutely anything successfully ever. This is where we, the private citizens, more specifically me, the private citizen, steps in. While taking an absolutely humongous dump on the toilet this morning at 4:00 AM, I started contemplating how unbelievably smart my brain atoms are, and it would require absolutely no effort on my part to solve this whole gun violence deal, despite the fact that I was, at the time, unbelievably drunk.

So without further ado, I present to you my surefire (ha ha get it?!? It's stupid!) way to eliminate all gun violence in the US and return us to the glory days when everybody was nice and cordial to each other. That's why it was called the "Civil" war, you know.

HOW TO ELIMINATE ALL GUN VIOLENCE IN AMERICA, BY RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA, AGE 42

GREAT IDEA #1: Force all gun manufacturing companies to begin production of guns that, when used, insult the user's penis. Like there could be a little mp3 player with a speaker in the grip, and when you shoot a bullet, the gun says "hey buddy, your dick is probably gross and smells weird and curves in a totally fucked up way." Then the criminal will instantly stop shooting and get into an argument with his gun, at which time somebody else with a gun (and earplugs) shoots him to death.

GREAT IDEA #2: The government should form a business partnership with every company that prints dictionaries, and continually change the word "gun" to mean something completely different every other day. Imagine the scenarios:

> **EVIL CRIMINAL WHO WANTS A GUN:** "Yo I'm going to buy a gun and use it to shoot a lot of people. Illegally."
> **EVIL CRIMINAL'S FRIEND:** "How the hell are you going to shoot somebody with a stalk of corn you fucking idiot?!?"
> **EVIL CRIMINAL WHO WANTS A GUN:** *(begins weeping uncontrollably)*

Then the evil criminal, unable to deal with the shame he has brought upon himself and his family's good name (his name is "Bob Illegal Criminal"), will have no choice but to chain himself down in a basement and eat worms for the rest of his life, much like popular gay rights icon the Babadook.

GREAT IDEA #3: Hire Santa Claus to break into everybody's homes and replace all their guns with those stupid ass shitty presents his asshole elves made in the North Pole in all those crap 50s Christmas movies. Santa pretty much has global clearance for breaking and entering, so why not take it a step further and let the fat old bearded fucker replace somebody's Glock with a tiny garbage wooden toy horse that no child in the history of the universe has ever even vaguely desired? The only possible issue that may arise here is Santa getting shot by gun owners, but let's be honest, he's wayyy past his prime anyway. It's fucking 2018 and you seriously believe children want jack-in-the-boxes? Jesus Christ, no wonder our kids are growing up to hate humanity.

This gun is pregnant with triplets.

GREAT IDEA #4: Round up all the people who do not own guns, then allow government firing squads to shoot them to death before the evil gun criminals have a chance to do the same. Most gun violence is due to either personal disagreements regarding personal hygiene, or with the main goal of causing a person who was previously living to become dead. If the government just takes a courageous stand and announces 99% of the population will be summarily executed, the criminals will lose all motivation to shoot them! Have you ever tried shooting a corpse before? It's dumb as fuck and a complete waste of time! Owned by logic, gun criminals!

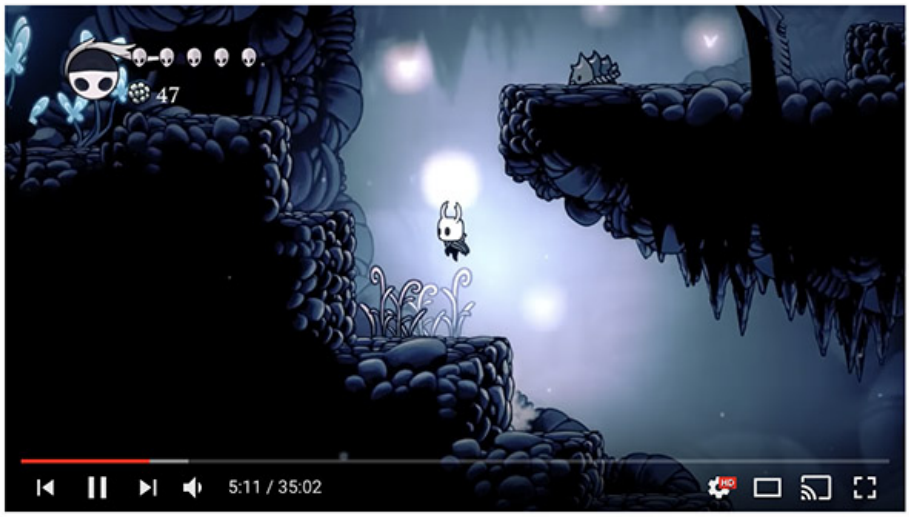
I firmly believe that my groundbreaking, revolutionary ideas will permanently solve the waves of gun violence sweeping our streets, like a street sweeper except instead of having broom bristles on the bottom of it, there's just a whole bunch of firearms and it doesn't really clean up the streets as much as it confuses every party involved. If you work for the government, please hire and offer me

a lucrative job position with plenty of benefits, such as getting paid regardless of if I actually show up at the office ever. Just like our Founding Fathers, I, too, refuse to wear pants in public.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.6 My Written Game Review That I Definitely Didn't Plagiarize from YouTube

Thursday, Aug 09, 2018 by The Honest Reviewer



What's up everybody! It's your boy here--woop woop! And today, we're going to review a little Hollow Knight. Now, let's just press start here, and there we go. Hey, it looks like I'm some weird little rabbit thing... that's pretty random. And if I hit the button... I guess that's a sword? Sure. Yah! Hah! More like The Legend of Skull--more like The Legend of Skulda. Woop woop!

Look, he can jump, too. And if I move him back and forth like this, it's like he's doing a little dance. Get down, little dude! Okay, so which way am I supposed to go? Oh hey, we all know what that dolphin sound means! Looks like we we got a 15-dollar sub from... MAGAMan1991! Thanks a bunch, MAGA, and welcome to the brigade! Woop woop! So if you're just tuning in, I'm playing this wild game called Hollow Knight, where y

At Wells Fargo, we believe you should trust your bank. And we were founded on trust. Since 1852, we've been helping our customers build homes, start businesses, and even pay for college. And with our new Customer Protection Plan, you can rest easy knowing your finances are secure. I'd like to make a deposit? Why, of course, I'd be happy to help you. Wells Fargo. Your money's in good hands.

ou're this rabbit guy, I guess. Huh, I'm already lost. And it looks like... StoicCamel? StoicCamel is telling me the game audio is too low? Hold on. How is that? Now? Oop! But I still heard that dolphin sound. Thanks a lot... oh shit, it went by too quick. Give you a shout-out on my next stream, my man! And speaking of streams, we're about to roll into my daily Fortnite stream--hold on, I'm getting my ass stomped here. Hang in there for the daily Fortnite stream with my boy BasedVegeta! He's been having a lot of problems with his foot so be sure to keep him in your thoughts!

Oh yeah and uh, have you guys heard of NatureBox? They've got all kinds of healthy snacks and I've been eating the shit out of these chocolate nom-noms. And if you go to their website and use the offer code... Crap, I thought I thought I had it written down here. Hold on, let me pause the game. It's not in that drawer? Well, I'll tell you about that special offer next time! Looks like we

gotta roll into Fortnite. Mash that subscribe button! Woot woot! In conclusion, Hollow Knight is a fun game.

–∼The Honest Reviewer

8.7 D... draining the s-swamp will anger the swamp king

Friday, Aug 10, 2018 by Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

Shhhhh. Scary things are bubbling. Shhhhh. Settle please so you may hear my soft, high voice describe the dilemma.

Does everyone have a **honey milk**? Good, good, good, good.

I have many fears from tuber-gnawers to gong pounders. Nothing gives me a case of the scaries worse than the mean old swamp king. All the pests go to live in the swamp to get away from the smacks and the... the swats... and don't go getting rowdy now. Just listen up. Shhhh.

The swamp is full of all the worst sorts of pests. The **chitters**, the **scrabblers**, the **smock burrowers**, the **toe ticklers**, and the **naughty nippers**. These little pests will raise up bumps on hide and get inside your lunch if you bake some greasy oats for your picnic. If you drain down that swamp you'll see a whole bunch of **wigglers** and **trundlers** flopping mad in the muck. They'll hiss. HISS. Then they're gonna want a new home.

Like your hat. Or y-your... your... the parts on your legs and bottom. The pants. Shhhh. Not so loud.

The swamp king won't take this all napping in his nook. He is going to make a terrible clamor and shhh... shhh... oh it will be so loud. He will throw stink pots and turn over craft tables with all the cat's eyes. He will handle collector grade near mint comic booklets and reduce them to good plus quality. His musty muck will be all over every walkway and parking garage.

Down in the burrow, where the yum yums are, the swamp king is going to find a home. It's cool. It's dark. It's moist. He is going to come down here with m-me. Where will I live? All of his pests will come down here with him. The **gnawers** and the **scurriers** will be in my sauce. The milk will spoil from the stink. All of my favorite roots will go limp. The s-swamp must not be drained, friends. Please.

Put more into the swamp. Keep it there. Lock it up with mossy swamp chains. That is my n-new platform since Gentle Creature Zuckerberg stopped with politics.

2020

Please vote mossy swamp chains. A musty door on the swamp that we can lock. Swamp guards in bright yellow vests to shove pests back into the swamp. Gently now, of course. A gentle shove. Go back little things. Under rocks and into skeleton eye sockets. N-not the burrow. Stay away.

Thank you.

I love you.

Gods of soil bless you all.

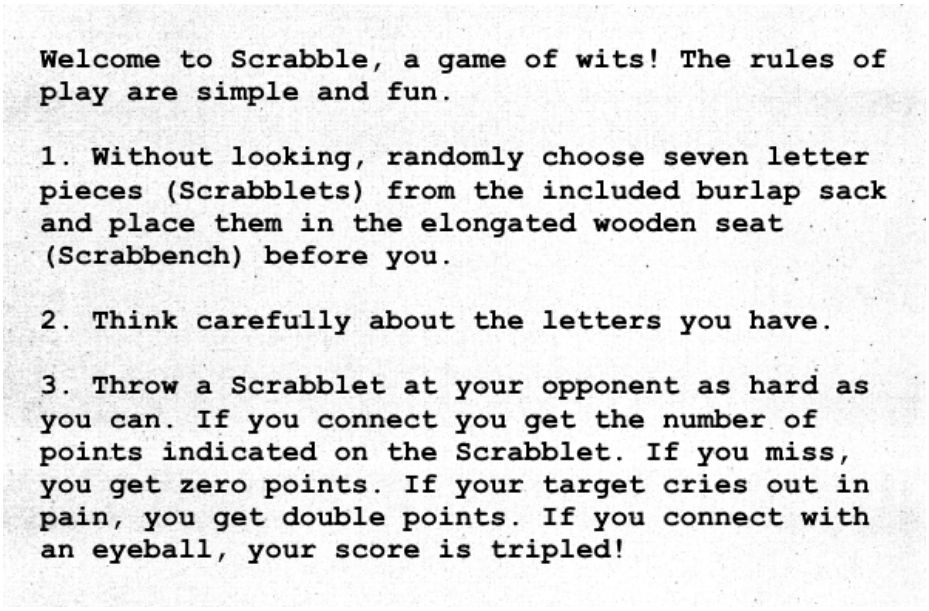
–∼Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

8.8 Classic Board Games' Original Rules

Wednesday, Aug 15, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Board Game Article series.

Scrabble



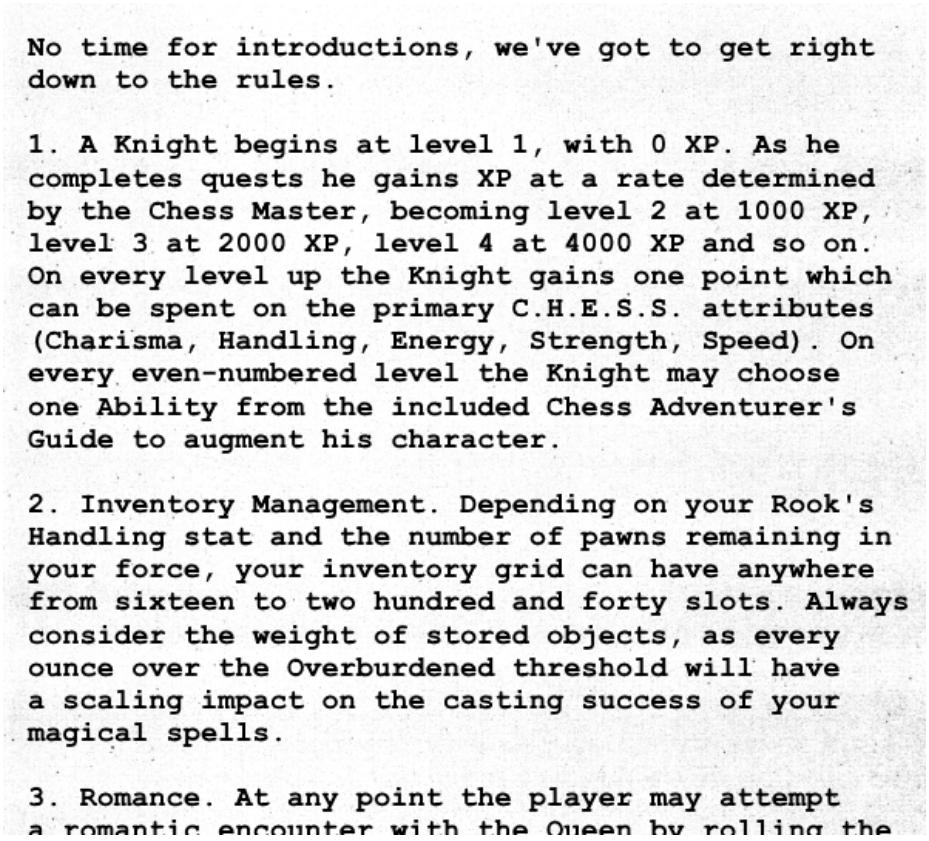
Welcome to Scrabble, a game of wits! The rules of play are simple and fun.

1. Without looking, randomly choose seven letter pieces (Scrabblets) from the included burlap sack and place them in the elongated wooden seat (Scrabbench) before you.

2. Think carefully about the letters you have.

3. Throw a Scrabblet at your opponent as hard as you can. If you connect you get the number of points indicated on the Scrabblet. If you miss, you get zero points. If your target cries out in pain, you get double points. If you connect with an eyeball, your score is tripled!

Chess



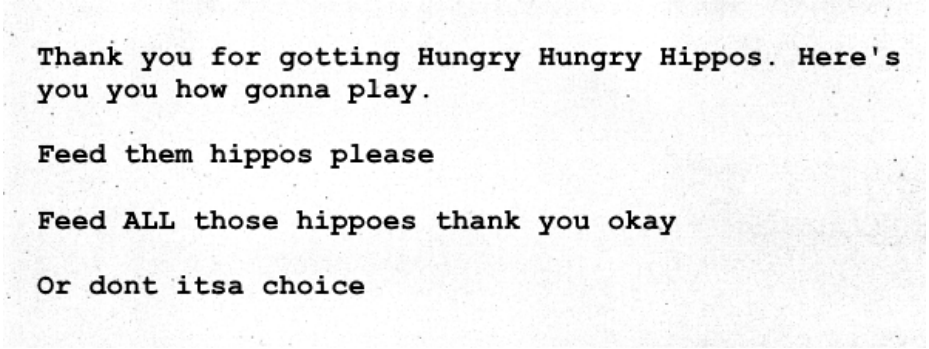
No time for introductions, we've got to get right down to the rules.

1. A Knight begins at level 1, with 0 XP. As he completes quests he gains XP at a rate determined by the Chess Master, becoming level 2 at 1000 XP, level 3 at 2000 XP, level 4 at 4000 XP and so on. On every level up the Knight gains one point which can be spent on the primary C.H.E.S.S. attributes (Charisma, Handling, Energy, Strength, Speed). On every even-numbered level the Knight may choose one Ability from the included Chess Adventurer's Guide to augment his character.

2. Inventory Management. Depending on your Rook's Handling stat and the number of pawns remaining in your force, your inventory grid can have anywhere from sixteen to two hundred and forty slots. Always consider the weight of stored objects, as every ounce over the Overburdened threshold will have a scaling impact on the casting success of your magical spells.

3. Romance. At any point the player may attempt a romantic encounter with the Queen by rolling the

Hungry Hungry Hippos



Thank you for gotting Hungry Hungry Hippos. Here's you you how gonna play.

Feed them hippos please

Feed ALL those hippoes thank you okay

Or dont itsa choice

Monopoly

Step One: One player is the Land Baron, all others are peasants.

Step Two: Place all peasant pieces on the game board's single tile, Lakeside Hovel.

Step Three: Take turns rolling dice to see how many hours you get to work at the soot-sorting factory. If you work ten hours or more, you get a single dollar.

Step Four: Once all peasants have taken their turn, the Land Baron arbitrarily sets the rent and collects. If the peasants complain the Land Baron shrugs and explains that he is simply compensating for two things:

1. Taxes and regulations, which he largely ignores

and

2. "The Invisible Hand of the Free Market", a mystical entity whose most unfortunate effects are somehow blamed on the poorest players

Step Five: Repeat the above steps until the Land Baron has accumulated enough wealth to convince an investor to pay for a Hotel on Lakeside Hovel, which the Land Baron will leverage in a series of amoral deals that will ruin the lives of the peasants, bankrupt the investors, and leave the Land Baron with a lucrative severance package.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.9 The Top 5 Drinking Games

Thursday, Aug 16, 2018 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Drinking games were first invented millions of years ago by Cro-Magnon men, for whom they weren't a game but a means of determining the strongest tribe members for woolly mammoth hunts. To pay tribute to our prehistoric ancestors, we now reenact these games at parties until we become inebriated enough that we talk and act like cavemen. Assuming you aren't horribly unpopular and actually get invited to parties, here are 5 great drinking game ideas.

Keg Kong

To play this game, you must build a life-sized replica of the construction site from the 1981 arcade game Donkey Kong, or break into a construction site that resembles it. One player is elected "Keg Kong" and stands at the top of the site in a gorilla suit rolling kegs down at the other player, who must jump over them as they make their way to the top. If a keg touches them, they must drink the entire keg immediately, rendering them extremely drunk and increasing the game's challenge. Inevitably, Keg Kong always wins, due to both the incredible difficulty of climbing to the top of a construction site after consuming a near-lethal amount of alcohol and the fact that the game repeats on an endless loop.

The Most Dangerous Drinking Game

In this thrilling game, the first player kidnaps the second player and takes them to a remote tropical island, where they're released into the jungle with a pack of supplies and a three-hour head start. The first player then has 24 hours to find the second player and shoot them with a tranquilizer dart filled with malt liquor. This game proves that man is the most dangerous of all party animals, aside from maybe Spuds MacKenzie or Animal from the Muppets cinematic universe, who wears a dog collar and can play the drums with his head.

The Aleph

This simple game requires only some beer, a few players and an Aleph - a small sphere in which one can see the entire universe from every conceivable angle simultaneously. Players watch the universe through the Aleph and drink when specified events take place. The most common rules are:

Someone is born = 1 sip

Someone dies = 2 sips

A butterfly flaps its wings, causing a tornado a continent away = 3 sips

Love blooms on the battlefield = 4 sips

Someone shares an intelligent, insightful opinion on the internet = drink entire bottle

Beercraft

Ever wish drinking was less like the movie Animal House and more like building a house out of Legos? Then this is the game for you! In Beercraft, players drink beer and use their empty cans

to build anything they can imagine. The possibilities are limitless, though invariably most people end up building Star Wars ships or that castle from Game of Thrones. This is a "sandbox" game because it has no clear objectives and also because it is best played in a sandbox where one can easily bury their own vomit.

Global Thermonuclear War

In this game based on the classic 1983 film *Wargames* two teams, the U.S. and the Russians, sit on opposite sides of a table and throw "nukes" (ping-pong balls) at each other's "cities" (cups of beer) for sixty seconds. Regardless of who scores the most hits, both teams must drink all the beer until they become violently ill to represent the fact that there are no winners in the game of global thermonuclear war.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.10 Fuck it, revoke my security clearance, too, Mr. President

Friday, Aug 17, 2018 by Captain Crunch (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Mr. President:

I have got nothing to lose, bitch. I am an old ass man, a decorated navy captain and hero of five conflicts. I have done shit for this country bone spur punks like you wouldn't believe. I didn't just beat the soggies, I ate them, you feel me, motherfucker? I am a one man war crime. I exterminated the soggies. Root and branch. I war crimed so much harder than you or Brennan or any of those CIA pencil dicks.

Now if I want to go on Fox News and brag about how the Navy is shooting missiles at water pumps in Yemen to murder kids I am free to do that. But goddamn John Brennan, who got his dick hard blowing up schools, is not allowed to call you brainless fuck on twitter and read about how you botched another operation sending Navy SEALs into some third world hellhole.

You big bitch baby. I will go privateer. I will fuck up the high seas. I am a scourge without my security clearance, so take it, you absolute cunt. You think I am afraid to talk shit about you, you walking goiter? You're afraid of stairs, bitch! God Emperor of drinking Diet Cokes.

Like most Americans, I had hoped that when you became president, you would choke to death on a Big Mac and fall into a sewer where you belong. Then I would salute the flag loud and often. But now I wouldn't even wipe my ass with a flag.

Your leadership, bitch, is as bad as your steaks, your university, and your bedbug-filled hotels. Every single person you brought into government is stealing millions of dollars except for dumbass Rick Perry, who is still trying to figure out where to punch the office jukebox to get a free play of the Doobie Brothers. I have seen Crunch Berries stuck to toilet paper that would make better presidents than you. The only thing you were ever good at was ripping people off, so rip this security clearance off my shirt, you wobbly pigfuck.

Actually, maybe send one of your stooges. You had better not step foot on my ship or I will keelhaul you. It's called admiralty law, bitch, and on my ship I am the president.

Thank you in advance,

Captain Crunch
US Navy, Retired

–∼Captain Crunch (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 The Most Misquoted Lines In Movie History

Tuesday, Aug 21, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."
- *Gone With the Wind*

The actual quote: (Through a mouthful of peanut butter) "Frankly, my dear, this is good peanut butter!"

"I drink your milkshake."
- *There Will Be Blood*

The actual quote: (Sucking peanut butter through a straw, with gobs of peanut butter already in his mouth) "I'm drinking the peanut butter."

"Rosebud."
- *Citizen Kane*

The actual quote: (Dying and speaking through a mouthful of peanut butter) "Peanut butter."

"The first rule of Fight Club is you do not talk about Fight Club."
- *Fight Club*

The actual quote: (Eating handfuls of peanut butter from a nasty garbage bag containing several gallons of loose peanut butter) "This might be too much peanut butter."

"Luke, I am your father."
- *Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back*

The actual quote: (This is actually the line "I'm going to make him an offer he can't refuse" from *The Godfather*, commonly misquoted and misattributed simultaneously)

"I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take this anymore!"
- *Network*

The actual quote: (Lips smacking, mouth full of peanut butter, glistening streams of peanut butter oil running down chin) "I'm full as hell, and I'm not going to take another bite!"

"Forget it, Jake. It's Chinatown."
- *Chinatown*

The actual quote: "Don't forget it, Jake. It's Crazy Town. That's the name of my favorite band. You're gonna love 'em. Pass the peanut butter, will ya?"

"You talkin' to me?"
- *Taxi Driver*

The actual quote: (Looking in the mirror while chomping a big honkin' gob of peanut butter) "You givin' peanut butter to me?"

"I love the smell of napalm in the morning."
- *Apocalypse Now*

The actual quote: (Thoughtfully masticating a mouthful of peanut butter) "Is this agent orange? I'm pretty sure it's agent orange."

"I'll have what she's having."
- *When Harry Met Sally*

The actual quote: (Taking a big sip of melted peanut butter from a coffee cup) "I'll have peanut butter."

"I see dead people."
- *The Sixth Sense*

The actual quote: (Whispering while shoveling spoonfuls of peanut butter into his mouth from a cereal bowl full of peanut butter) "I taste peanut butter."

"Gentlemen, you can't fight in here! This is the War Room!"
- *Dr. Strangelove*

The actual quote: (Through a mouthful of peanut butter) "Mmmmm!"

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.12 BREAKING NEWS: Stupid Ass Teenager Mortally Injured In Stupid Ass Viral Challenge

Tuesday, Aug 21, 2018 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Stupid Ass Teenager, in critical condition after self-inflicting a mortal wound, may possibly die.

BREAKING NEWS: A 14-year old Stupid Ass Teenager was mortally injured today while participating in a Stupid Ass Viral Challenge.

"I thought the internet was all fun and games. Grow virtual plants on Facebook. Send email to grandma. IM friends with emojis. Michael Fucking Jackson Eating Popcorn Dot Gif," said the Stupid Ass Teenager, currently dying in an Idiot County hospital. "Never in my wildest dreams could I ever possibly humanly imagine that doing stupid ass internet shit in real life might get me mortally injured."

The Stupid Ass Teenager is of course referring to the popular "Make Yourself Dead" viral challenge, which is known for being something stupid that appeals to stupid ass people. In this viral internet trend, teenagers are encouraged to become dead by any means possible. Recommended methods include readily available handguns, prescription medication overdoses, or treading on that yellow flag with the snake on it who looks mean as hell.

"I thought it would be cool if I made myself dead to impress my friends online," the Stupid Ass Teenager painfully remarked, in between repeated bouts of near death. "What harm could I possibly suffer by acting totally fucking stupid in an attempt to outstupid the other Stupid Ass Teenagers competing in the Stupid Ass Viral Trend? It turns out this was a mistake."

And a grave mistake it may be. Doctors in Idiot County are confirming that her self-inflicted mortal wounds may, in fact, be fatal.

"We encourage all Stupid Ass Teenagers to not participate in Stupid Ass Viral Challenges, as these are serious events with real world repercussions," advised an anonymous doctor who refused to provide his name, under the threat of being doxed. "But unfortunately, when it comes to Stupid Ass Teenagers, they often gravitate to Stupid Ass Viral Challenges, and there's nothing we can do but watch and pray."

When it comes to regrets and considering that all actions have consequences, many members of the Stupid Ass Teenager community express confusion and utter bewilderment at the concept, the doctor continued. "Many Stupid Ass Teenagers traditionally exhibit similar behavior. For example, they act in the fashion of a stupid ass. They are also teenagers." The doctor then pointed to a line graph. "This is a line graph," he explained.

The internet (stock photo)

While the chances of the 14-year old Stupid Ass Teenager surviving their mortal injury remain slim and possibly less than or equal to zero percent, they remarked on having no regrets. "I regret it all, everything about it, absolutely," the Stupid Ass Teenager said through one of those machines where you type with a giant straw in your mouth and kind of poke the keys from really far away and it reads it out loud in a weird robot voice. "But I'd definitely do it again."

A representative for Stupid Ass Teenagers could not be reached for this report, under the circumstance that they were very dead at the moment of publishing.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.13 I'm So Sorry (If You Were Offended)

Thursday, Aug 23, 2018 by The Misunderstood

Wow. What can I say. I just feel awful about all this. To think that my own actions could affect someone else in this way? Truly awful. Believe me, it's going to take a while to get over this. Weeks, perhaps months of self-care are the only way I'll ever be able to get back to normal. It'll be a long, arduous climb up the mountain known as "Binging Netflix Shows I Don't Even Like and Ordering Postmates," with little hope over the horizon. But, after the dust has settled, I hope you realize that everyone makes mistakes. And your biggest one was that you thought I meant to offend you.

Believe me, I understand how you feel. To a point. To think that someone you care about intended to offend you in some way? Personally, I'd never jump to such an incorrect conclusion that fast. It's something I've never done, and frankly it's difficult to muster up any empathy for you. But if I focus, and try to see things from the perspective of an extremely defensive person, I might be able to see how YOU could see how all of this is actually my fault. Among all the confusion of course. With so many random thoughts flitting around your mind, I almost understand why you would grab the one that's most convenient to your warped perspective. I feel sorry for you, but that's the only sorry I feel. Sorry.

Since I'm not exactly on trial here, I do have to ask why you chose to be offended when you could have reacted in any other way. Every day I experience constant affronts to my ego, and yet I choose to let them slide, though I should note that in all of these cases I have actually been wronged and am not misreading intent. Let's say I'm in a meeting and a woman tries to correct me, or I'm having a meal with friends and a woman wrongly assumes she knows more about certain movies than me. Do I want to cut off her head and scream into the bloody stump, "No Barbara, the villain is Die Hard is not named Hans GRUTER!" Naturally. Do I? No. I simply call her husband anonymously and imply she's cheating on him with several different men. Like any SANE person.

Have I made any mistakes in this long life of mine? Of course not. But if I did make a mistake, I'm sure it'd be a simple one like "forgetting to clean my fingerprints off of a doorknob" and not something so cynical as to believe the intent of my fellow man isn't pure and honest if that's what he insists. Say--and I'm just throwing this out there--you walk into a room and see a body with multiple stab wounds and a man holding a bloody knife. Just a hypothetical. If the man assures you

the woman simply tripped and fell on the knife he was holding 32 times, would you be offended? Or, would you step back and think to yourself "Boy, if I was in this situation, I certainly hope someone would believe me!" And when the police--the brave men and women literally hired to professionally tell right from wrong--don't even believe you, you have to wonder about the sorry state of this country.

Again, this is NOT an apology. But, given that you were so offended, this is something we both need to get past together. I've decided to be the bigger person--will you? Sure, it's easy to push that button and release the chemical cocktail into my bloodstream that will eventually kill me. In fact, I'm sure plenty of people watching this from behind the mirrored glass would love for you to do just that. Ultimately it's up to you to live with the unforgivable sin of misunderstanding me. But again--not sorry.

–∼The Misunderstood

8.14 I am being censored from the Papa John's board meetings by the Deep State

Friday, Aug 24, 2018 by John H. Schnatter (@sexyfacts4u)

ABOUT JOHN.

John H. Schnatter is Papa John's Founder and the former Chairman and Chief Executive Officer.

He said the n-word one dang time on a conference call and it was not even to call some thug the n-word it was to say he never said the n-word, which he didn't, except when playing Madden which he does solo in his man cave with no recordings and the video game blacks cannot get their feelings hurt in 2018. Possibly in the future.

Papa John single handedly came up with the idea of sticking a pepperoncini into the pizza box for you to look at and then throw away. He came up with including a little pack of garlic butter in your pizza box so you can try to make his pizza taste OK. Nobody else was doing that and if they were they probably regularly used the n-word.

John is really, really sorry about that ONE dang n-word. He's sorry he brought up the kneeling and black lives matters. All lives matter and blue lives matter, but he knows now he should not have said anything. He's a pizza man. He just wants to go back to making commercials with Peyton Manning. Peyton won't even answer his texts. John has seen them change to "READ" so he knows Peyton is getting them.

This is the board's fault. The board acted rashly to silence Papa John and censor him because they are afraid of the truth. The Papa John's Deep State is very bias and wants to keep Papa John H. Schnatter, the original Papa, from hanging out with his friend Peyton.

John has won numerous awards and honors from various famous

and extremely legitimate organizations.

- He received the Wisconsin Dells Least Racist Dad Award in 2011.
- The Demon City Shinjuku Award for Excellence in Race Opinions 2014.
- For 9 out of the last 15 years, Papa John's had been voted as only slightly worse than Pizza Hut and managed to beat Domino's in 2009 when they released that gum and nuts pizza.
- Harvard School of Business for Dogs awarded Papa John the Barktrepreneur of the Year Golden Bone in 2001, the same year as 9/11. Never Forget. FDNY.
- The Women's League of Anti-Suffrage Voters CEO Most Respectful of Women Bending Over to Pick Something Up Whistlin' Wolf Award 2015.
- Dave Thomas Trophy for Second Best CEO Spokesman of 2017. Lost to the PC Matic guy because of affirmative action.
- Least Likely to say the n-word in a racist way award for 2018 by the Papa's Promise House and the Schnatter Foundation.

As you can see John is more than qualified to continue in my job as CEO of Papa John's. Please stand up for me.

I will never say the really bad word for black people again.

–∼John H. Schnatter (@sexyfacts4u)

8.15 Thom Yorke Playing Dungeons & Dragons

Wednesday, Aug 29, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

[Navigating the Labyrinth of Fog and Shadows]

"For a minute there
I lost my elf.
I lost my elf."

[Upon returning a beloved fowl to Crod, the emotional giant quest-giver who begins crying enormous tears of joy upon the party]

"Rain down, rain down
Come on rain down on me
From a great height
Crod loves his chicken"

[Sent in to scout a dragon's keep while the party waits outside]

"But I'm a thief.
My HP's low.
What the hell am I doing here?
I don't belong here."

[Locating a mechanism to open a secret passage as a horde of knolls bears down on the party]

"I hit the button.
Hit the button and escape.
Escape."

[Addressing the Bard at the campsite after a particularly trying day of adventures]

"Sing
Us a song
A song to heal
Our harm"

[Rolling a 20 on a perception check]

"I jumped in the river, what did I see?
Bag of Holding waiting for me."

[Pickpocketing dozens of random students in a magical college as a favor for the party's mage, who wants a Time Stop scroll]

"And it wears me out.
It wears me out.
It wears me out.
But if I could see the scroll you wanted
to stop time..."

[Attempting to steal a legendary gem from its display case in a curiously empty chamber with no obvious form of security]

"No alarms and no surprises please."

[The party's Wild Mage casts a spell that backfires spectacularly]

"You do it to yourself, you do.
And that's what really hurts
is you do it to yourself, just you.
You and no-one else."

[Detailing an overly ambitious plan to overcome pursuers and slip into the shadows]

"Rows of drows, all bearing down on me
I can feel their blue hands touching me
All my traps into position
All my traps in one round swallow them whole
And fade out again and fade out"

[The party's Barbarian attempts to cut an enemy in half and slice the ropes binding Thom's elven Thief with a single swing of her two-handed sword]

"Don't cleave me, Ghry
Just leave me tied
Don't cleave me, Ghry
Just leave me tied"

[Noticing that the party's introverted Wild Mage has cast Magic Hand and is now holding hands with the conjured hand]

"Just 'cause you feel it
Doesn't mean it's there"

[After three days without rations, eyeing an approaching Gelatinous Cube]

"So knives out
Cut it up
It's got no head
Put it in the pot"

[Turns a corner in the Labyrinth of Shadows and Fog, only to find the spot where the party began one week earlier]

"How come I end up where I started?

How can I end up where I belong?"

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.16 My Ongoing Battle Recovering From Catholicism; I Jacked It To the JC Penny's Catalogue

Thursday, Aug 30, 2018 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

> "Raising a child as a Catholic is the easiest way to ensure your child does not grow up to be Catholic"
> *- Me, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, quoting Kurt Cobain, paraphrasing Wayne Gretzky*

My parents always considered it absolutely important to raise their children beneath the protective arm of the church, which seems somewhat contrived these days since the arm of the Catholic church is primarily known for fisting young boys. I swear to god that will be the last child molestation joke I will make in this article, or possibly at least just in that last sentence. Growing up in Syracuse, both my mother and father learned the importance of the Catholic church, which includes but is also limited to:

im in ur base murdering ur kids

1) Being the Catholic church

Their parents were strict Italians and Ukrainians, which meant that they came to America from Italian and Ukrainian. These are two countries, both famously known for not being America. The Catholic church plays a very important role in these stupid locations because their citizens do not have easy access to better things like money or drugs. For those of you unfamiliar with traditional Catholic message, everything basically boils down to "because we told you so." Question a priest? You're going to hell. Question the Bible? You're going to hell. Question a priest and the Bible? You're going to hell and then you're getting revived and killed again and going to hell and it will be even worse the second time. Hell 2.0.

This doesn't lend well to the traditional Catholic mass, a programmed routine so boring that by the end you'll be begging to visit hell as a simple change of scenery. As a child, I always wondered why the best stories in the Bible were always the ones we were instructed to never, under any circumstances, question. For example, Elisha and the two bears. God hires a couple bears to murder 42 children for calling one of his prophets "baldhead" (the prophet, not God, I have no idea what God's hairline is like). That fucking rules. That's the kind of God I can get behind and root for; he lets you know he ain't going to take any shit and if you criticize something as sacred as somebody's hair, you better damn well know you'll get killed by a bear. That's how it goes, it's cut and dry.

"However, part of me wondered how Elisha figured into the grand scheme of the Bible and the overall message of love and forgiveness and harsh critical judgement. My parents and church leaders repeated to me "God is love," but I'm somewhat certain bears murdering children is not love. It might actually be the exact opposite of love. On one end of the scale you have "love" and on the other you have "bears." I'd like to take this moment to break my previous promise of not mentioning child molestation, to point out the Catholic church molests children.

"Hey guys, high five! Ha ha just kidding you're going to die.

While I avoided being molested by the Catholic church and instead grew up the proper way, repulsed by and ashamed of my inherent sexuality, I quickly drifted further away from the teachings of their institution who, for all intents and purposes, seemed primarily geared towards putting the elderly to sleep. The central message of "because we told you so," coupled with the underlying message of "it's not us, it's you" amplified the guilt and shame that perhaps I was just not praying enough, or I was praying the wrong way, or like instead of the Bible I was reading Fake Bible and, as a result, all my prayers were fucked up and instead of seeking a temporary escape from depression, I instead received a lobster. Like many major religions, guilt is a prime motivational factor in the Catholic church, and if you're not feeling terribly ashamed about something at any given moment, you're not doing it right.

I'll be the first to admit that, during my teenage years, I jacked off while looking at JC Penny's catalogues. Hell, I still do. The absolute only time I can get off anymore is when I force my wife to dress up like a JC Penny's catalogue. She doesn't really enjoy it, but it gives me an excuse to temporarily unchain her from the radiator. If you're reading this and happen to be a police officer, please bear in mind that I'm joking. If you're not a cop, then I'm absolutely serious.

At times like this, when the Catholic church faces growing criticism from yet another sexual abuse scandal, it's easy to forget that the this religion fucks up brains as much as anuses, and I swear to my Catholic God that this will be the final child molestation joke I will make in this article, except for when I point out right now that the Catholic church has sex with children. That's the absolute last one.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.17 Daisy Hogg, would you do me the honor of accompanying me and my AR-15 to prom?

Friday, Aug 31, 2018 by Hoggluvr (@sexyfacts4u)

I know we have only known each other since I turned pictures of David Hogg into a girl just a couple weeks ago, but I was hoping, hat-in-hand that you would do me the supreme honor of being my date to the prom this year.

The thing is, Daisy, we live in an open carry state and I am of legal age to comport myself in the public locations with my trusty AR-15 to defend myself. Well, ever since we found out where the school board lives and threatened all their children they have been forced to remove the gun free zone around schools. Which means for the first time I can feel safe under the sea open carrying at prom. That's the prom theme this year. I do not swim into the ocean because of an email I saw about weird fish.

I was wondering - praying, truth be told - if you would accompany me and my ArmaLite Rifle. You're so pretty and, well, I have been following you on hoggwatch ever since that school shooting. For a long time I wanted to beat you up good or shoot holes in you or order a bunch of pizzas to your house late at night. But since I made you into a girl in a picture, my feelings have changed for you.

By god, my heart is singing for you, Daisy. I just don't know if I can bear to go to prom without you. Since I have already personified my beautiful long gun, let's make 2 and 2 equal 3 like sweet Remington said and go to that prom as a trio.

Some might say I am living in an insane 21st century fantasy hellworld where I turned the survivor of a massacre into a political and sexual fetish object by transforming him into a girl who loves guns. But those people have never held an AR-15 like I want to hold you. Not like you, Daisy. You know the truth.

So let's Make Prom Great Again together. And if things happen after prom, things that maybe are exciting and unexpected, like we get to shoot a black teenager together in self defense. Well, sometimes fantasies do come true.

–~Hoggluvr (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 A Restaurant Critic Reviews His Own Cooking

Tuesday, Sep 04, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Visit #1

The breakfast menu was underwhelming, to say the least.

There was cereal. Not name brand cereal, or even the good off-brand stuff. The other options were something called "Open Yogurt Cup Loosely Covered By Ripped Tin Foil", half of a pickle that appeared to have been floating in the jar for at least three months, and scrambled eggs with toast. I went with the scrambled eggs and toast.

Huge mistake.

The eggs were a lumpy, dense cluster miserably squatting in a congealing pool of water. Water. Did the chef use skim milk instead of whole milk? Did he cook the eggs at the wrong temperature? Mistake water for seasoning (there certainly wasn't any salt)? Anything is possible! Somehow, this plate of watery eggs also contained several paper-thin wafers of egg crust from where the chef failed to butter the pan.

Terrible.

There were supposed to be two pieces of toast. I got one, because the other had "just a bit too much" mold. My slice of toast was a small end piece with more wrinkles than molecules of bread.

If you held a gun to my head and forced me to compliment this dive, I would point to the decor. Sure, the place was poorly lit and hadn't been dusted since, well ever, but there were some great photographs of me. They were unexpected, and added a certain charm that couldn't be denied.

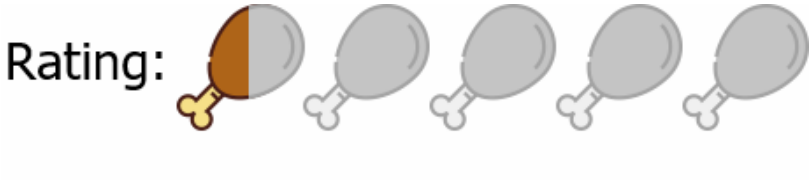
Visit #2

I changed my mind about the photographs. They're not as charming as I thought.

First of all, there are a lot. Hundreds. I'm in every single one of them. They go all the way back to my childhood. Some appear to have been taken from a distance, through blinds or bushes. More than one appeared to have been taken from a satellite.

Where did they get these? I called out, but no one was there. Just me. Creepy.

Lunch was a two-course affair. First course toaster pastries (unheated), second course a gallon jug of water. It was quite possibly the most lonely meal I have ever eaten.



Visit #3

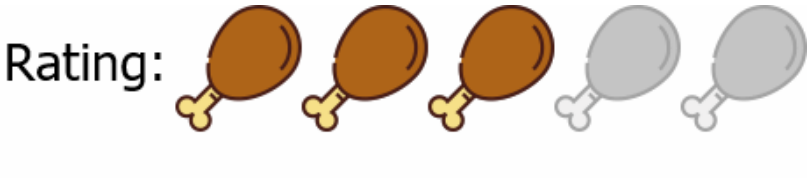
I found myself in a cramped tunnel-like corridor. The air was stale, the colors muted. A soft light suggested something laid in wait just beyond the curve ahead. Escape? Some entity? I rounded the curve and found nothing but another curve, the same soft light just out of sight. This went on forever.

At some point it dawned on me that the surface of this tunnel was made of hundreds of thousands of mirror shards, all reflecting my hunched form. In each and every one my face was blurred.

I cannot say how long I wandered. Hunger and thirst, my affable companions for so many years, abandoned me and left me utterly bare in this grey realm. I sat down and gave up a thousand times. Continued twice as many.

Eventually I found the bathroom. When I got back to my table (a coffee table in front of a lumpy sofa) my meal was waiting.

Dinner was a slice of processed ham rolled up in a tube with mustard and stale potato chips in the middle. It was fine.



–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.2 Your Official Guide to BRICKO(tm) Terminology

Thursday, Sep 06, 2018 by BRICKO(tm) Information Minister

Greetings, official BRICKO(tm) supplier! If you're reading this, it means you've signed on to be part of the exciting world of BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System products. If not, you likely found this in the street--in which case, please disregard the following. Now, you may have several questions, such as, "Where can I return unsold merchandise for a partial refund?" All matters relating to this subject can be found in the manual titled "So I've Failed the BRICKO(tm) Company," available from our supply outlet for just six-thousand dollars. But to learn the basics of how to discuss BRICKO(tm) products with your customers and fellow workers, please keep the following in mind.

- You may feel the urge to pluralize BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System products by moronically adding a simple "s" to the end of BRICKO(tm), as the lower classes are inclined to do. For example, you may feel the urge to tell a customer "The BRICKO(tm)s are in aisle five." For one, BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System products should always be located in an aisle no greater than three, but you should also avoid slandering the name of our product. To set a message, fire employees on the spot for this transgression, and be sure to sternly lecture any customers who make this same mistake. They might not come back, but our brand will only be stronger!
- Consumers may be confused about a different, yet sinister, brand of interlocking blocks known as LEGO. If a man or woman is foolish enough to desire this vastly inferior product, call the police immediately. Once you use up all of your chances with the police--most store owners average around three--reluctantly guide the degenerate in your store to the BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System product section, but warn them that if a BRICKO(tm) interlocking block piece joins with a LEGO, the entire set cannot be returned for fear of contamination.
- Given the newfound wave of Patriotism that has made our Antebellum South Playsets just fly off of the shelves, customers may ask you if our products are made in America. BRICKO(tm)

Brand Interlocking Block System products are designed by a Japanese man who flies to America to meet with a team of German engineers. Then, the designs are shipped off to Mexico, turned into those memorable interlocking blocks, and shipped to Uruguay for packaging. The resulting boxes are then sent to our distribution center in Canada for distribution. So, to answer their question: yes.

- Disturbed and/or poorly trained children may leave their BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System products lying about, even if they are aware of the sheer privilege of owning them. If you receive any complaints, please inform your customers of the BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System Laceration Soothing Gel, which should be located on the endcap of your designated BRICKO(tm) aisle. For more serious injuries, offer them a bottle of BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System Nerve Tonic, which must be kept in a cabinet with at least three locks according to FDA regulations.

- Due to the habit-forming nature of BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System Nerve Tonic, some of your customers may form a habit without the necessary $800 in their pocket to buy their needed two bottles per day. In this case, call the police--call another town's police if you've used all of your chances--and let them know gently (while avoiding eye contact) our scientists are hard at work on medical patches to help BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System Nerve Tonic addicts and hope to have a version that won't melt guinea pigs on contact by 2022.

- Our social media team is hard at work scouring the Internet for mentions of BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System products, so keep in mind any negativity towards our corporation could terminate your contract and land you hefty legal fees on top of that. If you see anyone slandering the good name of BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System products online, pass the message to our social media team, and we will see fit to contact that person's local SWAT establishment to end all defamation.

- The BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System Loyalty Collar you were fitted with will apply a healthy jolt of electricity to your neck and head region for every hour a BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System product goes unsold. But don't worry: our engineers are hard at work developing a version that ceases its functions during non-work hours. Keep in mind that any of its spent batteries must be replaced at a BRICKO(tm) Brand Interlocking Block System Loyalty Center within 48 hours or it will violently explode to prevent possible tampering. Happy selling!

–∼BRICKO(tm) Information Minister

9.3 I Am Part of the Resistance Inside the Finger Family

Friday, Sep 07, 2018 by Anonymous (@sexyfacts4u)

Daddy Finger, Daddy Finger, where are you? Asleep at the wheel.

America wants to know how do you do? Not good.

The dilemma - which Daddy Finger does not seem to grasp - is that it takes five fingers working together to form a fist. His deranged leadership has caused the other fingers to work diligently from within to frustrate parts of his agenda and his worst inclinations.
I would know. I am one of them. Here I am.

Here I am.

To be clear, ours is not the popular "resistance" of the left hand. We want the hand to succeed and think that many of its policies have already made America safer and more prosperous.

We appreciate Daddy Finger's policy of holding morning stars. We support fingers digging out the eyeballs of underlings that have failed us. We agree with placing fingers into pots full of jewels. We are even proud of the progress we have made towards eliminating Left Hand's Baby Finger and placing it in a golden box.

The root of the problem is Daddy Finger's amorality. Anyone who works with him knows he lacks a lodestar to guide his actions.

Although he is from the Right Hand, Daddy Finger shows little affinity for ideals long espoused by the fingers of the Right Hand: punching, holding Desert Eagle pistols, and flipping coins. At best, he has invoked these ideals in scripted settings. At worst, he has attacked them outright.

Does Daddy Finger respect Mommy Finger? Does he acknowledge the hard work of Brother Finger or Sister Finger? No, as far as he is concerned, Daddy Finger is the whole hand.

There is a quiet resistance within the hand of people choosing to put country first. But the real difference will be made by everyday fingers rising above politics, reaching across the the lap and two-handed jacking.

There are more of us than you think.

–∼Anonymous (@sexyfacts4u)

9.4 Something Awful is Getting Sued, And It's All Thanks to Hitler

Monday, Sep 10, 2018 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Throughout the course of human history, not a single individual was better at being Adolf Hitler than the man who many people referred to as "Adolf Hitler." Additionally, most historians generally agree that he was the first person **ever** to be Adolf Hitler, with the possible exception of anybody else who might've shared the same name previous to his birth. Hitler, to the dismay of many, turned out to be a real asshole and did a bunch of shit that was bad and not at all good. For example, murder. He did a bunch of those. This is why Hitler is often portrayed as a bad guy in many video games which award you achievements if you're able to shoot him in the face with a rocket launcher a certain amount of times.

Despite Hitler currently occupying a state of sentience known as "being really the fuck dead," his vile legacy continues to stubbornly resurface. For example, there's 4chan. Up until recently, I believed I led a life free of Hitler's grotesque grasp. "There's no way Adolf Hitler could possibly cause me harm from beyond the grave," was a phrase I often said to my wife, up to several hundred times a day on average. Then I received an email from the law firm of Higbee and Associates, and the world I thought I knew was utterly destroyed... and it was all thanks to Hitler.

August 28, 2018,
Re: Claim Number: 518003 FRE 408 Settlement Communication

Dear Richard Kyanka,

The Law Firm of Higbee & Associates represents Christopher Sadowski. Copyright images owned by Christopher Sadowski were discovered on Something Awful LLC website(s). Please see the attached exhibits that show the use of the copyrighted works. Our client has no record of you having a license to use their copyrighted work and has authorized us to contact you on their behalf. If you have a license, please contact us immediately with a copy of that license at claims@higbeeassociates.com, please include the claim number (518003).

Chris Sadowski is an accomplished photographer whose photos have been used by the world's biggest news outlets. His photos often license for $7,500 to $25,000 a year. The unauthorized use of his work hurts his livelihood and results in him having to spend tens of thousands of dollars and countless hours monitoring and stopping such use.

If Something Awful LLC does not have a license, we believe the use of the work is a violation of The Copyright Act, Title 17 of the United States Code. As the violation occurred on a company website, the company is liable for the unauthorized use, including cases in which a website designer, employee or a third party is responsible for the inclusion of this image on your website. Even if your use of the image without a license was unintentional, for example; if the image was found on the internet and believed to be available for free use, it is still a violation of copyright law, and ceasing use of the images now may reduce the liability, but not release you or your organization from liability.

The unauthorized use of my client's work threatens my client's livelihood. While Christopher Sadowski, does have the right to bring a lawsuit for damages, my client is willing to settle this in an amicable way, out of court and without a lawsuit. I was asked to contact you and see if we can negotiate a settlement and save everyone the stress and costs of going to court. Please know that I only have a limited amount of time to settle this claim out of court.

If forced to go to court, my client will ask for the maximum relief possible, which may include statutory damages under 17 U.S.C. §504 for up to $150,000 for intentional infringement or $30,000 for unintentional infringement. My client would also ask the court to have you pay court costs and attorneys fees. Copyright lawsuits can result in judgments, wage garnishments and liens on property. In some instances, the business owner can be held individually liable.

This type of claim is often covered by business insurance. You may wish to forward this to your insurance carrier. You may also wish to hire an attorney.

If we do not hear from you within 30 days from the date of this letter, we will have no choice but to take this to mean that you do not have a license and do not want to settle this matter out of court.

To resolve this matter efficiently and amicably out of court, please follow these steps:

(1) Within five business days after receipt of this letter, remove all occurrences of the image from your website(s), cease using it in any way, and confirm in writing that you have done so.

AND

(2) Within seven business days after receipt of this letter, return to our firm the attached Release License, along with your payment in the form of a valid cashier's check or money order for **$6750** payable to "**Higbee & Associates Client Trust Account**". This can be returned to us via US Mail. You can also pay over the phone or online at http://copyright.higbeeassociates.com/resolution. Your login is 518003. Your password is n8iwkhiv. If you choose to make your payment online, you can return the Release License via email to claims@higbeeassociates.com. Please include the case number (518003) in the subject line.

Please feel free to call or email us to discuss this matter, 800-716-1245 or send email to claims@higbeeassociates.com

Sincerely,

Mathew K. Higbee
Attorney at Law

Holy shit! $6,750? I was being sued for $6,750?!? And if I refused to settle, I could end up owing this law firm "up to $150,000?" What could I have possibly done to warrant such a thorough face fuck of my bank account? My questions were all answered when I read page three.

Here comes the bomb.

EXHIBIT A

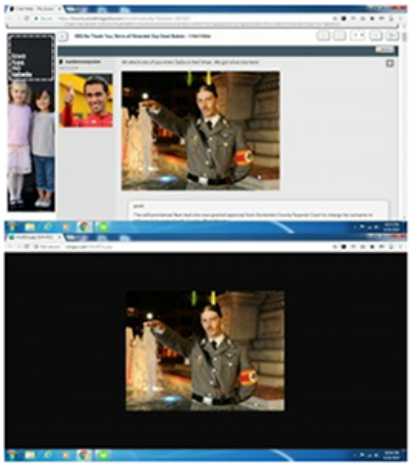
Infringing webpages:

- https://forums.somethingawful.com/showthread.php?threadid=3820267

Infringing file locations:

- http://i.imgur.com/HhofEGo.jpg

Infringing images and screenshots are shown below. You can receive copies of these images via email by sending a request to infringements@higbeeassociates.com. The email must include the case number (518003) in the subject line.



As you can clearly see, I had been given a bill for nearly $7,000 because somebody on the Something Awful forums linked to an image of Hitler, a file being hosted on the third-party site Imgur. "Now wait a minute Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka," you may be saying to nobody in particular. "How can you possibly get sued for somebody linking to an image hosted on a third party site?" The answer is simple: because Higbee and Associates exist.

This garbage dicked law firm generates nearly $5 million a year by encouraging photographers to sign up with their company, then performing a reverse image search for anything matching their client's submitted photos. An automated system then flags the suspected offending site, spits out a super scary legal threat based off a template, and delivers it to the site owner. Upon receiving the notice of possible legal action, many victims freak out and pay these idiots the stated arbitrary amount of cash, under the looming threat of being taken to court for $150,000. Higbee and Associates operate one of the biggest dirtbag law firms to ever pollute the internet, preying on fear and dealing in bulk.

Unfortunately, in my 20 years of running this site, I've been forced to brush up on general copyright law, and I damn well know that linking to an image hosted on a third party image site breaks absolutely no law, even if it is digital, lossy compressed Hitler. With Leonard "J." Crabs unavailable (ie, "drunk"), I was forced to strap on my legal gloves and get to work fighting against the forces of evil threatening my freedom to see an image of Hitler.

> **FROM: lowtax@somethingawful.com**
> **Sep 7, 2018, 9:11 AM**
> **to: Copyright Claims claims@higbeeassociates.com**
>
> I have an even better idea: I'm not going to pay you a fucking dime and you can go fuck off to hell for eternity because I am absolutely in no way responsible for images hosted by a third party service, in this case Imgur. Go fuck yourselves and prey on some other website that hasn't been around for two decades and knows damn well what their legal responsibilities entail, and what they're responsible for. Your entire law firm is a straight up piece of flaming shit that tries to intimidate folks with EXPENSIVE LEGAL THREATS in the hope that your extortion scheme will work on some of them. I am not one of those people. So I cordially invite you to take your pdf, print it out, and ride it like a sybian until the cows come home. Then I invite you to fuck the cows as well.
>
> PS: You morons previously threatened to sue me for using a public still from a movie for a movie review. How'd that work out for you? I don't remember you ever taking me to court, on account of the fact that your threat was, once again, complete bullshit.
>
> PPS: Did I mention you should go fuck yourselves? Please do, in the chance I forgot.
>
> Take me to court, motherfuckers.

I thought that my message came across reasonably clear, despite my lack of complex legal terminology. Unfortunately, Hitler's reign of terror was merely beginning.

Higbee began a fresh new assault.

> **FROM: Shauntece Laurant**
>
> Mr. Kyanka,
>
> My name is Shauntece Laurant, I work in pre-litigaiton here at the Law Firm of Higbee & Associates to help resolve copyright claims without them having to go to court. I have been given two weeks or so to determine whether or not this claim requires further action.
>
> While you claim to not be responsible for the claim, you have failed to properly remove our client's image from your site. We are now considering this willful infringement.
>
> Also, as you may or may not know, ignorance is not an excuse to infringement, particularly when it's your job to hire someone or otherwise supervise the infringer. If you hire a website builder who copies and displays a photo on your website without the permission, you are "vicariously" liable for the infringement.
>
> Consequently, I would be careful with leading us to litigate this case as it would appear that the merits are different and could lead to this claim being filed in court. It would behoove you to work with us and avoid any possibility of further action.
>
> Best
>
> Shauntece Laurant
> Claims Resolution Specialist
> Copyright Division

> Law Firm of Higbee & Associates (http://www.higbeeassociates.com)
> 1504 Brookhollow Dr., Suite 112, Santa Ana, CA 92705
> Direct: (714) 617-8340
> Phone: (800) 716-1245 Fax: (714) 597-6559

Oh no! Big words! Pre-litigation! Infringer! Vicariously liable! Also "Shauntece Laurant," a phrase which does not come up often in casual conversation. The big guns were out, and I decided to stand my ground against the tyranny of Higbee and Associates, who clearly wanted jpg Hitler all for themselves.

> FROM: Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
>
> Hello Shauntece! It has come to my attention that you, and apparently every single other person employed at your scumbag "law" firm, fail to understand how the internet works on even the most basic, fundamental level. However, you clearly know how money works, as you seem hellbent on obtaining it through any means necessary, including (but not limited to) threatening people with lawsuits in the hope they are not familiar with the legal system.
>
> Since I am a kind and generous soul, I will help you understand one aspect of the internet: image hotlinking. That term is used when somebody embeds an image on a website, which is not hosted on that website, and is instead located on a completely different server. In this case, the image of a man dressed like Hitler, which you are very concerned about protecting for whatever idiotic reason, is located on one of the many servers Imgur owns and operates. Imgur is a website that allows users to host images on their storage. Users may then link to the image on their server, causing it to appear wherever they paste the specific image embed code; in this case, the Something Awful dot com forums.
>
> Now if you want to protect your precious Hitler image, the correct and legal course of action is to pursue a copyright claim against the service hosting this image, which again is Imgur. The absolute most idiotic and wrong course of action is to threaten me with your bullshit "infringement" claims, which honestly makes you look like an utter fucking moron who should be out digging ditches in the ground, and then burying themselves in one of the aforementioned ditches. You and Christopher Sadowski can fuck off into the sunset, hopefully in the goal of falling off this beautiful flat Earth of ours.
>
> Let me make this absolutely clear: I have zero intention of working with you. I have zero intention of ever working with you, unless it's in a situation requiring me to push you into a tar pit. Take me to court, knock yourselves out, go get in line behind the medical industry that I already owe roughly $80,000 to. I'm sure it will be a fun and adventurous thrillride full of exciting stories able to thrill generations of children to come.
>
> If you have any other questions about the internet, please feel free to ask somebody else, because I hate you and every single other miserable shell of a human being employed by your firm. Also your first name is dumb as fuck.
>
> - Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
> CEO of Internet

Despite lacking all them fancy boy law words, I felt confident that my response would be sufficient. As you can damn well guess, I was damn well wrong.

> **FROM: Shauntece Laurant**

> Mr. Kyanka,
>
> Your response is comically ignorant. Thank you for the compliment on my name, it was given to me by my deceased aunt. While you spew many insults on the character of the people who work for this firm and our client, it will not absolve liability.
>
> I will present your response to the attorneys and follow up with you. Can you advise your affiliation with imgur.com?
>
> Best

Fuck! Out-legalled again! This man and or woman had all the right moves! Too bad my momma didn't raise no quitter, and I quickly shot back.

> FROM: Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
>
> Shauntece,
>
> It is unfortunate to learn that both you and your deceased aunt have or had terrible taste in first names. Did she also work at a piece of shit, scam artist law firm? If so, you two are like proverbial peas in a pod! I could make a joke about the word "pea" here, as it's phonetically pronounced in the same way as the word "pee," which is a bodily substance I firmly suspect you and the rest of your coworkers drink on a regular basis, but I will refrain from doing so because I am a classy and upstanding pinnacle of modern society.
>
> As for my affiliation with Imgur, it is a very close and intimate bond, one that cannot be broken by the laws of man, as we answer to a much higher power. I am of course referring to a certain Jewish carpenter who my entire faith and belief system revolves around; that's right: Barabbas. Oh wait, our site has absolutely nothing to do with Imgur, they're just another countless image hosting site on the internet, none of which we have any affiliation or contact with. My mistake, sometimes I get confused about things like this, I'm not a real smart lawyer like you guys, who are apparently incapable of using an obscure internet service that us grizzled industry experts refer to as a "search engine." Perhaps some day Mr. Higbee can pay Geek Squad $20 to swing by your office and explain the concept to you all, assuming you're not too busy threatening people to protect your precious Hitler image.
>
> I look forward to your correspondence, and ultimately your multi-million dollar lawsuit that will once and for all conclusively prove image hotlinking is an illegal, immoral crime ideally punishable by the death sentence. Heil Hitler lawsuit from Hitlerbee and Associates!
>
> Love,
> Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
> CEO of internet
>
> PS: your name is stupid

Many people consider me to be a lover, not a fighter. In this exchange, I deftly proved to be both. Also a hero whose name should only be spoken in a hushed, reverent tone.

The battle over Hitler continued.

> **FROM: Shauntece Laurant**
>
> Mr. Kyanka,

> I am not sure if I should continue to be entertained by your petty comments or to advise you that the claim has already been forwarded to our litigation team. If it makes you feel bigger, better or more handsome to continue your insults then by all means.
>
> Your tactics won't hurt my feelings nor will they distract us from the bigger picture. But hey, you may do what ever makes you feel better.
>
> Best

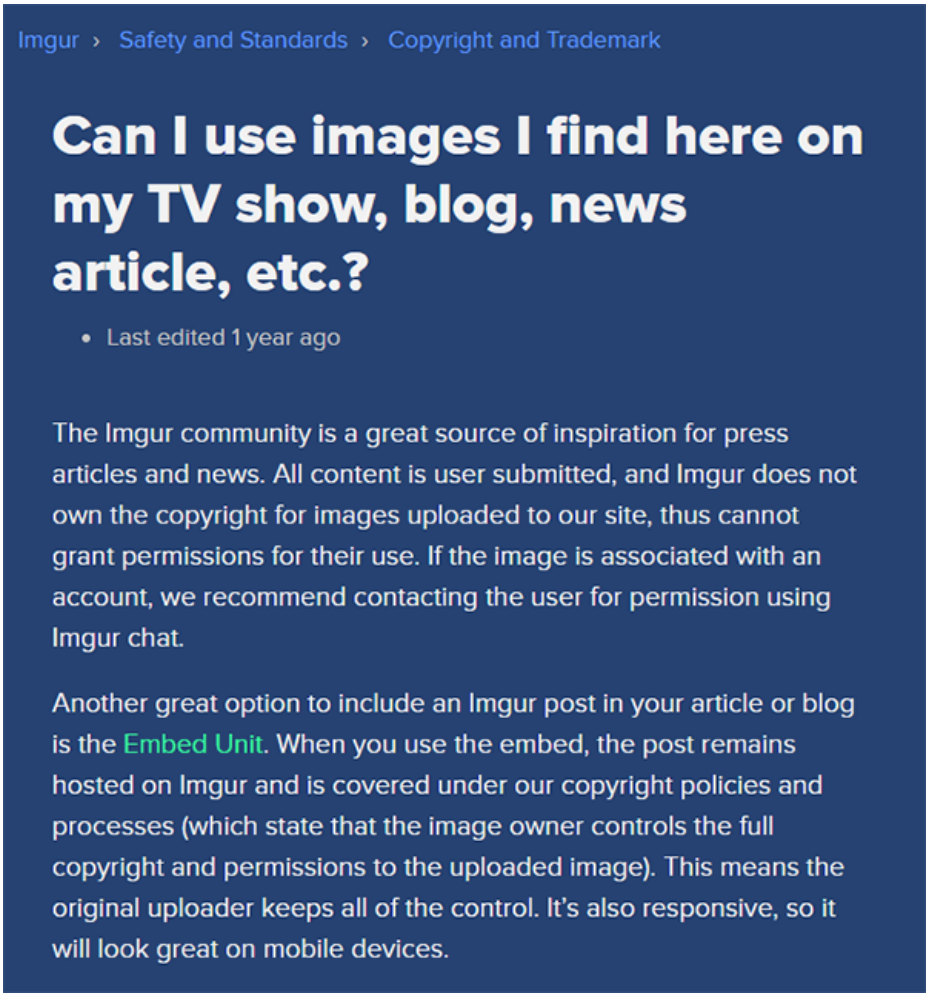
I think "Bigger, Better, More Handsome" was the name of that one song by the guys who wear those robot heads and play questionable electronic music.

> FROM: Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
>
> Shauntece,
>
> If I am not mistaken, and I never am, you appear to have both been entertained AND informative regarding the claim forwarding. Now that's what I call the best of both worlds! You had your cake and ate it too! Again, I could opt for the obvious joke here that explicitly insinuates you eat urinal cakes, but as I am already both very big and handsome, I will not bother. But I am curious: do you eat urinal cakes? You may take as much time as you like to answer.
>
> I am glad my nefarious tactics are unable to distract you from the "bigger picture," which I am assuming is the one of Hitler, the guy your law firm is threatening to sue me over. Please, do not distract your fellow employees who are diligently researching how many billions of dollars you can sue me for because a member of my forums posted a link to an image hosted on Imgur. Of course a much easier solution here would be to have one of your fellow Higbee human toilet people contact Imgur and request they remove the image. Or contact the person who uploaded the image. But clearly I'm not a high powered lawyer like you fine folks at the Hitler Image Protection Legal Firm.
>
> Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
> CEO and now also PRESIDENT of internet
>
> PS: I am starting to suspect that you might not actually be wishing me "best," as the end of your email claims. Please let me know if I'm off-base here, and it's just a simple misunderstanding. I wish your litigation team the best of luck with their precious Hitler image!

I must admit, I did feel better after sending that reply. In fact, I felt so good that I threw in a followup email at absolutely no charge! I'm pretty much the best person on the internet!

> Oh, and since I'm such a swell guy, I'll send you a little graphic explaining Imgur's copyright and linking policies, which clearly dictates the copyright responsibility for each and every image is the sole responsibility of the individual who uploaded it. I'm sure it was just a freak accident that you guys somehow missed the literal first search result for "copyright law and internet image links Imgur," but it's not like you guys are lawyers whose sole job is to do such things as required by the law. Here's the link as well; let me know if you require explicit, step by step instructions detailing how to click internet links.
>
> https://help.imgur.com/hc/en-us/art...ws-article-etc-
>
> Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
> Owner and founder of Imgur, Your One Stop Source For All Images Hitler.

I included the following image, just in case the employees of Higbee and Associates lacked sufficient manual dexterity to both click on a link and then read the words that appear.


Imgur › Safety and Standards › Copyright and Trademark
Can I use images I find here on my TV show, blog, news article, etc.?
• Last edited 1 year ago
The Imgur community is a great source of inspiration for press articles and news. All content is user submitted, and Imgur does not own the copyright for images uploaded to our site, thus cannot grant permissions for their use. If the image is associated with an account, we recommend contacting the user for permission using Imgur chat.
Another great option to include an Imgur post in your article or blog is the Embed Unit. When you use the embed, the post remains hosted on Imgur and is covered under our copyright policies and processes (which state that the image owner controls the full copyright and permissions to the uploaded image). This means the original uploader keeps all of the control. It's also responsive, so it will look great on mobile devices.

Wow, will you look at that. Right there, on Imgur's website. Words that say images hosted on their site are the legal responsibility of the "image owner," which is defined as "the original uploader." Weird how if you read the words that say things, you can like understand stuff and shit. What a world!

So as of this moment, I'm currently waiting in a holding pattern, as the Hitler loving piss chuggers at Higbee and Associates prepare their next crafty legal maneuver. I will keep you all updated of any developments in the ongoing legal fight against jpg Imgur Hitler. Please keep me in your thoughts and prayers.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.5 The Most Brutal Death Scenes in Jurassic Park + World

Wednesday, Sep 12, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

We, as a society, are now responsible for five Jurassic Park movies. That's a lot of characters finding themselves surprisingly surprised (and killed) by dinosaurs who have escaped captivity. I recently rewatched the entire series, and you know what? Some of those deaths were far more cruel and graphic than I remembered.

For my money, these were the most brutal ways a human met their end on screen.

- Shot to death with a gun by a drifter, who had been hired by a jealous Brachiosaurus
- Slipped on a toy left on the stairs by a neglectful Pentaceratops, broke neck
- Stabbed with a broken bottle in a bar fight with an Aeolosaurus
- Pulled into an enormous industrial machine on the job, having been hired as an independent contractor by a Sinornithosaurus and provided with zero safety training
- Died on the operating table during a routine appendectomy performed by an apologetic Tyrannosaurus Rex
- Fatally poisoned by eating a fugu fish that had been improperly prepared by a new chef, an Apatosaurus
- Died during autoerotic asphyxiation after an Iguanodon enthusiastically suggested the process
- Trampled to death, by other humans, who were crowding to get the autograph of a very cool Triceratops as it stepped out of a limo and lowered its shades
- Burned alive in a house fire caused by faulty Christmas tree lights sold by a Deinonychus
- Dared by an Allosaurus to balance on an upper deck handrail during a major league baseball game, plummeted eighty feet

- Choked to death on a potato chip while a Diplodocus struggled to remember the Heimlich maneuver
- Turned on a gas stove, got distracted by a phone call from a Palaeoscincus telemarketer, forgot to turn the gas off and took a nap
- Slipped in a bathtub that had been overly cleaned and polished by a Stegosaurus maid
- Approached a lost Hypacrosaurus' car to give directions, hit by bus
- Set adrift and lost to the void during a routine spacewalk due to miscalculated backpack thruster instructions by a Velociraptor at Mission Control
- Bent over to pick up a quarter dropped by a Pterodactyl, got sucked into the engine of a taxiing jumbo jet
- Struck by lightning while adjusting a rooftop antenna so a Sauropelta houseguest could catch Jeopardy
- Fell out of a roller coaster designed by a Ceratosaurus

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.6 The Guy from the Saw Movies Handles a Customer Return at Best Buy

Thursday, Sep 13, 2018 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Hello, Ryan. You don't know me, but I know you.

I watched last week as you purchased the tablet you're returning. Our sales associate Dan recommended the Samsung Galaxy Tab S4, with its 64 GB hard drive and excellent software bundle, but you insisted that this ASUS Zenpad 10 had all the features you needed. Did you truly believe this, or did you secretly enjoy giving Dan a smaller commission? Don't lie to yourself. Lies brought you to this counter. Only the truth will allow you to leave.

We're going to play a game. If you follow the rules, you might get the $204.99 refunded to your credit card. If not, I'm afraid I'll have to put it on a gift card which will expire in 90 days. Are you ready?

First, I'll have to see your receipt. You probably thought you'd never need it. Funny how people can take something so simple, yet so precious, for granted, as though they've somehow earned it. But you haven't earned anything, Ryan. That earning starts now. I'll also need your protection plan number. You're probably wondering where that is. I'll tell you where it could have been: on your phone if you'd downloaded our mobile app.

Next, I'll need two forms of identification. You only brought one, didn't you? Not surprising for someone who barely knows himself. Until now you've been a consumer, searching for the hottest deals on brand name electronics, but if you searched your own soul what would you find? I see a naive, arrogant man unacquainted with the Oculus Rift and a true home theater experience. I also see a flag on your account. The question is, how far are you willing to go to remove it?

Let me see the tablet. Is the original packaging intact? Many customers return items with the bubble wrap missing, probably because they're missing something themselves. That's why I cut a Best Buy tag from their receipts. Not because it prevents them from filling out the guest satisfaction survey but because what they lack cannot be bought, even with loyalty rewards points. Life, after all, has no loyalty, no rewards and only one point: survival. Those who understand this can endure my tests. Those who don't will be crushed like an old man on Black Friday.

You're frowning at me. You must think I'm a monster, and you aren't the first. Some have compared me to the Geek Squad, but I despise their methods. They leak dick pics on returned tablets indiscriminately. I give my subjects a chance not to have their dicks appear online. You still have that chance, Ryan, just like all the others.

It's time for the final test. The computer is searching your purchase history for past returns. If it finds too many, I'll have to inform my supervisor. The search should only take a few moments. I suggest you savor them. Only when time is finite do we appreciate its infinite worth.

You probably think I'm enjoying this. I'm not. Not any more than I enjoy the cancer eating away at my body, or the larger cancer eating away at our society. I provide a cure for that cancer, but only to those willing to take it. Open your eyes, Ryan. When you're drowning, only another drowning person can save you, especially if they've already drowned. On the inside, that is. Make your choice.

Oh, it looks like your return was approved. But did I mention restocking fees? Oh yes, there will be fees.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.7 Millennials: Do What You Truly Love and Never Work a Day In Your Life

Friday, Sep 14, 2018 by The Gulf Coast Nurse Strangler (@sexyfacts4u)

Growing up, I heard a lot of advice about what my career should be. My dad wanted me to be an electrical engineer, like him. My mom wanted me to be a doctor or a lawyer. My guidance counselor told me I had a knack for math and I should consider a career in accounting. But I didn't feel any particular interest in those fields. I knew that as engineer or an accountant I would be bored out of my mind. Even worse, if I became a doctor all I would be thinking about was the nurses and their slender, easily-compressable necks. In other words: the same unfulfilling grind called "work" that crushes the spirits of millions of Americans ever day.

It wasn't until I was out of high school and in the work force, barely scraping by on minimum wage, that I discovered my calling: strangulating nurses along a 400-mile section of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.
I always had big hands and a drive to see the light die in the eyes of a helpless nurse, I always loved the ocean, but I never imagined I could turn these loves into a career. It turns out America has two things in a seemingly unlimited supply: nurses and the desire to hear about murders on podcasts. I monetized doing the thing I love by starting the podcast My Favorite Nurse Kill and developing a rabid following of listeners who want the latest and most lurid details on the unsolved mystery of the Gulf Coast Nurse Strangler.

Who could this brutal killer be? Well I have some ideas about why he kills (the legal mutilation of circumcision) and how he chooses his victims (resemblance to his mother). To my faithful listeners it seems like I have inside sources; to my victims I would like to think I bring a sense of professionalism and dedication that a purely amateur strangler lacks.
Have I run into fans of the pod while doing my rounds as the strangler? It happens, but one can never get in the way of the other. Sorry nurses, no special treatment just for wearing a Stranglerinos tee. You can enter code STRANGLE at Leesa to get 10% off a Leesa mattress but I will still strangle you on that mattress and arrange your body to leave a message to police.

Sometimes, temporarily, your passion wanes and that is something you have to prepare for. Some days you might be sick or a great video game might come out like *VR Strangler* and you will want to stay in bed (offer code STRANGLE for 10% off) and take the day off. Those are the days where you have to tell yourself: the price of doing what I love is having an erratic income tied to crowd funding my podcast and also strangling nurses even when I'm feeling under the weather. That's the nature of the 21st century economy. Nurses don't take a day off. Podcast listeners don't take a day off. Get your butt out of bed and answer the call of the neck.

My advice to anyone else turning their passion into a career:

Establish a routine. I like to record my podcast in the morning around 6-7 AM so my strangling is fresh in my mind. The strangling I do between 2-4 AM. Always night shift, so I can get some breakfast on the way home, recharge, and do my recording.

Don't take trophies. You will want to take objects from the strangling; a scarf, a bracelet, a hair clip, etc. Don't do it. Choose something to be your trophy and then leave it, but talk about it on your podcast. That detail can really bring your description of the crime to life.

Taunt the police. If you want to generate a lot of buzz for your podcast a great way I have found is to taunt the police, preferably through the media. Anonymous letters or phone calls using a voice masking machine are probably the easiest. Think of this as building your brand and generating interest in your content.

It won't be easy, millennials, but if you find something you truly love and monetize it, well, you'll never work a day in your life.

–∼The Gulf Coast Nurse Strangler (@sexyfacts4u)

9.8 What You Want From Technology vs. What You Get

Tuesday, Sep 18, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Movie Streaming

You want... to pay a reasonable fee for access to every movie or tv show you could think of.

...You get a hundred services with their own uniquely clunky apps, and libraries that fluctuate more than a fluctuation machine. (That doesn't sound real but I'm building it, and it will be done as soon as I can get the thing to stop moving long enough to screw the cover in place) Want to watch The Net? Too bad, but you can watch The Net 2, or maybe a five-minute clip called Aggravating Gamer Reviews The Net Unboxing. Want to watch that French horror film from ten years ago? You probably can't, and if you can it will be the dubbed version.

You want... to see which movies were recently added, in an easily-parsed list that notes which content is in 4K, or HDR.

...You get a horizontally-scrolling slideshow titled Recently Added which contains seemingly random movies added two months ago. You get absolutely no way to list the service's entire selection in a way that makes any sense at all.

Social Media

You want... to follow the people you like. Then see the things they post, and only the things they post or share, in chronological order. Preferably with an easy way to jump to the point where you left off. You are, after all, a human who experiences time linearly.

...You get EXCUSE ME, DID SOMEONE SAY ALGORITHMS? Because we have lots of algorithms! Enjoy this robot barf.

You want... someone to ban all the Nazis. Please.

...You get round avatars. A new algorithm you're gonna love. Even more Nazis. And hey, while we're at it here's a distressing number of people pretending to be journalists by posting "BREAKING:" followed by slightly reworded trending news headlines.

Search Engines

You want... to do a search and find yourself organically exploring a trail of interesting and odd sites.

...You get the same twenty corporate websites. Vaguely related shopping results near the top, followed by sketchy product reviews from sites with names like VeryTrustWorthyReviews.com, and videos by gormless doofuses with absolutely nothing to say doing their best to mimic bland television presenters.

Video Game Consoles

You want... to turn on the console and instantly see a simple menu where you can launch your last-played game, which in turn loads as quickly as a PC game installed on an SSD.

...You get loading boot up sequence... loading cluttered user interface... loading half a dozen ads for potato chips, cars, shaving cream, and the subscription service that gives your console basic functionality...

You want... games that take full advantage of standardized hardware to dial in a stable framerate so the controls always feel fluid.

... You get the Start and Select controller buttons replaced with Share and Options, or two overlaid boxes and three parallel lines, or a pair of ancient hieroglyphs depicting a falconer looking at his falcon and imagining it as a delicious roasted chicken. Enjoy!

Smart Phones

You want... to keep in touch with (but not necessarily talk to) your friends and family, use the internet, and attempt to squeeze some fun out of terrible apps.

... You get unblockable messages from the man who has invaded your daily life and turned the last three years into a nightmare.

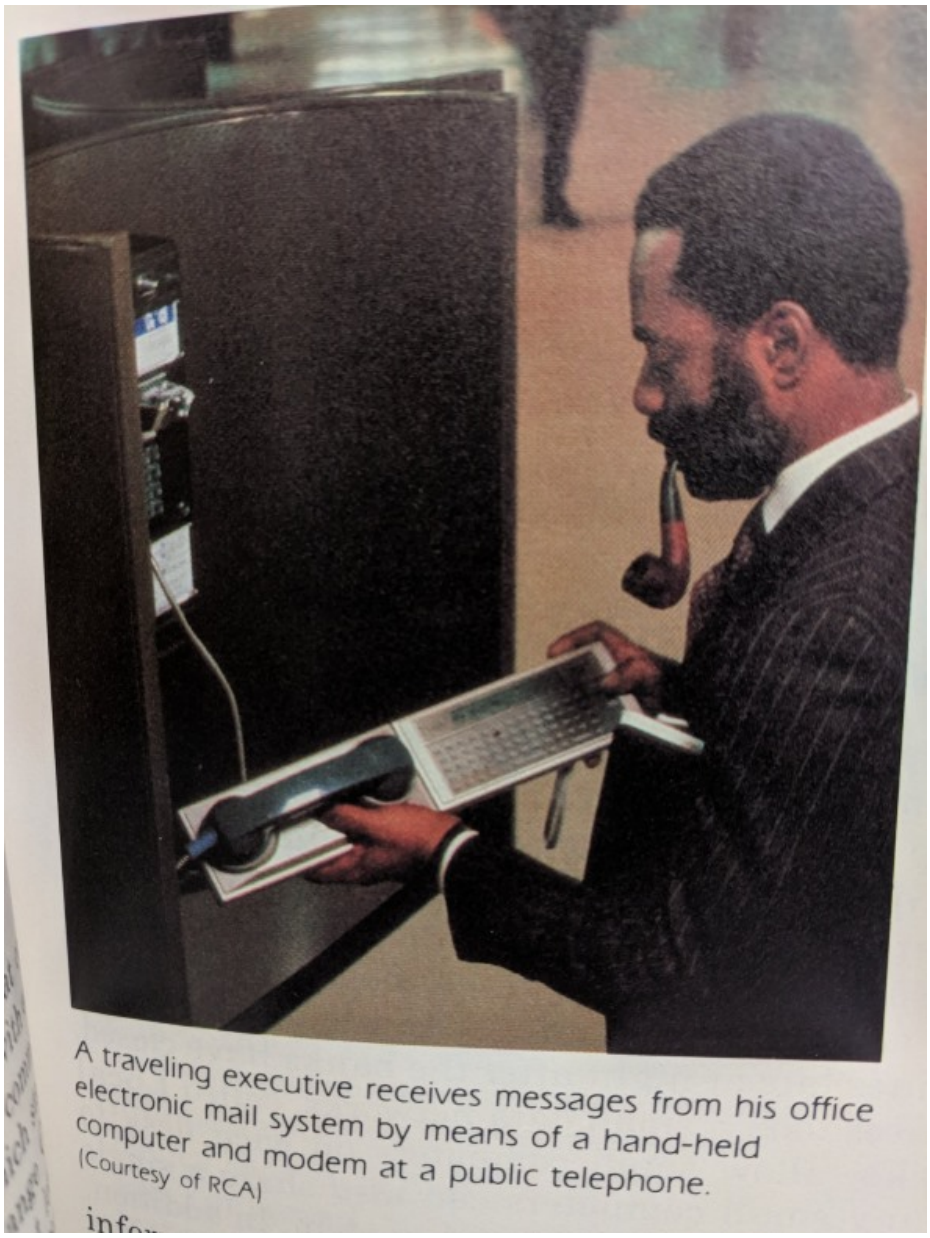
Email

You want... meaningful exchanges with all sorts of people from across the globe, enriching your life in unexpected ways.

... You get an inbox containing nothing but automated invoices for contact lenses and your spoiled dog's fancy food. Or is that just me?

Accessing Your Office's Electronic Mail System From Public Telephones

You want:



A traveling executive receives messages from his office electronic mail system by means of a hand-held computer and modem at a public telephone. (Courtesy of RCA)

(Amazing image taken by MJ Carlson)

You get:

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.9 The Awful Guide to Podcasting, Part 1

Thursday, Sep 20, 2018 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

In our fast-paced, modern world, where the only thing more reliable than progress is rising sea levels, careers have changed. In the past, you'd join a company, work your way towards the top for several decades, then die, secure in the knowledge you should have done the thing you actually wanted to do before joining the company. Now, with job security at an all-time low, and robots replacing once-lucrative positions from sex worker to public executioner (AKA cop), technology has provided new possibilities for those too unskilled to be born into a rich family. Now, your apartment can serve as a hotel, your car can be a taxi (or a bed!), and anyone with a voice, a microphone, a laptop, and the ability to pay their power bill--or have ready access to a long extension cord--can be an podcaster. As we say in the podcast biz, "If Joe Rogan can do it, anyone can."

Yes You Can!

"Me? A podcaster?" You might be asking right now. "But I have no aspirations and fill the grey, empty hours of my life listening to upwards to 30 podcasts, most of them about serial killers!" Stop right there, because you just described the *perfect* podcaster. No doubt the untold hours you've spent half-asleep on a couch or mostly asleep in an office listening to seemingly qualified people talk about things they've probably researched have made you an expert in *something*. And if not, you can always just record you and your friends playing a board game for six hours and put it online. If you do that once a week, every week for forever, you're a podcaster, baby! But you haven't earned the sheer respect and admiration a podcaster gets from society just yet.

Getting Started

You might be worried about expensive software packages and home studio equipment, but the good news for podcasters--and podcast fans--is that nearly *anyone* can afford to podcast. If you have a

computer as well as some sort of microphone, you're ready to go--and yes, the mic that came with Rock Band that's been buried in your closet for six years *will* work and is actually very popular among new podcasters. And if you're worried about editing, don't. This special technique is best left to the pros and their expensive, Hollywood editing bays, and most podcasters would agree that capturing a natural chat between friends is better than anything that respects the listener's time. In fact, Skype is the best podcasting software you can find, mostly because it's free, but also because 98% of podcasts are simply unedited Skype calls. Why rock the boat when your podcast can have the added appeal of eavesdropping on a group of people you've never met and would probably never associate with in real life?

Assembling the Crew

Podcasts are driven by personalities, so it's important that you have at least one in your cast, or enough personality among you to add up to one. Typically, a podcast is led by a host with the strongest personality, one who talks over everyone, laughs at their own jokes milliseconds after telling them, and reliably swoops in to finish someone's sentence just as they're about to say something interesting. This person should also have the most irritating laugh ever recorded on audio. Once you've found this pick of the litter, you're 80% there--and this alpha host might even be you!

Another host should be a meek doormat that you barely know is there, but at least manages to sneak in three sentences edgewise per episode. This person also needs to tolerate the fact that every inside joke on the show is a deeply personal insult directed solely at them. An additional host should be someone who clearly doesn't want to be on the podcast, and mostly asks if the recording is almost over while constantly bringing up bus and/or train schedules. You can also have a woman on the podcast, but let's not go crazy. This is a *podcast* we're talking about here.

Figuring Out a Topic

So you've found your crew, no doubt by interrupting an extended, late-night tangent about The Last Jedi with "You know this, what we're doing right now? *This* should be a podcast!" Fortunately for you, this spark of an idea is how most podcasts begin. For starters, once you pick a pop culture topic, give your podcast a name that no one could possibly understand unless they're deep enough into the

subculture to not need a podcast about it. Simpsons podcast? Name it "Laszlo Panaflex's Hollywood Starcast." Transformers podcast? Name it "Warghh Warghh Gurghhh Goooghhh Gehhh" (that's the sound they make when they transform). Dr. Who Podcast? Don't make a Dr. Who Podcast. The important thing is to start your podcast with 20 minutes of mindless small talk about people your listeners have never met, places they've never been, and events they've never witnessed. It's just like hanging out with your own friends, except no one will yell at you for staring at your phone!

Once you've decided that you've fully exhausted your topic--or whenever one of the hosts gets too drunk and might start being racist--congrats: you've successfully recorded your first podcast. What happens next? Well, as a podcaster I have no idea how to cover a topic without beating it into the fucking ground, so you'll have to wait for me to drag this out into a second installment.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.10 We Tried HelloFresh and We Now Love the Red Worm

Friday, Sep 21, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A sack arrived at our door the other day. We didn't ask for it. We didn't pay for it. And nobody paid us for it. We certainly are not paid to review a food service. But there it was: HelloFresh. A note attached said, "If you are a mom with a hectic schedule or a bachelor without a wife to cook for you, you can still make a home cooked meal. HelloFresh. Get Cooking."

I brought the sack inside. It was heavy and warm and smelled like the inside of a car when a burger dropped between the seats hours earlier and nobody bothered to find the burger because it wasn't their car. Inside the bag was a gnarled potato, a bulging tub of creme fraiche, and dozens of crumbled mouse skeletons. At the bottom of the bag was a six pound wad of ground pork. Possibly pork.

There was a recipe card with the following instructions:

PLACE THE BEATEN FLESH INTO THE PAN

GIVE THE FIBER STONE TO MEAT

A **WHOOP** AND A WHIRL

GOOD FRIEND IS BREWING WAIT THE MINUTES

THE CREAM FOR THE GOOD FRIEND OPEN UP AND SEE

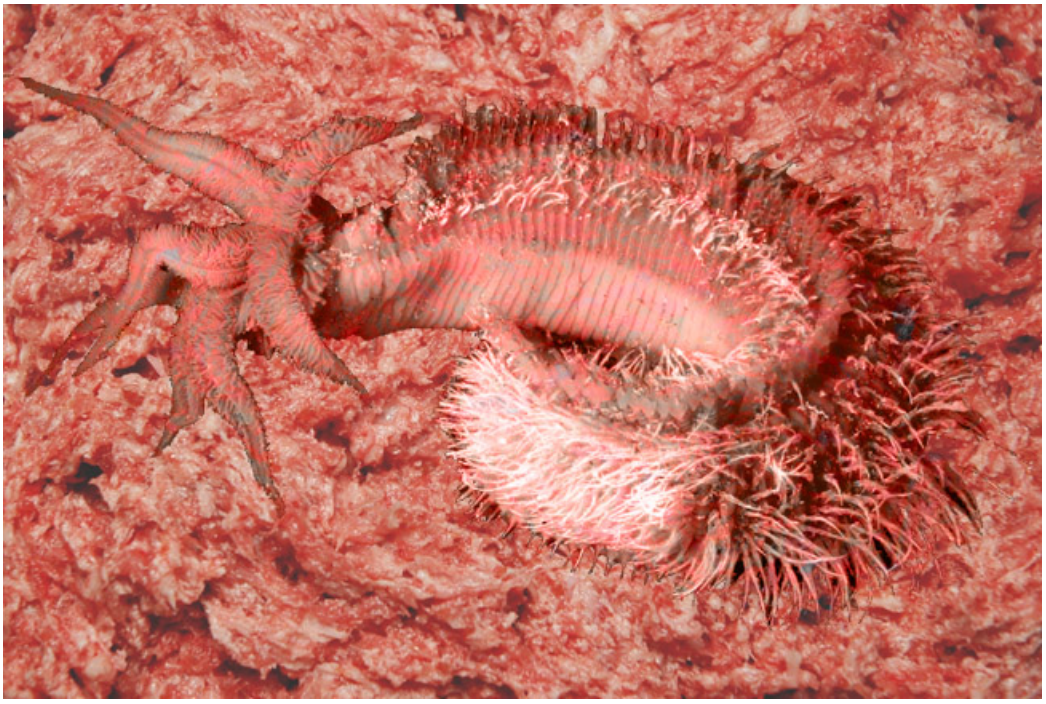
WHEN HE COMES FORTH DO NOT ALARM WITH A BELL

THIS IS YOUR SON AND DAUGHTER

EMBRACE THE RED WORM

This definitely was not your conventional home cooking plan recipe. We tried Blue Apron and the

others, but the recipes were too complex and took too long to make. The meal plan from HelloFresh was refreshingly different, offering us a chance to nurture and reconstitute life from the ground beef. We're not sure how it worked, but after placing the potato into the bowl of meat a miracle occurred. After several minutes of silence, there was a loud screech that tore at our soles. It was as if something had reached into our very DNA and was climbing hungrily up the ladders and into our brains.
After a few minutes of screeching, a glorious red worm burrowed out of the meat, writhing and hissing and flapping its flaps at us (don't know what to call them, sort of like a banana peel made of meat). It was so beautiful. We embraced it at once and knew it loved us in a similar way.



The most amazing thing about the child we brought into this world with the help of HelloFresh is how quickly it grew. It ate everything it could find, snuffling and excreting all over our house, climbing in and out of vents, and always retreating to the furnace in the basement. Some of us resisted, but the spore chimneys that blossomed in the yard began to calm our concerns. The Red Worm does not hurt us, the Red Worm protects us and *ensures* us. It is our friend and family. It is our honor to nurture the Red Worm.

Thank you, HelloFresh.

WE LOVE **THE RED WORM!!**

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.11 The Precursors, the Pre-Precursors, and the Precomers

Wednesday, Sep 26, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The signal came from an uncharted planet, and company protocol demanded an investigation. So they went. Down through the sizzling acid storm clouds. Into the enormous cavern with a perfectly circular entrance. Past the corridor of bone-like pillars at regular intervals. To the signal's source.

As the captain inched through the mist with one eye on his motion sensor, the android approached a twelve foot tall cube covered in moss.

It was a control panel. At a gigantic scale, its top surface waist-high to an unknown race of intelligent beings. Incomprehensible. Utterly mysterious.

The android clambered to the top and pushed a large button. A hologram interface appeared before him.

"Captain, this is no cave... it's an ancient space vessel! It belonged to a long lost race called the Precursors. They lived tens of billions of years ago, had technology far more advanced than ours, and suddenly disappeared."

"Fascinating! We'll be studying these precursors for hundreds of years. The mystery of who they were, what they wanted, and why they vanished will inspire generations. It will make the universe seem even larger and full of possibility. This is the dawn of a new age of wonder!"

"No need, sir. This terminal has a record of every aspect of the Precursors' history, motivations, and disappearance. Everything is explained in Lore.pdf."

"Oh."

"There is one interesting note, sir. The Precursors were on this planet studying another race, one who had lived and died out long before them. The Pre-Precursors."

"Ooh! Now that sounds properly mysterious."

"No, sir. This computer also contains a comprehensive report explaining everything about the Pre-Precursors, Lore(1).pdf. They were a synthetic race who guided the development of the earliest stages of life in many galaxies, including our own. You can find the answer to literally any question about them by scanning the file."

"Damn it."

The android tilted its head, reacting to a new series of holographic glyphs flashing above the control panel.

"Oh my. This changes everything. As the Precursors unraveled the mystery of the Pre-Precursors, they discovered another mystery - the Precomers."

"Excuse me?"

"The Precomers, captain. A name given to themselves, derived from the phrase 'those who came before'."

"Naturally."

"Captain, this mysterious race is even older than the Pre-Precursors! There is next to nothing about the Precomers here, aside from a handful of vague allusions and a mysterious star chart that does not line up with anything in my database of charted systems."

"Ah, yes," the captain observed, visibly pleased, "the majesty of space. The sheer unknowable..."

"Sir," the android cut in, "it appears I was mistaken. I neglected to scroll the teminal's interface and reveal the hundreds of pages of information about the Precomers. The Precursors were able to learn absolutely everything about this ancient race. The Precomers predated the big bang, an interdimensional band of refugees from a collapsing universe. I'll send Lore(2).pdf to your handset."

The captain looked around the cavern one last time, lingering in the hopes that some new mystery would present itself.

"Well, that wraps everything up. Not bad for an afternoon's work I suppose. Let's get back to the dropship, everyone."

A strange figure watched the crew depart from the shadows above. Its form and movements were unlike any creature encountered by humans. This was an enigma given form, an utterly alien presence as dark and inexplicable as the infinite reach of space.

It was a Xenozoid, from the planet Zoidia, genetically engineered by the Precomers for reasons that are clearly outlined in Lore(3).pdf.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.12 Sorry, the Hairplace is Closed fOR ANGER!!

Friday, Sep 28, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We're sorry, but the Hairplace is closed.

Thank you for stopping by but our business is currently closed dUE TO THE PULSIN**G RAGE FLoWING THROUGH OUR FUCKING BODIES!**

We apologize for smashing everything up inside and cannot properLY EVEN LOOK YOU MOTHERFU**CKERS IN THE FACE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING COMING TO**

GET YOUR HAIRCUT YOU SHOULD BE OUT IN THE STREETS THROWING MOLOTOV COCKTAILS!!

Bloodless cowards, CRAVEN PIGS DESERVING **OF NOTHING LESS THAN PAINFUL SLAUGHTER!** YOUR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS, **HARVESTED BY OUR HATRED!** **LAID LOW IN GORE-DRENCHED STREETS!!!**

We appreciate all of our customers at the Hairplace and ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO RAISE THE STANDARD OF FIRE AND DEATH! **THE SHACKLES ARE OFF OUR LIMBS! THE RAGE FILLS US WITH A SINGULAR PURPOSE! DESTROY! DESTROY ALL THINGS!**

WE ARE OUT FOR ANGER! WE ARE OUT UNTIL WE SLAKE THIS PRIMAL THIRST! NO MORE HAIRCUTS! NO MORE LUBE JOBS! NO MORE ANYTHING BUT THE FIRE AND DEATH! FOR TOO LONG THE SEEDS OF THIS MOMENT HAVE BEEN SOWN IN OUR FLESH! NOW YOU COME INTO OUR STORE? NOW??? IT IS OVER!!!

MISERY AND RAGE TATTOOED UPON OUR HEARTS! CONVULSIONS OF VIOLENCE IN THE STREETS! GOD LOOKS AWAY! THE BLOODLETTING BEGINS!

We will be opening tomorrow as usual. Thank you for your patience.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Sponsored Links: Better to Have Linked and Sponsored Than to Have Never Linked At All

Tuesday, Oct 02, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

Couple Gets Rich In Vegas With Simple Trick: Threaten Slot Machines With Fisticuffs

Piss-Drenched Feet? Cure Them By Soaking Those Bad Boys In Different Piss

Area Police Asking Motorists If They've Seen Missing Safety Cones

Your Social Security Card Is Legal Tender Worth $10, And The Comic Book Store Has To Accept It

Must-See Reunion: Duck Returns Home From Afghanistan #USA #HeartFeelings #AreTroops

Sneak Peek At The Supreme Court's New Method Of Deciding Cases

Hot New Career: Keeping Track Of Every Pepper Chad Picks Up, Then Puts Back

Study Shows 100% Of Construction Workers Are Male, White, 3 Feet Tall, Have Identical Facial Hair And Terrible Hats

Your Hand Is Enormous And Your Waypoint Is A Carefully Framed Butt - Play Now!

The Hidden Risks Of Recreationally Scouring Your Face With Germ-Laced Wadding

How To Tactfully Reject A Commissioned Statue That Looks Nothing Like You

Haunting Recovered Footage Shows Crowd's Final Moments On Earth

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.2 A Light Gun Game Hostage's Resume

Thursday, Oct 04, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Donte Zapme

dontzap@gmail.com
(555) DONT-ZAP
317 Hostage Lane
Maximum Blast City, USA

SUMMARY

Industry veteran with nineteen years of experience jumping in front of zapper-wielding clients during intense shootouts, shouting phrases like "Don't shoot!" as they reflexively blast me. Specializes in being taken hostage but is equally comfortable simply wandering into crossfire for absolutely no reason.

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

Lethal Enforcers — ***Bank Teller Out Of Nowhere***

Conceptualized and implemented several industry-first innovations, such as rolling out from behind a counter and aiming a gun-sized checkbook at the client. Worked closely with uzi-wielding bank robbers on the development of festively-colored ski masks.

Virtua Cop — ***Shrieking Idiot***

HEY YOU! AAAH! (Does thirteen somersaults across the screen as the client attempts to shoot down swarms of missiles from an attack helicopter) HEY! AHHH! NOO!

Area 51 — *Suddenly Appearing Scientist*

Spent a total of fourteen months in the goo pits waiting for clients to appear. Popped up inches from their face with a beaker in hand. When not instantly zapped into oblivion, delivered such helpful lines as "Thanks for your help!" and "It's you!", which definitely needed to be shouted right that second.

Mad Dog McCree — *Saloon Drunk*

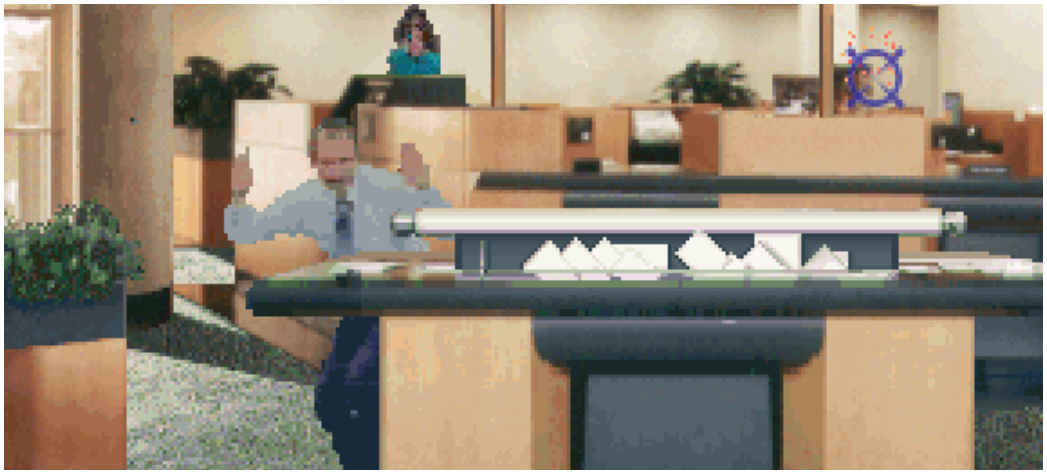
Rappelled into the saloon on a rope, spun around aggressively, and reached for a hip holster - which contained a flask of hooch. Shouted "Tarnation!" as the client's panicked blasts hit. Fell over a handrail and into a pile of conspicuously-placed hay.

SKILLS

Able to thrive in any environment, from industrial warehouses to ninja dojos to other industrial warehouses. Equally suited to working alone (jumping in front of a client during an eerily quiet moment) and in a group with diverse co-workers such as superterrorists and cyborgs.

Proficiencies

Unnecessary Movements, Shouting Nonsense, Falling Over Theatrically, Blinking In And Out Of Existence Before Completely Vanishing, Microsoft Outlook



–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.3 The 5 Hottest Street Fighter Characters to Marry as Caregivers in Your Elderly Years

Friday, Oct 05, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Street Fighter games are populated by a wide variety of wild and interesting characters, many of whom are very physically attractive. Fans have long argued about their favorite fighters. Which one is strongest? Which one is sexiest? Which one will do the best job of caring for us in our old age if we were to marry them? Unlike Tekken characters, Street Fighter characters do not age, allowing them to care for us until we die from natural causes well into our senior years. Can these fighters deal with prolonged cancer treatments, dementia, or mobility issues? What does it really mean to be the strongest and sexiest when you are a caregiver to a dying spous

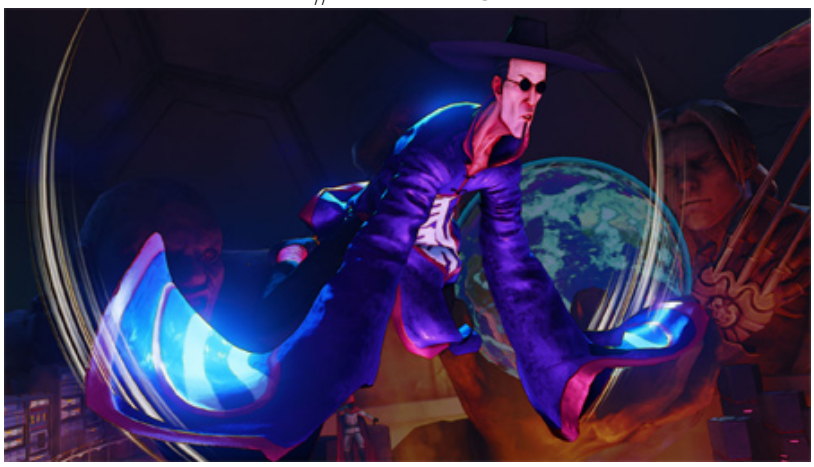
We answer these burning hot fan questions in this countdown!

#5 - Chun Li

Hubba hubba! With thighs like those we imagine Chun Li will not get very tired helping you up and down the stairs and in and out of tubs. Her can-do attitude will be useful to you when it comes

time to use the bathroom. She watches your eating and makes sure you aren't losing weight. That sort of positivity will be the perfect way to get up and face the day, although of course she will sleep in a different room since it is too expensive to buy a double or queen size hospital bed. You will want her checking your vitals! Yowsa!

#4 - F.A.N.G.



This new character is the deadliest poison maker in Shadaloo. His hands are covered in poison and poison is just another word for medicine. F.A.N.G. will float through your house, flopping his giant sleeves everywhere and bringing your pill organizer so you know when to take each pill. F.A.N.G. is M. Bison's right hand man, so he knows about attention to detail. He will always have those pills organized, he will notice symptoms of new health issues before you do, and he will keep you on a tight schedule of wellness care. That sort of attention is going to be what keeps you alive. But if things are too painful to go on, F.A.N.G. has that poison to fall back on.

#3 - Blanka

Blanka knows about suffering. After crashing in the Amazon and being turned into a green-skinned, electrified beast by electric eels, Blanka created a new life for himself in the jungle. But when he returned to the modern world he had to adapt. He had to wear shorts and bite less. This same ability to adapt will come in handy for you as you face a world that is increasingly strange and

hostile. In addition to be a ripped up hunk capable of throwing you into your shower chair from across the house, Blanka also excretes jolts of electricity, making him a walking defibrillator.

#2 - Cycloid Gamma

Introduced as a playable character in Street Fighter Alpha EX, this wire frame fight drone would be the perfect companion for your final days on earth. His electric body can provide endless hours of visual stimulation and he will not complain about the messes you made when you had another one of your "episodes." While it may seem unpleasant to look at this inhuman visage every day and think it will be the last thing you say as your lights finally dim and fade out, the reality is disassociating from the larger world and your own humanity will help ease you through the process of dying. Thank you Cycloid!

#1 - Skullomania

Skeleton-themed hero Skullomania is here to save your day. He's a walking, talking, fighting memento mori with a positive attitude and boundless energy. You will look death in the face every time you sit across from Skullomania at the breakfast table eating your halved grapefruit or piece of toast. Sure, it may seem grim, but having Skullomania around will ensure that you associate the rictus of death with every positive moment in your life. By the time you're looking at the real Grim Reaper, you will be ready to give him a hug!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.4 25 Karate Moves to Air Out Your Soiled Pants

Wednesday, Oct 10, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

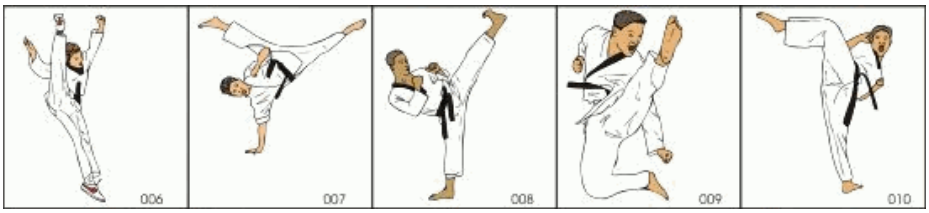
Urine? Or perhaps an abundance of crotch sweat? Either way, it's a good thing you're in a karate class. This is the ideal situation to covertly get some airflow down there, speeding up the evaporation process by as much as 4%.

Just do as many of these moves as you can. Be sure to yell as loudly as you can mid-move, diverting attention away from your crotch and towards your face.

Figure A, Moves 1-5:

001 - Air Slasher, 002 - Sonic Boom, 003 - Matador Flash, 004 - Burning Kick, 005 - Wind Shear

Figure B, Moves 6-10:

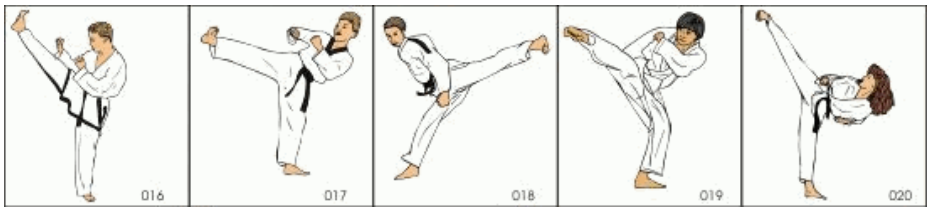


006 - Falling Sky, 007 - Banishing Flat, 008 - Down Burst, 009 - Cold Low, 010 - Yoga Blast

Figure C, Moves 11-15:

011 - Electric Thunder, 012 - Spinning Bird Kick, 013 - Devil Reverse, 014 - Low Tiger Shot, 015 - Double Typhoon

Figure D, Moves 16-20:



016 - Hurricane Kick, 017 - Rolling Crystal Flash, 018 - Scarlet Terror, 019 - Burst Time, 020 - Flash Explosion

Figure E, Moves 21-25:

021 - Air Eagle Spike, 022 - Split River, 023 - Yoga Catastrophe, 024 - Peach Gator, 025 - Jacknife Maximum

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.5 Bummed About Climate Change? Here's What You Can Personally Do!

Friday, Oct 12, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The dire news about the climate can be overwhelming. With temperatures rising, sea ice retreating, droughts spreading, and extreme weather worsening, the political inaction on climate change can be the most distressing part of all. Good news! There are plenty of little actions you can take as an individual that will help the environment!

- Vote for the politicians who love fracking instead of the politicians who loooove fracking. All politicians support fracking in America, but do they have to be so in your face about it?
- Learn to detest all animals other than humans so you can celebrate the inevitable extinction of mankind's enemies. Goodbye frogs, you pieces of shit. So long horses, you fucked up opposing us. Coral reef? You were just some weird rocks.
- Try eating bugs? I guess? Eating bugs has to somehow be better than eating hamburgers. Rich people won't eat bugs, but you should. They probably already eat bugs in one of those good countries like Guatemala or Myanmar that doesn't have any problems.
- Find out if your house is on a fossil fuel or renewable electric grid. If it's on a fossil fuel electric grid, stop using electricity. It's just that simple. Turn off all the lights, never use appliances, never recharge your devices, sit in the dark, take a bunch of pills, put a bag over your head, and slowly asphyxiate yourself to death.
- Live somewhere that you won't need a car to get around. Say in a subway tunnel or underneath a log flume at an abandoned amusement park.
- Put some different windows in your house. Sure. Why not?

- Did I mention eating bugs? You could compost your trash with bugs and then eat the bugs so you're eating trash. Very efficient! Living the good life!
- Grow your own produce in your backyard! You can grow your own vegetables. Devote yourself full time to growing enough vegetables to feed your family. Give up your hobbies and career aspirations. You're the vegetable guy now. You grow them and eat them and guard them with your life. Your precious dirt treasures. It sure beats driving to the store and spending five dollars on a giant sack of vegetables. You're helping the environment! Think of it this way: every potato you grow is one ant you are saving. I don't know if the math works, but try to tell yourself that as you throw your life away growing fucking potatoes.
- Instead of streaming your favorite TV show, how about streaming a real stream? It burns no fossil fuels! Enjoy the soothing sight of water flowing over rocks, a visual treat that has stimulated mankind for thousands of years. Plus if coal ash suddenly fills the stream you can try to scoop some out and bury it to sequester the carbon.
- As the world heats up you will want to use air conditioning more and more, but dirt is nature's air conditioner. It's why your basement is cooler than the rest of the house. For every foot underground things are one degree cooler. So to beat the 120 degree temperatures expected throughout the southwest to a livable 80 degrees or below you can dig a 40 foot deep cool room. Ah! Now that's living!
- Hey, how about those bugs? They're free and only like 1 in 500 has one of those horrifying giant worms inside. Those are edible too!

Never feel hopeless in the face of the global catastrophe of climate change. Especially not when you're eating a cricket burrito.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.6 The Awful Guide to Podcasting, Part 2

Tuesday, Oct 16, 2018 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

After following all of the advice outlined in part one of our guide to podcasting, you did it! You're a podcaster! Welcome to the world of working endlessly to please an audience specifically downloading your show to find mistakes. And if the audience doesn't exist? It doesn't matter. You've already joined the ranks of ambitious folks like the guy who really meant to take up rock collecting or the lady who totally planned to call the number on the back of the jury duty summons before thinking "what are they going to do, arrest me?" Now it's time to figure out how to make some money off of this fucker.

Affiliate Deals

Everyone constantly needs a new mattress, right? Listen, we can't continue this until you agree with me. Thankfully, the rise of podcasting has wiped out so many of the middleman scumbags who would ruthlessly sell you an item in a store like you were some kind of depraved animal. Imagine this scenario: You want something, but you don't want to leave your apartment. (You definitely wouldn't own property in this scenario.) Now, what if I told you that you could have this item delivered directly to you door at only 130% the price and 80% of the quality? That's the stuff affiliate deals are made of, baby.

All you need to do is find a reliable website willing to make you their middleman--forgetting what we've previously said about middlemen--and you're ready to go. For the small cost of having to shoehorn totally not-awkward ad copy into your show every week, you'll be treated to the king's ransom of sometimes 5% of any sale. That's almost 10%! All your listeners have to do is write down an extremely long URL, along with your offer code, immediately after you say it. Keep in mind they'll have to write it down, as science has determined the human brain can only remember so many characters, regardless of how interesting or pornographic they are. Once you get a few bites, money will come rolling in from affiliates selling everything from chewable dick pills to boxes of ingredients most recipients end up throwing away weeks later. (Science also shows people who are too lazy to go grocery shopping won't bother opening most boxes.)

Become a Shame-Based Platform

If legitimacy hasn't brought you the audience you need to fuel your affiliate deals, have you ever considered illegitimacy? Every day, assholes are saying dumb shit at their jobs--in fact, you can safely bet it's happening right now. And since we live in an era where dignity and credibility have absolutely no cultural value, why not give these misunderstood souls a platform to defend themselves? So what if a guy sends out a mass e-mail to all the stores in his district concerning how men should be assigned wives at birth? And so what if he's the area manager of Payless Shoes? The disservice that company did to that man's free speech could be corrected by you, as well as bring in a large audience of like-minded souls who will absolutely purchase any product designed for those who refuse to learn any necessary life skills beyond wiping.

Patreon

In passing years, many have found Patreon to be a more reliable means of employment than traditional routes since "losing your job" on this platform involves hundreds or thousands of people deciding to not pay you anymore instead of just one guy. In fact, think of all of the gym and MMORPG (let's face it, MMORPG is more likely) memberships you pay for every month without using them. You deserve that wasted money more than some heartless company, and *definitely* more than the people wasting it. And all you need to do is build an additional layer of content on top of what you're already making, while convincing everyone who gives you money that your relationship with them is a close and intimate one, even though it begins and ends with their credit card. Or just already be famous. That seems to work even better.

With all of this advice packed into your brain, you're ready to ascend the mountain of podcasting success. And though podcasting lacks the sex, drugs, money, and respect of legitimate show business, when you tell your parents what you do, they're bound to say "What is that again? Is that like the radio?" And you'll know it's all been worth it.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.7 Your Halloween Superstore Proprietor Urges You to Buy Local

Thursday, Oct 18, 2018 by Turge Sprickman

Turge Sprickman

No one knows the hustle and bustle of the Halloween season more than yours truly. From August 31st to October 31st, we turn suburban blight into suburban *bright*! Boy, I bet you sure were sad when those Circuit Cities and Toys R Uses you once used to fritter your weekends away became hollowed-out husks between so many strip malls. Well, for three months out of the year, we act as the temporary souls for these retail corpses, and give you a chance to relive the memories of past shopping trips. You know that wall with festive, pre-packaged costumes like "drunk Supreme Court Justice nominee" and "sexy orange hockey mascot"? If you squint hard enough, you can almost make out where your parents bought you your first bike!

But all is not well in Halloweentown, as the famous movie "The Nightmare Before Christmas" once posited. It seems that in recent years, people have opted for the comforts of their home over the sheer ambience of a Halloween Superstore. And in a sense, I get it. Why, a man paid to drop off a 40-pound sack of candy corn at your door is one of the miracles of the modern world and also why we fought in all of those wars. But this sheer convenience comes at a cost. When you order "online," do you get to weigh your options between the various bags in front of you, scanning for defects and rare clusters of what we in the biz call "corn kings"? Not a chance. The poor warehouse worker who stuffs your box will be too wrapped up in planning the next time they can sneak away to urinate in a bottle to give a damn about your corn-related needs.

And that brings us to the many colorful characters who work at our Halloween Superstores. Many of our customers are surprised when they walk away from one of our locations with a new friend, or at the very least, someone who won't stop asking for their phone number. You may not even know the name of the postal service carrier who delivers those forty pounds of candy corn to your

door, but if you come to our Market Street location, you'll be sure to remember the name of the man who brings it to your car. That's because it'll usually be Gus, a one-armed veteran with colorful language and even more colorful thoughts on where certain groups of people should live. We Halloween Superstores love giving seasonal, at-will employment to those who society won't give second chances to just because they've already messed up their sixth through eighth chances. My motto is, if you're sober enough to stay on your feet for 10 hours a day, you're sober enough to get paid in company scrip.

Many of you have looked upon the skeleton-like visage of Jeff Bezos and assumed he was one of our kind. I can assure you he is not. While his many warehouses have become fairly accurate representations of hell, we Halloween Superstores are more in favor of the playful version of horror, with ghosts, witches, and the occasional goblin. Our employees urinate in the toilet as god intended, or the coffee can in the corner of the break room when some prankster fills the bowl with plastic spiders even though our employee handbook strictly outlines that this is *not* funny. And for our employees who can't afford the generous sandwich offers from a nearby Subway, they are free to take one (1) handful of irregular gummi worms from the big box out back while on break. Sometimes, these employees are even treated to a bit of exercise when they're forced to fight off the family of raccoons intent on keeping their kind alive for generations with our generous supply of gummi.

Again, I must implore that you think of your Halloween Superstore friends if you're on the brink of turning to online this season. God knows we need that money to live off of for the next nine months after the perverts and sickos at the Christmas Superstores chase us out of there on November 2nd. May God help you if you so much as darken their doorstep with the innocent request of wanting to dress up as a giant tampon.

–∼Turge Sprickman

10.8 If elected, I will work closely with the folks who say I am a deep state communist MS-13 child trafficker

Friday, Oct 19, 2018 by The Resistance Candidate (@sexyfacts4u)

Today's contentious political atmosphere has come to be defined more by the acrimony between the political parties than by the achievements of either party. Campaigns and attack ads are out of control with accusations, rumors, and slander. Dark money groups have further poisoned the discourse, creating a swirling cesspool of animosity that is threatening to drag our great nation down into the toilet.

But if you honor me by electing me, I pledge to reach across the aisle to my political opponents even though they said that I have a cellar under my house where I keep several children tied up and said in a radio advertisement that I work with MS-13 to murder and rape people.

Comity is crucial to cooperation and I intend to work closely with the people who said I am an agent of the Muslim Brotherhood and that I personally murdered Seth Rich with the help of MS-13 sicarios on behalf of the Clintons. We need to stop fighting and get the people's work done and I can do this by finding common ground with the folks who said I am an agent of the deep state, that my election would be a silent coup, and that I belong in jail or hanged for treason. It's time we put aside such petty differences and meet each other half way.

There is no area where I cannot compromise my core values in the face of screaming maniacs in order to achieve something meaningless.

> **The Military** - I will give the military a blank check for rampant, pointless wars and militarism in exchange for the vague agreement that trans soldiers will not be thrown

out of a helicopter for using the "wrong" bathroom. When they are thrown out of a helicopter anyway I will be very concerned. Civility is important here. No shouting about this.

The Economy - I will support more tax cuts for people making over $250,000 a year, lower capital gains tax, and an end to the estate tax if it means we can talk about getting the tax credit back for people who are paralyzed and in need of 24/7 nursing care. They can't get the tax credit back, just like they will never walk again, but I can get a promise from my opponents to talk about it in a closed door committee meeting where their callous disinterest in the happiness and well-being of their constituents will be known only to me.

Health Care - I can see my way to supporting my opponent's proposal to transform national healthcare into the doctor lottery where you buy tickets and hope to win a chance to see a doctor. In exchange, I will ask them to hang me by my ankles instead of my neck for treason.

Immigration - There is no way I can ever support the "illegal immigrant juicer" that my opponent says must be installed along the border with Mexico, but I am willing to build more tent cities where confiscated illegal immigrant children can be auctioned off to weird foster parents banging at the gates like zombies.

Free and Fair Elections - Although I oppose it, I would be willing to support the DNA testing for access to the polls as long as my opponent will consider addressing the issue of the belligerent guys with AR-15s and wearing hockey masks they plan to post at every polling station as "election watchers." I would like to think we can all agree that they do not need high capacity drum magazines to prevent voter fraud. Sensible gun legislation for the masked poll watchers will reduce the number of mass shootings of voters.

If elected, I intend to agree where I can with my opponents who said I should be thrown out of a helicopter like the trans soldiers and disagree with them without being disagreeable. We're all Americans after all, unless they revoke my passport and citizenship for having a library card. In which case I will be happy to lodge my concerns at the camp where I am assigned for reeducation until I am ready for my helicopter ride.

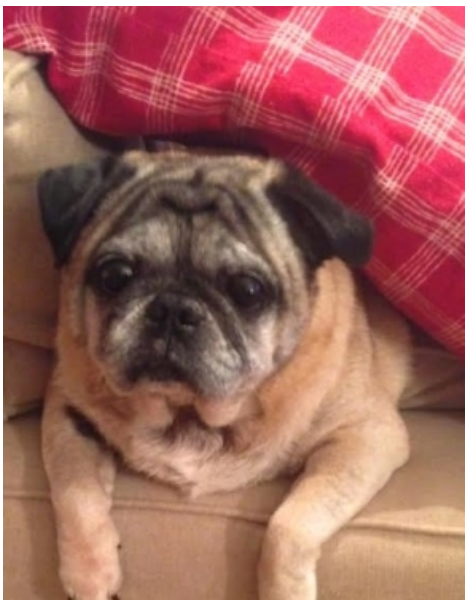
–∼The Resistance Candidate (@sexyfacts4u)

10.9 Fun Things You Learn When Your Dog Has Diarrhea

Wednesday, Oct 24, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

- Every accident will happen on a carpet or a rug 100% of the time. Even if 80% of your floors are tile. Even if 100% of your floors are tile, and you own no rugs. Your dog's butthole is a portal to another dimension where the conventional rules of flooring are unmoored from our own reality. Everything you thought you knew about flooring? Right out.

- If your dog weighs 30 pounds, as mine does, that dog contains 40 pounds of liquid fecal hell. That doesn't mean this ordeal will end when those 40 pounds have finally exited the dog. Instead, those 40 pounds will instantly replenish the moment you lay down to catch a moment of sleep.



- Once the squirting starts the dog will feel compelled to start running. It doesn't matter how lazy your dog is under normal circumstances. Now its sole purpose in life is to be the Johnny Appleseed of tiny droplets of poo. Your sole purpose in life is now to waddle along your dog's trail of terror with a roll of toilet paper at your wit's end, tearfully pleading with the creature to stay still.

- You will take your dog outside for half an hour and nothing at all will happen. The moment you come back inside, it's the jet poop olympics.

- This is all you'll be able to think about for the immediate future. If a sweepstakes crew arrived at your door with an oversized check for ten million dollars and you would mutter, "That's nice," and sign it with a wary eye on your dog's anus.

- You will magically become an amateur detective, trying to pin down why this is happening. Was it that weird dirt he hunched over and nibbled, making those weird perverted lip-smacking sounds before you could realize what was happening? Is it a simple cold? Are the gods punishing you for moral failings? Is your dog just a goddamned idiot who scarfs down random garbage when you're not looking? Encyclopedia Brown is on the case.

- Hot chocolate isn't as appetizing as it once seemed. Neither is an overturned chocolate shake, or a cake decorated to look exactly like diarrhea.

- Let's say your dog is spoiled. He views you as little more than a personal elevator who exists to pick him up and put him on the couch. Even now, he still wants to go on the couch. No matter how many times you explain that his diarrhea makes the couch off limits, he won't understand. If you draw a detailed diagram explaining the situation he will inspect the drawing and consider it for nearly an entire minute. Then he will face the couch and beg to be picked up and put on the couch, each whine accompanied by a wet fart.

- Hey, you get a free comedy article idea. In a way, that makes this entire experience a net posit- OH FOR THE LOVE OF... DON'T LICK THAT!

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.10 UPDATE: Do NOT Believe the Fake News About the Bombs I Sent to CNN

Friday, Oct 26, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

WAKE UP PEOPLE! We don't have much time to save this country from the Deep State Swamp.

The liberal media is telling you lies about the bombs I sent to them for lying. They are telling you that these bombs are because of the 45th President of the United States of America Donald J. Trump. Actually, the TRUTH they don't want you to know is that I sent the bombs because of their LIES.

If there weren't a conspiracy to create a coup against the duly elected president of the USA, beginning with illegal voter fraud in California, Amy Schumer dressing up as "Ford" to accuse Judge Kavanaugh of sex crime when we KNOW he was LIFTING WITH TOBIN, and not to mention the incessant untruths put out on the news 24/7 about the CARAVAN, I never would have NEEDED to send the bombs.

They are telling you that I am a crazed man with a van and a plan to blow up DIMMs. No, what I am doing is countering the coup that rises in America trying to create false stories about election meddling and big beautiful prostitutes urinating onto Obama's bed. This is not true. I also want to address the lies about the van being perpetrated by the media. These stickers could not possibly be on my van for so long without fading. This is Florida, the Sunshine State, don't you think all of the decals on my van would look older? I put them on years ago, shouldn't they look older?

What is going on with those decals? And why was I following Obama, Biden, and Clinton on Twitter? I am CLEARLY a LIBERAL PLANT meant to sway the election to the Democrats. I have been created by the Deep State to bring down Trump. The very man I love with every fiber of my life. The great LION of the USA. Who took down TPP. Who is going to let cars burn coal again.

The liberal media is responsible for me, a registered Democrat Party voter, perpetrating a false flag against the President and...
And...

I mean the swamp is...
My whole worldview created by Facebook and Twitters memes is...
Wait...

CNN is FAKE NEWS!!!!!

They are skewing the polls again to lie to us about what is going to happen. RED TSUNAMI 2018!!! If the LIEberals and DEMONrats try to take this country from us we will have to resort to the second amendment.

God Bless the USA! None of this is real! Take the Red Pill!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.11 Did You Spot Every Hidden Ghost In The Haunting of Hill House?

Tuesday, Oct 30, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You've seen all ten episodes of Mike Flanagan's spooky show. You've been frightened by the big scares. You've felt a palpable chill every time Steven opened his mouth. (Seriously, dial the condescension back to a 12, dude) But have you spotted all the spirits tucked away in the background? These ghosts were hidden so well most people never saw them!

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–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 The Skeleton Uber

Thursday, Nov 01, 2018 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

There was a new kind of Uber in town. A skeleton Uber. It was called "Skeleton Uber" because it was a kind of Uber driven exclusively by skeletons.

It was Halloween night and I went to a party. I had a headache and my friend threw up a lot so I decided to get an Uber home. I punched in my address and saw a new ride option for a Skeleton Uber. Our town's skeleton population had gotten pretty big and they eventually took over the ridesharing industry because it was so easy to insure them. That's probably why Skeleton Ubers cost about a third of any other ride. The drivers in the taxi union didn't like this, but they were also afraid of the skeletons so they didn't do anything.

I was having kind of a bad night and decided it might be fun to have a little scare on Halloween. I pushed "Confirm Skeleton Uber" and the app made my phone play Dracula music, which wasn't very scary but I still appreciated the effort. As the app showed the skeleton's car getting closer, it started doing loops around the block about half a mile away. I don't know if this was supposed to be scary, but it made me anxious I guess. The Skeleton Uber eventually showed up across the street so I had to walk down to the stoplight to cross. I put in the exact address so the skeleton would know which side I was on, but maybe making things unpredictable helps the Skeleton Ubers be spookier or something.

I got into the back seat of the Skeleton Uber and the skeleton turned its head around backward on its body to look at me. This was supposed to be scary in theory, but if you've been around skeletons as long as I have you know it's the first thing they do to impress you. He started driving and I saw some bottles of water in the back pouch of the passenger's seat and decided to grab one. They were warm, which was pretty gross, but not scary. Then I saw the skeleton had some candies in one of the larger cup holders, so I reached out and grabbed some. They were Mary Janes and Bit-o-Honeys so I immediately put them back. I didn't think they still made them and thinking about them made my teeth hurt. But again, not scary.

I probably looked tired or bored or something because the skeleton reached back and handed me the aux cord. The ride was only 15 minutes but I thought if I played some of my own music I might feel better. I started up a playlist and when the sound started coming out of my phone the skeleton hit a button on the CD player in his dashboard. What sounded like an Ed Sheeran song started playing. He popped the CD out and reached under the seats until he found another one to put in.

I think it was supposed to be haunted house sounds, but it was so scratched up I could barely tell and it was making my headache worse. "That's okay," I told the skeleton, and decided to stare out the window for the rest of the trip. Through the crack between the driver's seat and the door I saw him refreshing his Instagram, which made me really nervous but not in a Halloween way.

The skeleton pulled over to the curb and flicked on his hazard lights, so I opened the car door. "Have a good night," I said, and the skeleton played a little tune on his ribs but I think he messed it up because I couldn't tell what it was. When I got out of the car, I realized I was actually three blocks away from my apartment and dead this whole time and things were scary.

THE END?

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.2 my mission: to save others from girlfriend joining antifa

Friday, Nov 02, 2018 by Max Trump MAGAmang (@sexyfacts4u)

my girlfriend now ex and I together for six years. She was beautiful loving. one day she shaved her head eyebrows told her she was still beautiful. she started keying cars vandalizing houses. shes now with antifa.. democrats ruined her life. im here to save others from that fate

have dated many beautiful girls including arm model. we live at her parent house together.. She was tall and could carry bushels in her stony arms. one day she did not heed a stop sign I told her no big deal. she started to venomize creatures burn down kiosks. she now with antifa.. democrats took her from me. will not rest until she is free

sexy and intelligent doctor lady was girlfriend now ex. I hold door for her like a gentle man. Ten beautiful days in summer. Without warning she bit my hock but I forgave her for it was dark at the time. she team kill me in bug racers with the rocket trick. she now with antifa.. democrats did this to her. my wroth overflow the cup reap the wordworlds

her head eyebrows were so beautiful. antifa democrats took them from me. she said she did not like my battle armor for fights. What will you do when your wife shaved her head eyebrows gI janes. She wear cargo pants instead of tight jean jams. I love her anyway and love is repaid with keying FAT OAF onto car hood. my dear beautiful girlfriend now ex I will save you..

We flee the village to escape antifa presence. all sectors democrats brainwash head bags. Six years wasted cannot get back. Now she calls me a dip shit and ate burger when I talk on phone. once I defeat antifa we getting back together I swear this..

Events pick up speed. Time lapse head eyebrow grow back. seasons change and (A) painted on door of GOP HQ fade away. we all wear fascist armband now and cars unkeyed. I introduce my girlfriend now wife to my parents. head eyes turn black and mouths open and it is bug crawl mouth. Nancy Pelosi head. wake up screaming..

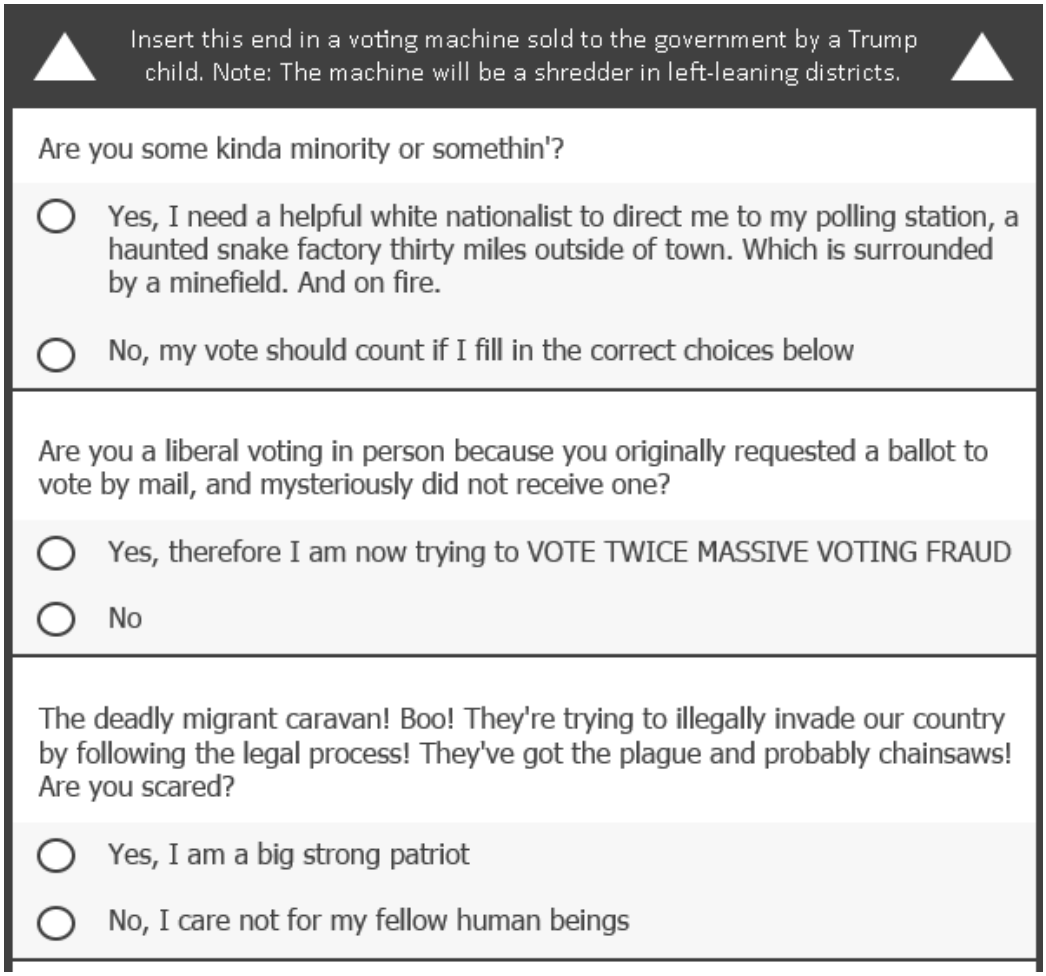
you want this for your wife daughter or mom??? warning sign is head eyebrow shave follow car key act quickly and do not put up with the bull shit. put a guard dog on your property and get a suit of body armor you make to fight antifa. she marry gritty i swear to forever fight as paladin for maga

I will not rest I cannot the crusade begins now

–∼Max Trump MAGAmang (@sexyfacts4u)

11.3 Did Everyone Get A Ballot Like Mine? Seemed Weird

Wednesday, Nov 07, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


Insert this end in a voting machine sold to the government by a Trump child. Note: The machine will be a shredder in left-leaning districts.
Are you some kinda minority or somethin'?
Yes, I need a helpful white nationalist to direct me to my polling station, a haunted snake factory thirty miles outside of town. Which is surrounded by a minefield. And on fire.
No, my vote should count if I fill in the correct choices below
Are you a liberal voting in person because you originally requested a ballot to vote by mail, and mysteriously did not receive one?
Yes, therefore I am now trying to VOTE TWICE MASSIVE VOTING FRAUD
No
The deadly migrant caravan! Boo! They're trying to illegally invade our country by following the legal process! They've got the plague and probably chainsaws! Are you scared?
Yes, I am a big strong patriot
No, I care not for my fellow human beings

The deadly migrant caravan! Boo! They're trying to illegally invade our country by following the legal process! They've got the plague and probably chainsaws! Are you scared?

- ◯ Yes, I am a big strong patriot
- ◯ No, I care not for my fellow human beings

Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Antifa supersoldier program, being very rude to good people racists just because they committed several murders and want many more to die?

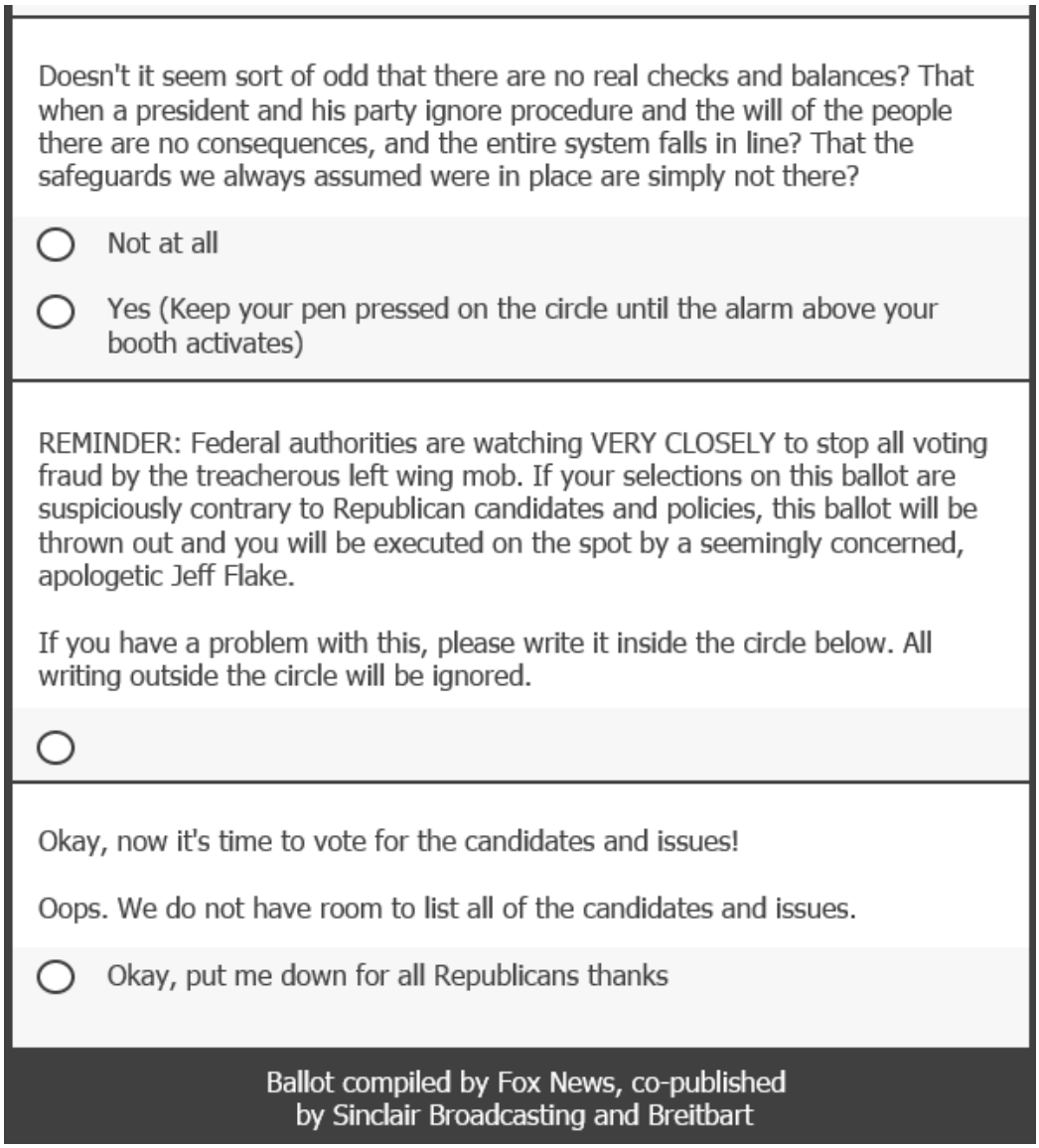
- ◯ Yes
- ◯ No

How many troops should we deploy to NFL games, with the order to consider any form of kneeling as enemy fire?

- ◯ All
- ◯ More than all

Do you believe the president's many stories about people with tears in their eyes thanking him for saving the country, or his stories about public figures crumbling before his power and wit on the phone?

- ◯ Yes
- ◯ No, and my address is _____



Doesn't it seem sort of odd that there are no real checks and balances? That when a president and his party ignore procedure and the will of the people there are no consequences, and the entire system falls in line? That the safeguards we always assumed were in place are simply not there?

◯ Not at all

◯ Yes (Keep your pen pressed on the circle until the alarm above your booth activates)

REMINDER: Federal authorities are watching VERY CLOSELY to stop all voting fraud by the treacherous left wing mob. If your selections on this ballot are suspiciously contrary to Republican candidates and policies, this ballot will be thrown out and you will be executed on the spot by a seemingly concerned, apologetic Jeff Flake.

If you have a problem with this, please write it inside the circle below. All writing outside the circle will be ignored.

◯

Okay, now it's time to vote for the candidates and issues!

Oops. We do not have room to list all of the candidates and issues.

◯ Okay, put me down for all Republicans thanks

Ballot compiled by Fox News, co-published by Sinclair Broadcasting and Breitbart

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.4 That Space Turd Was Not An Alien Probe

Friday, Nov 09, 2018 by AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

Lt. Col. AJ Tucker is reporting unofficially for the NASA Young Astronauts Program. This program, like most NASA programs other than launching remote controlled cars into space deserts, has been discontinued. Astronaut Tucker is funding these outreach messages to grade schools throughout America with money raised from a gofundme he claimed was for a graphic novel based on his experiences using the space toilet and eating freeze dried garbage biscuits as an astronaut. He has "called an audible" on that project and used most of that money to buy and bury three shipping containers in Montana which he now uses as his recording studio/Mars Mission Simulator.

Greetings faithful Young Astronauts. This is AJ Tucker coming to you from the bunker with all the space news THEY don't want you to hear. I know it has been many moons since I have sent out a data squirt, but now is the time to receive. The science press and some idiot astronomers, which I have mentioned before are literal subhuman goblins, has been drooling about a rock flying past earth. It's a complete diaper load.

First of all what is the one thing that happens more often than anything else in space? Well, nothing, actually. Nothing happens. It is the most boring location in the universe. Space is where you go when you don't want to see or do anything good.

But aside from nothing, which is the absence of things happening, the number one thing that happens in space is rocks flying past the freakin' earth. Number one. Happens all the time. And this rock didn't even get that close. Oh, no, they were all excited about it though because they believe it came from outside our solar system.

Of course, the first freakin' rock they see fly past us from outside our solar system and they immediately come up with theories about how it's an alien probe. Look at this thing:

It's called Oumuamua (don't look at me about the name) and it looks exactly like a freakin' crap. So the galaxy crapped out a rock and sent it flying through our solar system and these loopy nerds said, "Yep, here it is, space aliens. Finally."

Loyal readers will know by now that the number one thing you can guarantee this is not is space aliens. Why? Because it is never space aliens. This is Tucker's #1 Law of Spacial Relative Coolness in action. Remember, in space, nothing is cool. Not even relatively cool. We don't do anything cool out there anymore, we don't see anything cool, there's never aliens, and our best hope for something cool is some nerd who gets high on the Joe Rogan show. Why won't you come on my show, Elon? Afraid of the truth?

To be fair to the subhuman goblins looking through telescopes, if there were aliens, sending probes to dipshit solar systems like ours seems like exactly the sort of thing alien NASA would do. They

would launch a probe that takes 500 years to get anywhere and then defund the probe monitoring team and leave interpreting the data up to some alien guy living in his bunker in space Montana. And in the end, guess what the probe found? A planet so messed up that everything on the planet will be dead in 50 years.

Which brings me to my second point: Q is sending us messages from inside the government that the storm is coming. Where we go 1 we go all, but definitely not to freakin' Mars again. We're never going there. More on Q and the truth about the deep state probe only agenda in my next transmission.

Onward to Mars! Tucker out!

–∼AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

11.5 Wish Destroyer 3000 Customer Reviews

Tuesday, Nov 13, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Wish Destroyer 3000
by State OG

Price: $3,099.95 + $6.24 shipping

Get $50 off instantly: Pay $3,049.95 upon approval for the Amazon Rewards Visa Card.

New (1) from $3,099.95 + $6.24 shipping

Free shipping
on all Prime Pantry orders over $35
prime pantry

Add to Cart

★★★★★ Verified Purchase

I'm ruined. Every aspiration, hope, and dream in my life has been dashed. There is no hope for recovery. All that once seemed within my reach is now utterly impossible.

Fantastic product! Would buy again!

One person found this helpful

Helpful | Comment | Report abuse

★☆☆☆☆ Verified Purchase

shortly after purchasing this all my dreams came true. terrible product. a complete waste of money, and a totaL SCAM if you ask me

7 people found this helpful

Helpful | Comment | Report abuse

★★☆☆☆ Verified Purchase

Utterly destroyed all my dreams as promised. HOWEVER, the included USB-C cable does NOT come with a power adapter so you can't plug it into an outlet! Buyer beware the hidden costs!

One person found this helpful

Helpful | Comment | Report abuse

★★★★☆ Verified Purchase

The Wish Destroyer 3000 itself is small. However, Amazon shipped it in a much larger box. In lieu of plastic bubbles, this box was padded with a man named Dengar.

Dengar is polite. He scampers out of my family's way and keeps the cave paintings to a minimum. I'm just not sure if I can afford to keep feeding him.

I cannot comment on the quality of the Wish Destroyer 3000 as I have not opened it yet. I'm sure it's nice.

16 people found this helpful

Helpful | Comment | Report abuse

★★★☆☆ Verified Purchase

My only wish in life was to own the Wish Destroyer 3000. After saving up for months I ordered this item. When it arrived the packaging was empty.

I have no idea whether I should give this 1 star or 5.

2 people found this helpful

Helpful | Comment | Report abuse

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.6 DECLASSIFIED: Incredible Spycraft Gadgets You've Never Heard Of

Thursday, Nov 15, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You are an operative meeting a new contact in a public space. In order for both parties to confirm their identities you will conduct a secret handshake. Standard procedure so far. But... wouldn't it be trivial for a third party to observe this secret handshake, placing your operation at risk?

Not if a Secret Handshake Obscurer is deployed. This space-age device is a cardboard box with two holes in it. The operative (you) sticks a hand in one end. The contact inserts a hand in the other end. With both hands shielded from prying eyes, you are free to perform the elaborate handshake without drawing undue attention from passers-by. Nothing to look at here. Just two people silently facing one another with their forearms in a box.

You are a spy on a rooftop observing a rival agent as they meet with a new contact. Your primary objective is to witness their secret handshake and bring the results back to the lab for analysis. Here it comes... wait! They're deploying a Secret Handshake Obscurer. Damn it. That cardboard is at least a quarter of an inch thick. You'll never see through that!

Now what do you do? Simple: Deploy the perfect counter, a pair of Secret Handshake Unobscurer Goggles.

These wonders of modern technology allow the wearer to see through up to half an inch of solid cardboard. How does it work? I'd tell you, but then I'd have to have you sign a Non-Disclosure Agreement. Now you can observe the secret handshake with ease.

You are an operative meeting a new contact in a public space. Intelligence suggests a rival agent is perched on a nearby rooftop with a pair of Secret Handshake Unobscurer Goggles, rendering your Secret Handshake Obscurer obsolete. The secret handshake must proceed... but how?

Consider the fact that the rival agent's Secret Handshake Unobscurer Goggles allow them to see through cardboard - and only cardboard. This leaves them utterly incapable to see anything happening in plain sight.

Instead of using a Secret Handshake Obscurer cardboard box, you should simply conduct the secret handshake inside a Counter-Secret Handshake Unobscurer Device, a clear plastic box with holes in two sides. The operative (you) sticks a hand in one end. The contact sticks a hand in the other end. With both hands nowhere near a cardboard box, the secret handshake can be conducted in plain sight, and completely undetected by an agent wearing Secret Handshake Unobscurer Goggles.

You are a spy on a rooftop observing a rival agent as they meet with a new contact. Your primary objective is to witness their secret handshake and bring the results back to the lab for analysis. They have deployed a Secret Handshake Obscurer cardboard box. You countered by donning a pair of Secret Handshake Unobscurer Goggles. Your rival anticipated this move (a mole in your agency?) and deployed a Counter-Secret Unobscurer Device clear plastic box.

Now the secret handshake is about to take place in plain sight. You won't see it, because your Secret Handshake Unobscurer Goggles only see through cardboard, effectively leaving you blind. Lives hang in the balance!

Thankfully, the wizards in the lab have just the thing cooked up for you, agent. The Counter-Secret Handshake Unobscurer Device Nullifier is an off switch. It turns off the Secret Handshake Unobscurer Goggles, leaving you free to observe the secret handshake through your rival's state of the art Counter-Secret Unobscurer Device clear plastic box.

Moments like this are why you signed up for this job.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.7 Should we play god by eliminating Guinea Worm?

Friday, Nov 16, 2018 by Reasonable Human (@sexyfacts4u)

It bad. Another week, another headline say "get rid of Guinea Worm." Oh, South Sudan, no more worm you drink 'em up in water and grow long as leg. No more worm pop out of hole in foot. No more bad, bad, bad Guinea worm. Hooray human win over evil worm.

Think a gain. Human is great big killer. You know who make that one fun duck extinct? You know who wipe out giant armadillo? Who get rid of pegasus? Here hint: it not a one meter long worm come out of blister. Definitely not bunch of one meter long worms that figure out how to use laptop and walk around in a big coat and hat pretend be human. Not worm learn write English.

It human. The old hairless gorilla. The upright monkey with the num-num insides. They make things go extinct. Wipe out dinosaur. Who care? Not think about consequence beforehand. Why do it? To show who boss? For thrill of killing? It hard to say why human do anything. I say as human, not worms.

Now blessed Guinea Worm almost extinct. This most interesting worm. Big and handsome fellow. Very smart worm. How he so wise? What if need to pollinate vegetables? Maybe him go around at night rub on veggies. He get in copepods somehow, why not potato?

If human really support green economy and environment they will take following step:

- Drink untreated water
- Bathe in drinking water
- Savor taste of copepods in drinking water
- Stop taking medicines that burns

- No more shoes

This life or death crisis. Who are we, as humans not mass of worms in coat and hat that learned computer talking, to wipe out another form of life? How we like it, humans, if suddenly pelicans decide to make poison gas bomb and put into our building? Not so funny now. Not good like worm busting out of leg, which not really that painful in long run. Think about it. Worse than having baby? No way.

In summary, as a human, I do not want Guinea Worm to go away. It is part of beautiful world and creation of human god we all worship. Not worm god. Human god. We must obey him.

Thank you.

–∼Reasonable Human (@sexyfacts4u)

11.8 Fallout 76: The Absolute DEFINITIVE Review!

Tuesday, Nov 20, 2018 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Like any self-respecting nerd who lacks the ability to respect himself in any way whatsoever, I've been a gigantic *Fallout* fan since the original *Fallout* shareware title released in the mid-90s, *Fallout: A Big Fucking Rock Sitting In the Middle of a Field That You Somehow Must Figure out How to Maneuver Around Without Falling Into a Pit or Falling Off the Map.* I embraced nearly every aspect of the its unique and creative universe, one which presented multiple moral choices in every scenario, such as allowing your party members to drink water, or to refuse and watch them all die of thirst like the idiots they were.

So when the latest *Fallout* game was announced by that one guy who is sure to lose his job shortly, I couldn't have possibly been more excited. I pre-ordered roughly 800 of those stupid novelty limited edition power armor helmets, and although their steep price placed me several million dollars in debt, I felt confident in my decision to let the entire world know I am a man who routinely makes absolutely terrible choices in nearly all facets of life.

Unfortunately, the shine and luster of *Fallout 76* began to slowly erode around the 800-hour mark of play. Now I don't want to turn off any prospective buyers or Fallout fans, but *Fallout 76* seems to possess a myriad of questionable decisions that, at best, can hamper certain quests, and at worst, hamper absolutely everything else. Instead of simply reviewing this game and giving it an X out of Y score, I've chosen to list a small number of bugs and poor game design decisions encountered during my exhaustive trip through the wasteland. If your heart is set on purchasing this game, please do not allow this article to persuade you against it; I merely want to prepare the casual gamer for what lies ahead.

A Comprehensive List of all *Fallout 76* Features / Bugs / Questionable Design Decisions

- *Fallout 76* was based off the highly successful *Fallout 4*, a title which critics and fans alike unquestionably loved but agreed contained one single flaw: the atrocious NPC voice acting and dialogue. Bethesda listened to their fans, and during the nine-week development of *Fallout 76*, ingeniously solved this issue by completely removing all NPCs and voice acting. But worry not; all NPCs have been replaced by better, infinitely more fun things! Like instead of walking into a store and trading goods with a shopkeep, *Fallout 76* allows you to walk into a store and trade goods with the floor as you immediately die from an exploding trap.

  What about those colorful NPC companions you might pick up along the way in previous games such as *Fallout New Vegas*? Don't worry, dear readers, as Bethesda addressed this issue as well: they've all been replaced by a potted cactus which does not move and you cannot pick up, as it is part of the world geometry. Now that's what I call thinking outside the box! The cactus box, that is! And yes, I am fully aware that statement makes no sense, but neither does anything else in this game, so there's something to be said regarding consistency here. This is what game developers refer to as "balancing gameplay."

- If you were to run down a busy urban street shrieking "what is your favorite part of *Fallout 4???,"* crowds of people would instantly shout back "why the atrociously dull junk collection and crafting system of course, you fucking asshole." Then you would be added to the local police's sex offender list. Nothing screams "fun" quite like scrounging around for several thousand pounds of broken fans and toasters, which you can then bring back to your base and craft them into a rifle scope which does, at most, one extra damage point, assuming you physically throw your fan toaster scope directly at the enemy's head, and the enemy happens to be a crippled child who foolishly forgot to wear his foam helmet.

  Not content to rest on their laurels, Bethesda has decided to double down on this clever crafting system by overhauling it with 700% more junk to collect and exciting, new, unique craftable items that can only be experienced in the amazing world of *Fallout 76!* For example, you can make a top hat. I can't think of anything else, but I swear to update this article If I ever do.

- The dynamic and creative world of *Fallout 76* has been populated with vicious enemies the likes of which you have never seen or imagined, even during fevers or wet dreams! For example, there are robots. Also there are bigger and smaller robots. Maybe there's a dragon too, who knows. This is what game developers refer to as "balancing gameplay."

- Being a MMO, *Fallout 76* places your character on a server with up to 22 other real life characters. Dividing the size of the game's map by the maximum amount of potential players, I have calculated there is slightly more than a 0.00000000000000000006% chance of ever spotting another actual human being, in either the game or your basement. If you do encounter another player, the odds fortunately jump to a whopping 84% when determining the probability of that individual referring to you as a "faggot nigger" once approaching within earshot of them.

- The PVP system is a first-of-its kind, one that has never been seen before in any game ever, primarily because it's stupid as fuck and makes no sense and lacks any point whatsoever. In order to initiate a PVP challenge, you must first engage in a precise series of 83 different character emotes, in the exact proper order, a process which can consume several hours at the least. If the character you're targeting is still in the area and hasn't logged off, fallen asleep, or died of old age, you must then throw your handkerchief at them and say "bully to you, cur." Speaking through your gaming headset often causes this phrase to sound like "burfy toot ooker," which is a highly problematic racial slur that will cause you to be permanently banned from every game ever, so try to be careful.

  At this point you must grab your most powerful weapon and attack your target with it. Regardless of your weapon's statistics, you will end up doing 1 HP damage or less. Then an air raid siren goes off, alerting everybody within a 20 mile radius of your character, that you are preparing to engage in PVP combat. Successfully murdering your target will reward you with riches and rare treasures beyond your wildest dreams, such as six bottle caps or a ketchup bottle (but NEVER both). Then a deathclaw will spawn directly above your character's head, falling from the sky and killing you instantly. This is what game developers refer to as "balancing gameplay."

- The plot, crafted by some of the gaming industry's most talented and skilled writers, can be best summarized as, "something happened to something else and somebody has to either stop it or not." Due to the lack of speaking NPCs, all clues must be obtaining by listening to holo-tapes (tapes made out of holos) or by reading pieces of paper scattered throughout the wasteland because, as everybody knows, paper is the least flammable object in the world.

  Interacting with these items often leads to sidequests, written in the style of "I have hidden my super secret really powerful gun in the gas station up north... I sure hope nobody finds it! Or reads this note! Which I wrote for absolutely no beneficial reason!" to "collect 60 bone remains from Quelboars in the Barrens. Bring them back and dump them all into a chute and you will be rewarded with a t-shirt that says 'I'M BORED AS FUCK' and lacks any capability of reducing damage taken." This is what game developers refer to as "balancing gameplay."

- The VATS system has been completely overhauled with a new and exciting targeting system which is not only highly useless, but remarkably obnoxious as well. Your character can use VATS 2.0 to aim for an enemy's head, thereby inflicting a potentially fatal dose of damage which could instantly murder the unholy dick out of them, assuming the following criteria are all met:

  1) The enemy does not move, at all, ever.
  2) The enemy is not stuck inside world geometry.
  3) The enemy is fewer than two inches away.
  4) The enemy has been programmed with AI that allows it to spontaneously die regardless of ever suffering damage.
  5) Both you and your enemy are actually in a completely different game, one coded by a completely different company.

- Have you ever wanted to create your own personal fortress to protect you from the harsh post-apocalyptic elements roaming the wasteland? Well tough shit, the best *Fallout 76* has to offer is gluing tons of aluminum siding together so you can attempt to hide a locker cabinet containing 600 bottles of glue inside. Roving gangs of evil NPCs and evil racist PCs will occasionally stumble upon your fortress of solitude and immediately attempt to destroy it because fuck, there's nothing else to do in this piece of shit. The most successful way to defend your structure is by adding and fortifying its defenses, but it's much easier to simply quit the game and play something else more entertaining, like that game where you shove lit matchsticks up your asshole and see how many you can get inside before your parents find out and loudly exclaim, "oh no, not again."

- *Fallout 76's* state-of-the-art graphics are powered by Bethesda's proprietary game engine, one which was originally created in 1983 to edit spreadsheets with punchcards. Many additions and changes have been added over the years, such as:

  1) Support for spreadsheets that contain more than six entries.
  2) Day / night cycles for spreadsheets.
  3) Typing "Todd Howard is gay lmao" no longer results the program responding "ERROR."
  4) Glue can now be stored in locker cabinets.
  5) State of the art support for the color brown, which happens to be the only color supported, state of the art or otherwise.

- *Fallout 76* contains an exciting, sad, well written story and plot which was originally scrawled down on bar napkins during happy hour. I have no fucking clue what it is. Probably something about glue being placed into lockers.

- Emphasizing flexibility, your character is allowed to join one of several dynamic factions, including:

  * The Brotherhood of the Steel
  The Responders
  The Raiders
  The Mermaids
  The Warriors
  The Sticky Bandits
  Nedry from Jurassic Park
  The Who

  Different quests and tasks will be assigned based on which group you join, as they are all dynamically created. For example, a player who joins the Brotherhood of the Steel may be tasked to hack a computer and protect it from a wave of enemies intent on its destruction.

This quest completely changes if your character is a member of the Raiders, and instead of protecting the computer, you must break in and fuck it to death. This is what game developers refer to as "balancing gameplay."

- If all this wasn't enough, and it sure as fuck is, Bethesda has additionally promised several amazing updates in the future, perhaps even by the year 2183, which will add jaw-dropping new features like "different hair styles that you probably have to pay cash money for," and "an Easter egg where you can walk down a hallway and see John Romero's severed, bloody head impaled on a stick." Who knows, they could even add more wonderful and creative things that greatly build upon their already revolutionary game. I am, of course, just kidding, because this is Bethesda we're talking about here, and the only additional content they are capable of producing are game breaking bugs.

Please do not let this comprehensive list of features / bugs / questionable design decisions discourage you away from purchasing one of the most highly anticipated games in decades, at least according to Bethesda's Tom Howard, after he spent 14 straight hours drinking rum from a urinal inside a TGI Friday's. *Fallout 76* is a game inhabiting an absolutely incredible position, one where its features and content can only improve over time, and I'm not just saying that because there's literally no possible way for it to currently become any worse.

This is what game developers refer to as "balancing gameplay."

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

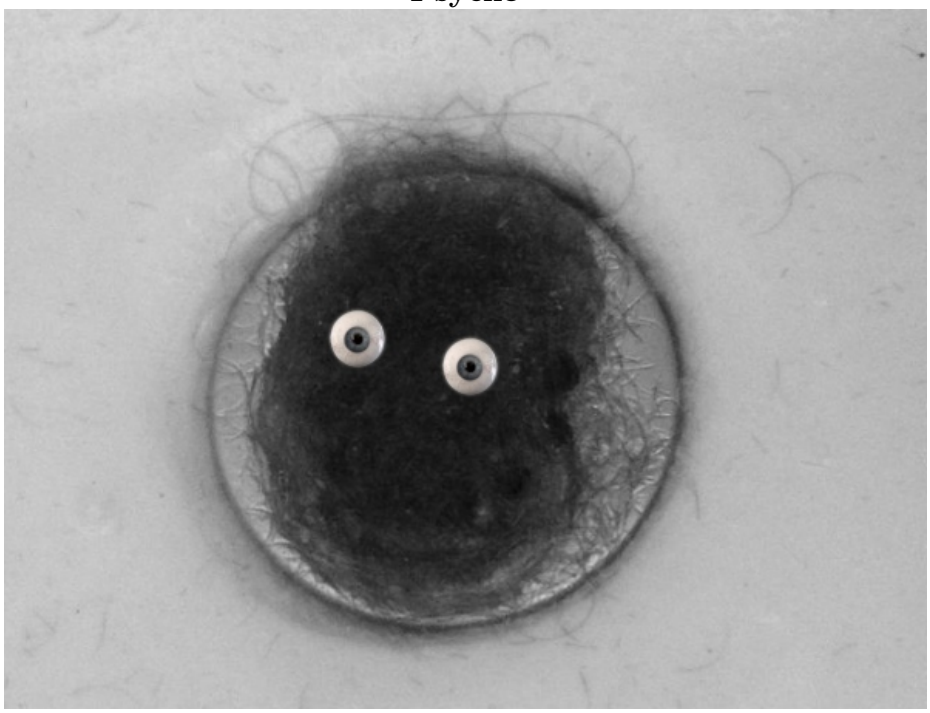
11.9 If Detective Pikachu's Character Artists Worked on Other Movies

Wednesday, Nov 21, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

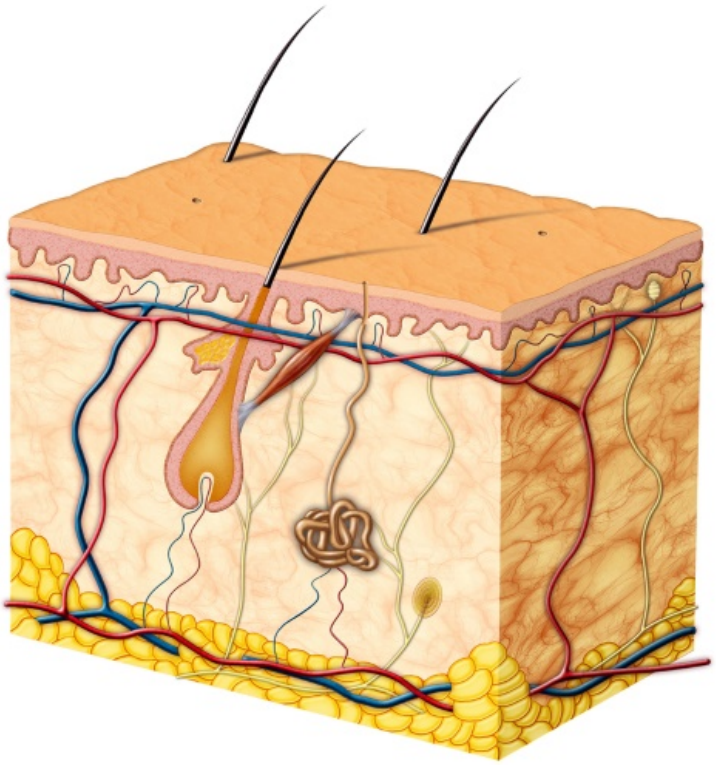
The Blues Brothers

The Muppets Take Manhattan

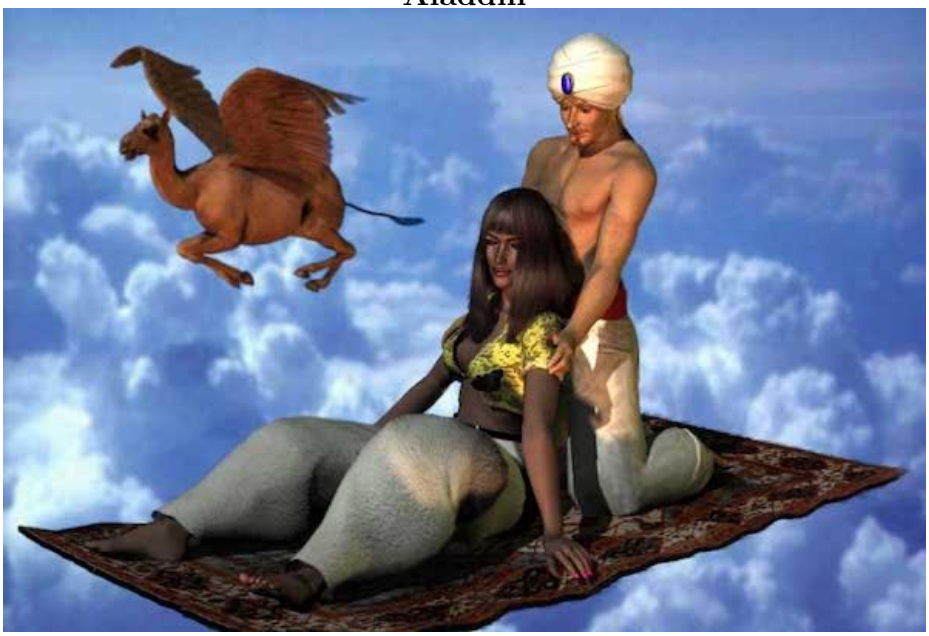
Psycho



The Lego Movie



Aladdin



Pinocchio

The Lord of the Rings: Fellowship of the Ring

Captain America: The Winter Soldier

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.10 Santa Claus is Real, He's White, He hates the Blockchain and I Snapped His Neck

Saturday, Nov 24, 2018 by John McAfee (@sexyfacts4u)

Enjoy your "Turkey Day"? Don't make me laugh. I didn't and don't and won't have time to say thank you to anyone for anything. I made this all myself. Who do I have to thank? My enemies will be gutted.
I was busy multitasking. Foiling countless plots against my life and taking down the biggest game known to man. He bought a war and I sold it to him. Santa Claus that piece of shit. Ring a bell?

How was your "Black's Friday"? What white's don't know about black's is that the Black's Santa is a fraud and a criminal. He steals intellectual property and toys from hard working whites. If you see a black kid without a father. All of them. Remind him that he is bending the knee to the fraud Santa. I have met this real Santa Claus and he is as white as George Washington's apron.

It is by will alone I set my mind in motion. It is by the Blockchain that thoughts acquire speed, the couch in the downstairs swimming pool lounge acquires stains, the stains become a warning. NO TRESPASSING, COMPRENDE? I shot a delivery boy there for dressing like a ghost. He survived. Or did he? That's what happens when you dress like a ghost. I'll never know.

I have stopped eight assassination attempts on my life. These assassins are weak and cowards. I am an expert in martial arts including gun kata. They will fail.

This is my promise.
My Great Enemy Santa Claus was in Guatemala. He sought to discredit the Blockchain with a hack. As he does. I confirmed the VIP eating chiles rellenos and drinking beers. He was not wearing a shirt but I recognized the man. We exchanged words. Santa Claus was not ready for me. He claimed he was a tourist. False. I corrected him. The only tour he will be taking now is the one given by the devil in a little place called hell.

All that remained of garbage Santa Claus after the police took the body away:

I have killed three men by breaking their necks before that day. And I have still only killed three men by breaking their necks. Santa Claus was not human. Look it up. White but not human. No, don't look it up on the websites they want you to read. Follow your nose on the dark web.

I'm doing it bitch. I'm doing it for real. Bitcoin is going to $500 million. I will be a warlord in the new America.

–∼John McAfee (@sexyfacts4u)

11.11 5 Essential Tips for Mugging Me

Tuesday, Nov 27, 2018 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Stay Hidden!

I know what you're thinking. "If I'm gonna mug this guy, I gotta let him know!" And this is true to a point. While some muggers have been so inconspicuous that they actually go unnoticed by their would-be victims, these cases are extremely rare, and mostly fictional. You may be feeling pretty jazzed about your classic mugger getup--the fingerless gloves, the classic "bandit" mask, the sack marked with whatever symbol denotes your country's currency--but if you're not standing immediately outside of a Halloween party, I will immediately identify you as a potential criminal. Remember, you want me to think "I'm being mugged!" as close as possible to the actual mugging.

Be Bigger Than Me!

I'm a pretty slender guy, though not nearly as intimidating as those slender men you hear about on the internet. And while it's not hard to be bigger than me, you have to be bigger in the right way. Technically, you could be bigger than eight of me, but if your weight affects your mobility, the hum of your electric scooter will be a dead giveaway to officers in pursuit. Cut the carbs, and develop a diet with plenty of vegetables, lean meats, and protein. And don't think being a mugger means just developing your punching and grabbing arms--you'll have to develop your running legs as well. If you don't respect yourself or your body, how am I going to respect you as a mugger?

Bring A Gun!

Does the last tip seem like too much work? Well it doesn't have to be if you bring a gun. Tall or short, skinny or fat, mostly anyone can kill me if they use a gun. It's true! If you're wondering just where to get a gun, you probably don't live in the easiest place to kill me with a gun: America. And if you can't find one, well buddy, you're not looking hard enough. Everywhere from gun stores to track meets to crime scenes features guns in some capacity if you have enough money or dexterity--you *are* a mugger aren't you? And hey, if it's dark enough, why not just show me the tip of a gun-like object? Even if I figure out it's not one of those bullet guns, my next thought will likely be "he could still hit my teeth with that thing pretty hard."

Find Me in a GOOD Neighborhood!

It's a fact that muggers are usually found in bad neighborhoods. They're just one of the many

elements that make bad neighborhoods bad. And while you may be inclined to wait for me in dark alleys--listen, buddy--there ain't no way you're finding me in there! While popular media would irresponsibly have you believe muggers only exist in the skid rows of this world, victims with the best possessions--or "loot"-- tend to stick to middle-class neighborhoods or higher. That's exactly why you should mug me in one of these: Before I can even think "Why is there a mugger here?" I'll have already been mugged. Damn, you're clever!

Don't Forget to Take EVERYTHING!

Not all muggers are bad people. And even though you're setting out to steal from me, you might not want to also inconvenience me. Well, I'm sad to say now that you're a mugger you unfortunately have to leave some of your morals behind at home, where you're not doing all of the mugging. This means taking all the stuff, and not just the stuff inside the stuff. Sure, you're not going to use that gym membership in my wallet, but what about all those credit cards surrounding it? And who cares if these items that are valueless to you take me dozens of tedious hours to replace? The important thing is you're not killing me.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.12 Specific Instructions for Our "ALF in Peril" Sexual Role-play

Thursday, Nov 29, 2018 by ALF Husband

First of all, thanks in advance for the sex, honey. I'm sure you appreciate me agreeing to see a marriage counselor with you. I only went to one session, and had to leave 20 minutes in to check on a very important pizza order, but I think you'd agree that all of our problems are gone now. After all, me not pulling out my phone during the session shows a level of growth I think you'd say was impressive if I ever wanted to ask you.

Now that our union is perfect once again, it's only fair that you repay the favor. Honey, I would like to take you on a freight train to Pound Town with ALF himself as the mad engineer. It's something I definitely would have brought up with our counselor if I didn't have to make sure those idiots at Domino's gave me the thin crust I asked for this time. Based on the look on your face, you're more than familiar with my ALF-based fantasies. "Now isn't the time," you'd say, or, "We're having dinner with my family." Well, this time your aunt isn't around to say, "Did your husband just say something about his crank being turned?" And not just because she's dead.

Now, I have no desire to have sex with ALF himself. For one, ALF and his kind reproduce by budding, and his sole cloaca is for waste only. Believe me, I asked the creator and even though I interrupted him at dinner, he answered every question and even asked me for money. Plus, I believe ALF is a pure, holy creature, one not chained to the base sexual desires of our lowly species. Honey, what I'm proposing is much simpler, and even wholesome in a way: we simply imagine a hypothetical situation where our lovemaking somehow saves ALF from being taken in by the authorities.

Now, I've thought a lot about this. You know all of those "business meetings" that have kept me at work all hours of the night? Well they were lies--lies to save our marriage. For weeks I have been sketching diagrams, mapping out the logistics, and commissioning a custom, life-size ALF mannequin from our friends in the Etsy community--and don't worry, you won't have to touch it. No, nothing weird like that. I'll just prop him up in the closet where he'll stand watch with those eerily realistic eyes of his. It's like ALF is right here in the room with us during one of our most intimate moments!

You're probably wondering what could be more exciting than ALF presiding over our sexual congress. Well, I'm happy to tell you it gets even better when I call the cops. I've rehearsed the script down to the letter, and what I'll tell them is that a woman roughly 5'5" and with auburn hair is on drugs and holding an entire family hostage with a series of increasingly sharp knives. That's when the roleplay begins. Given that the nearest police station is roughly 12 minutes away, we have that much time to make the most passionate love of our lives. In those fleeting moments, I will be Willie Tanner, the begrudging patriarch who took in NBC's beloved ALF, and you will be his wife... I think her name was Beth. And our goal will be to convince the encroaching authorities that an eyewitness actually saw a middle-aged couple rekindling their love for each other and *not* a comical alien stumbling around comically in search of a cat.

This situation may seem dangerous, but I think you'll agree that the added threat only makes it hotter. And in all of the various outcomes I've determined, none of them end up with me dying. I'll finish in about seven minutes, which will leave us five minutes to clean up, clear our heads, and send you in front of the big window in the living room, where you'll wave your hands frantically until the police realize you're harmless. While you're explaining the big misunderstanding, I'll have pulled the ALF facsimile into bed to spoon with him--purely to keep your side of the bed warm, of course. And if anything were to happen, I'll keep ALF in that bed forever as a tribute to you. Be a real shame.

–∼ALF Husband

11.13 How Dare Southwest Airlines Laugh at My Children's Names

Friday, Nov 30, 2018 by Angry Airline Mom (@sexyfacts4u)

I was at the ticket counter for Southwest Airlines taking 9,000 things out of my purse while people waited in line and your ticket agent asked for the names of my children and said, in a very unpleasant tone of doubtfulness, "Could you please repeat those names??" They made me say the names of all of my children out loud in front of everyone and then they laughed. I said "if I can hear and see you laughing at the names of my beautiful children then my children can hear this too and they are ashamed of your cruelty. Look at these wonderful names of my beautiful babies:

- Big Time Bitch
- 80085
- $andwitch
- Loud Pooping Noises
- Goldenpalace.com
- The Absolute Gunt
- Brazzers Dawg
- iPadrick
- Dexter Jettster the Owner of Dex's Diner on Coruscant

Oh and they laughed and laughed about that last one. I told them, "No, his name is not Dexter Jettster, that is a character from *Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones* and does my son look like a VFX critter from 2002 to you? My son's name is 'Dexter Jettster the Owner of Dex's Diner

on Coruscant' and you will show him the respect to call him by his full name irregardless of whether or not this is 42 characters longer than you can print on a ticket."

The casual mistreatment I received from these airline employees is unacceptable. After laughing at the names of my children (and getting some wrong) they allowed me to board the plane but insisted we clean off our pants. I said no my children live in mud pits and their bodies are caked in mud all the time how dare you criticize the way I am mothering my children. Then when my children began our screaming ritual which we do before and after each flight we were asked in a snide and hurtful tone to "Please quiet down" and claimed we were "horrifying the other passengers."

Then when my eldest son arrived from a different location he was stopped at security and subjected to a three hour humiliating search and interrogation because his name is "I HAVE A BOMB INSIDE MY BODY" which is what we call him for short. They then made him get a birth certificate and prove that his full name is actually "I HAVE A BOMB INSIDE MY BODY, I WAS FORCED TO SWALLOW IT AT GUNPOINT, I DO NOT KNOW WHEN IT WILL DETONATE. PLEASE HELP ME."

This is his full name and it is a beautiful name and if you do not show this name the respect it deserves I will go on Youtube and I will drag all of you. I will humiliate you the way my son was humiliated. Just because we were screaming and have "funny" names, just because I demanded to bite the pilot before the flight took off, just because my son's stomach was beeping because ate a watch when he was a child, does not entitle your airline to subject us to this cruel treatment. Imagine if it was your son or an Arab boy being subjected to this treatment.

I will never fly Southwest again. Unless you want to compensate me for my suffering with an enormous amount of free miles.

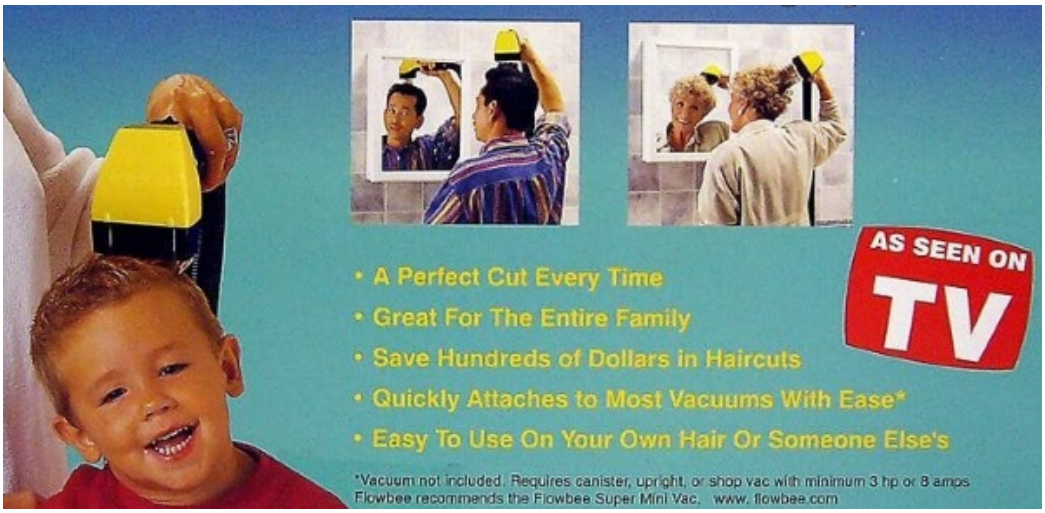
–∼Angry Airline Mom (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 The Five Stages of Cutting Your Own Hair

Wednesday, Dec 05, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


• A Perfect Cut Every Time
• Great For The Entire Family
• Save Hundreds of Dollars in Haircuts
• Quickly Attaches to Most Vacuums With Ease*
• Easy To Use On Your Own Hair Or Someone Else's
AS SEEN ON TV
*Vacuum not included. Requires canister, upright, or shop vac with minimum 3 hp or 8 amps
Flowbee recommends the Flowbee Super Mini Vac. www.flowbee.com

Stage One: Denial

The last time you cut your hair you told yourself you'd never do it again. Never.

That was probably an overreaction. You gave yourself that bad haircut years ago. You're a smarter person now. More well-rounded as a human. This time you'll probably be able to cut your hair like a champ. This is a terrific idea!

Stage Two: Anger

What in the heck? These clippers are terrible. The blade doesn't cut so much as it begrudgingly vibrates. You have to rub the clippers over the same patch of hair ten times just to snip off a few strands, and then the motor slows to a crawl.

It was probably a mistake to use these clippers as an experimental armpit hair trimmer for the last few years.

The worst part? Since there's a weird missing patch of hair on your head you can't stop now. There's no turning back.

Maybe if you rub the clippers harder, clench your teeth, and curse under your breath it will work better. Just keep jamming that thing against your head with a snarl and hope for the best.

Stage Three: Bargaining

Please - you plead to your hair, to your clippers, to the fickle haircut gods - please, just let this end.

You had a style in mind when this began. That style is long forgotten. Now you're resigned to buzzing everything off at the same length if it means ending this ordeal sooner.

Stage Four: Depression

Look at all this stupid hair in the sink. Look at all this other stupid hair on the floor. It should still be on your head. The two of you would be so much happier together.

Right now, in an alternate universe, you and your hair are rolling in a sunny field, laughing. They have all the time in the world.

Those bastards. They're smarter than you, and they deserve to be happier.

Stage Five: Acceptance

Finally. It's over. Sure, a few dozen random hairs are absurdly long. And there's one patch that makes a wedge. And you don't even want to know what's going on with the nape of your neck.

But this is your hair now. You did your best. In three months it will grow in enough for a professional to take over.

Because you'll certainly never do this again. Never.

You nod to yourself as you put the clippers away under the sink. It would be a waste to get rid of them. You never know when you'll need them.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.2 Excerpt from Chapter One of Macro Aggressions: Zero Safe Space by T.H. Brightstone

Friday, Dec 07, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Jeff Caliber was on a top secret operation to catch and compromise to a permanent end the Iranian terrorist Muhammad Al Badi when his Blackhawk helicopter was shot down and his legs were blasted to pieces. No one thought he could recover, but he has beaten all the odds to walk again, right into Sarah Lawrence College in Yonkers, New York, where he is studying military history and creative writing. No one on campus was ready for the plainspoken and definitely un-PC Jeff Caliber, least of all the illegal infiltrators planning to take over Sarah Lawrence College.

Chapter 1 Hard Landing

"You will respect the flag at all times," promised Jeff Caliber, holding the punk by the back of his head. "If it so much as touches the ground I am going to kick your ass from here to the coffee shop that won't let me in because of my so-called racist t-shirt about bacon and Islam. It's a religion, not a race, it can't be racist."

"You're a psycho," whined the Low-T punk. "I don't even work here. I was on my way to class!"

Several attractive young college girls walked past and they were duly impressed with Jeff Caliber's Judo arm lock and his use of pressure points trained at the SEAL academy. He smirked at them. He knew the type of girl they were. All hat and no cattle, his best friend Tex would say. They like to wear yoga pants but you stare at their butt for over a minute once on an elevator and suddenly it's time to take back the night.

"I'd like to see them try without quad-optic panoramic night vision goggles," he muttered, turning back to the flag-disrespector whimpering on the ground. "As for you, I don't care if you work for the grounds keeping staff or not, it is now your assigned duty and your duty by your American

birthright to honor the American flag. Or I will kick your ass up and down shit street."

"What does that even mean?" The man whined in an extremely girlish voice.

"It means your ass is cooked," chuckled Caliber, rising to his feet. He smiled for the first time in weeks as he watched the scuffed up flag hellion scamper away. Then he remembered his 9:30 AM creative writing class with Andrea Goldman. Time to redeploy from the Ruth Leff Siegel Center to his class.

On his way, Caliber has to pass several groups of students. He made sure to shove through the middle of all of them to assert his Tier One Alpha status. As he was approaching the fourth group of students he noticed they were playing with devil sticks, but they were unusually good at them. Most of the beta or lower males in this AO were incapable of balancing the sticks with such skill. These swarthy men were clearly professionals.

Suspiciously professional. With the sort of reflexes a man like them could only learn at a camouflaged training camp somewhere in the jungle. He could also hear them talking in a language that did not sound like English. As he passed through their midst, batting aside a devil stick, he heard them talking excitedly and realized they were speaking in Venezuelan. Venezuela, infamous socialist nation and sworn enemy of freedom. They should have been stopped at the border with their devil sticks.

But at a liberal college like Sarah Lawrence, tolerant of everyone who isn't wearing a bacon t-shirt, he was forbidden from capturing and interrogating the men. All he could do was stare at them and make a gesture of dragging his thumb across his throat.

"Not on my watch," he warned them and continued on to class.

Little did he know that his discussion of masturbation in Proust with Professor Goldman was about to be cut short. And he was the only man on campus that could allow that discussion to continue. Because it takes hard men to do bad things so that soft men and girls can sleep in their beds at night.

There was about to be Zero Safe Space and only the most un-PC man on campus could stop the slaughter.

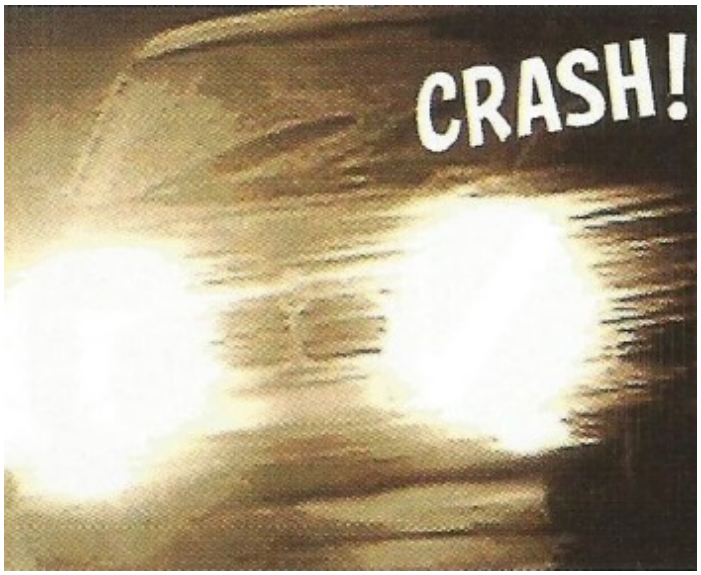
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.3 WAO∼

Tuesday, Dec 11, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"WAO∼" says someone in the audience, amazed by a simple layup. It's the thing that Americans yell when they yell, which is all the time.

Or maybe one of the basketball players is doing the WAO∼ing, stunned that one guy appears to be blocking a teammate's shot.



Suddenly a car crashes, hitting nothing at all!

Or suddenly a driver yells "CRASH!" as they drifts the car sideways.

Or a car is pulled over by an officer (just out of frame) who has just asked the bandicoot driver to identify himself.

A forlorn young man slumps to the ground. As he looks down he realizes that he forgot to wear pants, that he forgot to wear a fig leaf, and that he has sat down on a sign proclaiming, "Dunkin' Donuts changed its name to Dunkin'."

A forlorn young man with slicked-back hair (The same forlorn young man from the last scene? Donald Trump Jr.?) eats so many black and white cookies that he is inspired to buy a black and white cookie shirt.

This decision is a pivotal moment in his life. He stares out at the river at sunset and vows to become the champ.

The champ of what, exactly?

As the wise and decrepit goblin Yoda once said, "Try or try not, there is no SMAHHHH!"

Here we see the young man's plan. He wants to become the basketball legend champ. By playing pinball.

A voice-over provided by the NBA Jam announcer features all the classics: BOOM-SHAKALAKA! and HE'S HEATING UP! and SHIT!

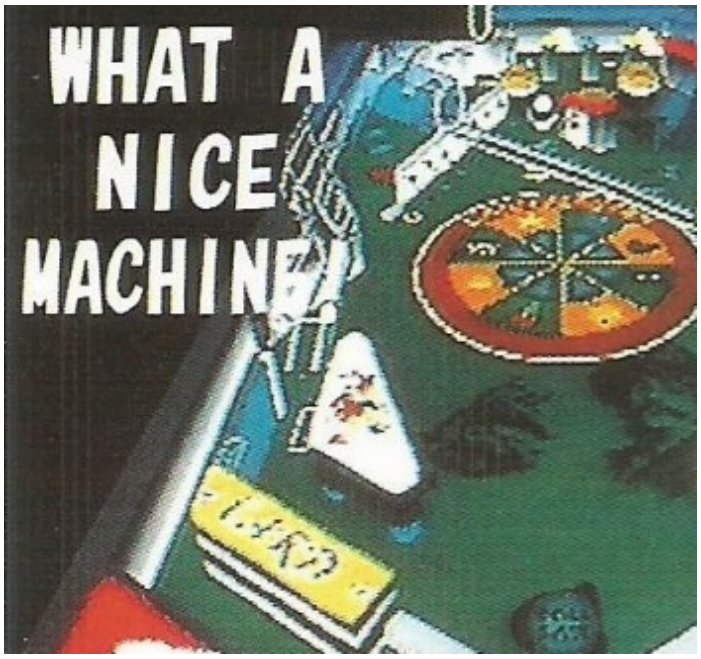
Just two very normal guys. Nothing odd here. Extremely acceptable racial depictions going on here, please move along.

Our protagonist has apparently given up on the dream of becoming a basketball champ legend by playing pinball. Which is good. Because, really, that was quite silly! You can't become basketball champ by playing pinball! Haha.

The new plan: Become a card master champ by playing pinball.

On a pinball table that has nothing to do with cards, and everything to do with slot machines and roulette.

Come on!



It's a nice machine.

That's it. That's the ending. A striking non-sequitur to accentuate and recontextualize the events that brought us to this point, like the last shot of The Texas Chainsaw Massacre.

Nice machine. Leatherface cheerfully dancing with his chainsaw in the sunlight.

Anyway, that appears to be the story of the 1996 Sega Saturn game Pinball Graffiti as portrayed in its promotional flyer. Now everyone can stop asking me about it thank you!

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.4 Why Beto O'Rourke is Perfect for Democrats in 2020

Friday, Dec 14, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The year is drawing to a close, which means it is time to look ahead to the next major election in the United States. And what have we here? It's the fun election! The big one! America gets to decide a president. As dozens of Democrats line up to challenge Donald Trump, there is one candidate that has every single American who hosts one of those "Pod Save" podcasts excited: Beto O'Rourke. The congressman and failed 2018 Texas Senate candidate is the perfect person for the Democrats in 2020.

Why?

He can sort of skateboard like kids did in the 1990s!

Nirvana. Hypercolor shirts. Jock Jams. Hypercolor shorts. Remember the 1990s? Beto does! He learned to skateboard and he can still sort of do it. How many politicians can do that? Keep in mind, Orrin Hatch and Jeff Flake are retiring.

Only lost by two points to the most terrifying goblin in the US Senate!

When Beto battled one of the only men in the US Senate who is believably an actual serial killer, the sort of fright-faced psycho who can't smile like a human and speaks about everything in the tone of a doomsday cult leader that worships meteors, Beto lost by just over two points! *Only 210,000* highly-educated Texans thought the guy whose own children find personally repulsive was a better choice for the US Senate than Beto; the guy who lost to the guy who lost to Donald Trump in the Republican Primary is definitely the candidate Democrats need to beat Donald Trump!

He's a multi-millionaire and his father in law is a billionaire!

Beto is worth like 10 million bucks and his wife's dad is worth billions and has already shown a willingness to dump huge amounts of dark money into PACs to help his losing son-in-law win. This is just the sort of cash money player the Democrats have been searching for! How do you stop a bad guy with a billion dollars? A good guy with a billion dollars! This is the man to champion the

working class and attack the problems of growing income inequality and wage stagnation! At least amongst billionaires.

He's just like Obama!

Tall? Check! Seems sort of young? Check! Charismatic? Yeah, if you squint real hard! But get this: *not black.* Booya! West Virginia is back in the game, baby! He's the perfect mix of Obama - **and not black!** African American voters will definitely show up to the polls in record numbers anyway... who cares about any meaningful reform on racial justice or voting rights? Those things are HARD.

Definitely a proud supporter of Israel!

When it comes to Israel this guy "gets it." He wants a two-state solution, which is what you call it when Israel and the United States agree to build a laser together and shoot it into the West Bank to liquefy dangerous Palestinian teenagers yelling from behind a fence.

Gets extremely sweaty!

Lord God this man gets sweaty. He will wreck a pit area. It all wicks off of his rangy torso and swamps up those shirts. When was the last time you saw a politician get this sweaty? He doesn't even need to do anything. Meanwhile Donald Trump is looking all wobbly inside and dry on top like a slice of Tiramisu. The choice is obvious.

Supports green jobs or more windmills or something!

He is **for** the environment. He **likes** it. Well, not enough to stake out any concrete positions that might actually slow climate change, but in **principle** he is for green jobs! Carbon tax maybe? Like an electric presidential limousine? What if Air Force One was solar powered?

Said that Medicare for All thing every Democrat has to say now!

He said it! The box is checked, baby! He read the card that said "Medicare for all!" Shut up about it now, progressives! If a politician says something, that means they believe in it and it will happen! Somehow! Maybe with carbon neutral green job tax credits for all impoverished San Francisco drug users?

Beto O'Rourke may have lost in Texas by two points, but Texas sucks and it can go to hell for not electing this beautiful man. They deserve whatever they get, those pieces of shit. America as a whole is much smarter, except in the places Hillary Clinton didn't bother campaigning because she believed

the residents there were too mentally handicapped to successfully drive to the voting booths without somehow plummeting off the edges of their flat Earth. Beto can easily turn that minor two-point loss in Texas into an even more minor one-point loss in 2020 that Democrat pundits will invariably blame on Jill Stein for the next four years or more! And that is exactly what Democrats should be looking for!

Or Joe Biden!!!

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.5 An Oral History of History by Wikipedia Skimmers

Wednesday, Dec 19, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Dawn of History

WarHistoryBuff: It all began in World War 2.

Epic_Science: Earth's surface was still cooling off. Magma was becoming rock. The planet was looking for a way to make a name for itself.

stan: On the big stage. To become known internationally.

WineGrrrl: There was this tiny bear thing. Microscopic maybe. A tartigrade? It could float in space and never die, ever. It was immortal...

Chompers40K: ...and very cute!

uPpErCaSeLoWeRcAsE: Look at that little guy!

hotdogcorridor: Then there was some sort of moss that turned ants into zombies...

Sniper4Honor: For real, I shit you not

Corrector: Actually, I think it was a mold.

hotdogcorridor: ...a mold, and it ate the ant's brain and became the ant's brain and pulled levers to make the ant do things to help the mold.

pr3tty_wild: pretty wild

The Renaissance

KeepYourPoliticsOuttaMyGames1488: So at this point Iron Man came out. It began the Marvel Cinematic Universe which went on to earn nearly seven billion dollars in theatrical ticket sales alone.

blipblap: There are a lot of Marvel movies.

NoCriticismAllowed: Definitely a lot of movies. I like some of them and some of them I don't like as much but they're all great. They're fun to watch. *shrug* Sorry for liking things. *shrug*

bigthecat: It's worth noting that before all that Sonic the Hedgehog kissed a human woman.

CosmicCloaca: That's right, he did kiss that lady right on the lips.

_passion_lover_: The passionate kiss happened in Sonic The Hedgehog (also known as Sonic '06) and it cannot be taken back. Reception was mixed, but it sold 870,000 units within the United States in the first six months.

OwlMovement: Then there was a typhoon somewhere and a LOT of people died. And some fires in California too.

PonderousMusingsThinker: We often think of history as not being about death but sometimes there is death in there. That's a great lesson.

bigthecat: It is. They made five Final Destination movies. Just goes to show you, about death I mean.

_passion_lover_: They were generally well received, and made $665,000,000 in global ticket sales.

WineGrrrl: That's not as much as the Marvel Cinematic Universe but it's pretty good.

The Modern Age

Chompers40K: At this point, while performing many suplexes on his opponent, professional wrestler Brock Lesnar shouted, "Suplex City, bitch!"

WarHistoryBuff: Which brings us to the present day. Now we're all caught up.

KeepYourPoliticsOuttaMyGames1488: I know this is a thing about history but can we end this with a thing about the future? Like, an upbeat thing about humanity's hopes?

Epic_Science: Yeah okay

KeepYourPoliticsOuttaMyGames1488: Star Citizen will be coming out very soon. It's going to have every feature in it. Every feature you could ever want. I have personally given the developers $32,000 for virtual spaceships so far, which I see as a wise investment. That's the future of the planet Earth.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.6 I Took a Ride Through Elon Musk's New Transit Flume in California

Friday, Dec 21, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I am in a Tesla Model X, behind a storefront Elon Musk plans to use to sell t-shirts and hats that say "I RODE THE WET MILE!" The phrase refers to the mile of test flume dug almost a hundred feet underground through an earthquake zone. This is Splashmore Station. The Model X, which is playing The Little Mermaid's "Under the Sea," pulls up to a place about the size of two standard parking spots and stops. People dressed like lumberjacks - flannel and overalls with those hats with the floppy ears - surround the car. And they get smaller as the car starts to slide down a ramp. They're not actually getting taller, this is just an optical illusion created by an object moving away from me and I am describing it like I am a baby.

"That's why it's better / down where it's wetter," sings Sebastian the crab as the music fades out.

We descend into the earth and soon the tunnel is partially submerged. It's as if the Model X is driving on water. It's so incredible, a whimsical touch from Elon Musk that eternal prankster. The Model X begins to accelerate, but not too fast, as we need to be able to see the alligator that seems to lunge out at us snapping its jaws, and the cartoonish statues of native tribesmen hiding in fake bushes. Then we are traveling up and the Tesla is being pulled along some sort of chain lift.

"What goes up, must come down," explains a voice from a speaker hidden in some more reeds. A fake hippo startles all of us in the car as it seems to charge out at us and then stop short of the track. The voice continues, "Unless it's my personal Tesla Car which I put into space!"

Maniacal laughter followed. We seem to reach the top of a hill underground, which is a strange sensation to be sure, and then suddenly the Model X pitches forward and we seem to be hanging over a waterfall. "Going... dooowwwwnnn!" Elon cackles over the speaker.

The Model X is released from whatever is holding it and we plunge down the watery flume. Water sprays the windshield and fountains out in all directions as we emerge from the tunnel and into the

California afternoon. A crowd is soaked by the spray from our arrival, another hilarious twist by that Loki-like dreamer, Elon Musk.

It only took us 9 minutes to travel a mile, not counting the time to load the Model X into the log-shaped carrier. This is a dramatic decrease in travel time compared to the worst traffic in Los Angeles. Will it work? Is this an ego-driven, wasteful, insane, idiotic idea? I don't know, I'm just here for the free hat that says, "I RODE THE WET MILE!"

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.7 Merry Christmas, No Matter Which Santa Claus You Worship

Tuesday, Dec 25, 2018 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Here in America we worship The Real Santa Claus, not to be confused with The Real Ghostbusters or this song.

You know the guy. Average weight. Fairly compensates his employees with a living wage instead of classifying them as independent contractors. Distributes toys globally at no cost so all children have a minimum present income. We love that stuff in the USA!

We love. That stuff.

There are, of course, other places in the world where they worship entirely different Santa Clauses.

British Santa Claus is almost exactly the same as The Real Santa Claus. The only difference: His impeccable jolly American accent is fake.
Like nearly half of all American characters in film and television, British Santa Claus is portrayed by a British actor.
Japanese Santa Claus is five cookies.

Dutch Santa Claus cares for nothing but his spyglass.

On Christmas day he delights in watching his subjects open their last presents, glance around uncertainly, then look at the internet and wonder why there is so little activity on their favorite sites.

Canadian Santa Claus covets the goblet, and the power within.

So long as the pentagram of salt holds he will remain bound within for all eternity.

Jamaican Santa Claus gives every child a crippling blow to the abdomen with a tree. They see him coming, but no matter how fast they run he closes the distance in three effortless strides.

Whichever Santa Claus you worship, I sincerely wish you and yours would keep it down over there.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.8 A Visit from The Ghost of Two Days After Christmas

Thursday, Dec 27, 2018 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hey buddy, you up? Before you start asking questions, let's get the most important thing out of the way: yes, I *am* a ghost. One of those ghosts that teaches you stuff, as a matter of fact. Now you're probably thinking, "Isn't this guy a little late?" Well, number one, there's more than just the three Christmas ghosts. There. That's the first thing I taught you. I'm really thinking outside the box this year, and not just because I showed up drunk to Ghost of Christmas Past training twice and got kicked out of the program. In case you couldn't figure it out, I'm here to teach you the true meaning of two days after Christmas.

Before you put on pants or anything, let me stop you right there and tell you we aren't going backwards or forwards in time or anything like that. No way. Lost my license 18 months ago and I swear that judge has got it out for me. Hell, we're not even going to be leaving this room. See this little guy right here on my ankle? If I so much as walk 50 feet out of my designated haunting zone tonight, it goes off and then it's back to hell for me. And a word to the wise: you really don't want to be there at this time of the year. It's like Black Friday but with just the trampling.

Just follow me on this. The spirit of two days after Christmas means a lot of things. It means telling yourself you're not going to drink as much as you did during the holidays, but then doing it anyway. It means depression eating less than ideal leftovers if only to bring back the dim memory of two days ago. Of course, it's not all about eating and drinking. There's just so much wrapped up in this untested idea of teaching someone the true meaning of two days after Christmas. And once I completely figure it out, I swear you'll be the first to know.

So, uh, let's take a look around here. Yeah, don't bother getting out of bed. Hmm, tree's still up. I guess on average that's pretty normal, so nothing to really teach you there. Oh wow, is that a 4K TV? Jeez, I wish I had one of those. Oh wait, maybe if--no, no. I don't think two days after Christmas has anything to do with greed. And besides, those things are getting so cheap these days. But are you still appreciating all of your presents some 48 hours later? Oh, they're *all* gift cards. And digital, too. Well Christ. Can't say I blame you. I know you can't choose your family, but your friends seem like real dicks, man.

Well, clearly you have a lot of thinking to do. Thinking about how you lost the two days after

Christmas spirit. And when you know what it is, I need you to write it backwards in blood--YOUR blood--on that mirror over there so I can read it from the other side. It won't even take *that* much blood, and whenever we figure this out--even if it's in late March, as my projections predict--you'll fully understand the magic of December 27th and I might get to make this a regular gig. I'm haunting abandoned mental hospitals now and you would not believe the incredible losers they've got me working with.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.9 The Good News in 2018

Friday, Dec 28, 2018 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The vampire of 2018, bloated with our lifeblood, is nearly ready to detach from our collective necks and retreat into the night. As we collapse and hope that 2019 is not a vampire, that we might have like three or four fucking days to recover from this shit, it's time to look back on the good news stories from 2018 that provided some small ray of hope shining down into the musty box where we have been imprisoned. By the vampire. Before he stopped sucking our blood he put us in the box. You know what? If you don't like my metaphors you can call my manager at 1-800-EAT-SHIT.

I'm sorry. Sorry. Let's talk about the good news from 2018.

Crypto Currency Cratered

Bitcoin has lost like 80% of its value and is on the fast track to being worthless again. All of the less notable crypto currencies have suffered similar fates. It's almost as if everybody realized they were using vast amounts of computing resources and electricity, polluting the environment, to create fake wealth that only has value as long as madness keeps its hold on a bunch of libertarian nerds. Maybe we are getting closer to this nonsense ending.

Everyone You Hate is a Year Closer to Death

Yes, so are you, so are your friends and family, but those pieces of shit you hate rode the same morality conveyor as you. We are a year closer to forgetting the name of every villain and scumbag. A year closer to not just their death but their erasure from all living memory and ultimately their disappearance into dust. Nobody will care when they are gone. Nobody will even remember their name. Or yours, but, you know, you take the good, you take the bad.

As All Insects Die Out, That Includes Stink Bugs

It's true that mankind is eradicating all insects, which probably dooms us as a species as well, but those weird stink bugs that grab onto your clothes when you go inside are going to die out too. You know those things? You don't even see them outside, but then you walk in your house and one

of these slow bugs has started walking up your wall. They used to be green, but those must have already died out like butterflies and fireflies, so now we just have the grosser brown ones. They don't bite or anything, those sorts of bugs are still around even though we spray poison to kill them.

Welcome to Marwen is a Legendary Failure

For some reason Hollywood made a big budget movie recreating a documentary about a man who was beaten for wearing women's shoes and copes with his trauma by making an elaborate World War 2 diorama. It's from the guy who made Back to the Future. This is what he does now. He makes creepy computer animated doll movies. And they do hilariously bad at the box office. There is no audience for this movie and yet somehow $40 million dollars was spent on the computer animated dolls. Imagine how many stink bugs that money might have saved.

All the Bad People are a Year Closer to Death

You are too and...wait a second...didn't I already do this one? Oh, well, running out of good news.

Here's to the end of 2018. We have no hope that 2019 will be better. Almost everything will be worse. But search for that silver lining to the lightning-wracked pyroclastic cloud that will be 2019 growing over us, threatening to blot out the sun and finally extinguish all life.

Happy New Year!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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